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The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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and his bride

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The Australian

WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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THE WEEKLY ROUND

● Several members of Australia's Olympic squad training at Townsville have green hair — and they aren't a bit pleased about it.

CYNTHIA STRACHAN, who with staff photographer Keith Barlow flew to Townsville for the story and color pictures on pages 7 to 9, told us:

There are so many chemicals in the Tobruk Memorial Pool, where the swimmers are training, that pretty blond butterfly swimmer Jan Andrew has become the only girl in the world with a green pigtail.

"I've washed it and washed it, but I can't get the green out," Jan said. "I wouldn't mind if it were green all over, but it's striped."

Also with the "turn green look" is redheaded Marilyn Wilson, of Victoria. The effect on her hair is so startling that her team-mates have nicknamed her "seaweed."

Two others suffering are Jon Henricks and Murray Rose — both blonds.

"Some days the effect seems worse than others," said Murray. "As well as having green hair, you seem to have a green glow all over. Well, I guess it's different at that."

Incidentally, a very happy member of the squad is Gergaynia Beckett, 19-year-old captain of the women's team.

In Sydney, her home town, Gergaynia trains morning, lunchtime, and evening, and is an accountancy student working in a city office. Now she has heard that she has

passed examinations for accounting and auditing, Stage I.

YOUTH speaking for itself. Dr. Ruth Strang, author of "The Gifted Adolescent" (page 39), asked teenagers the titles of books they would like to read.

Their answers: "Teenage Troubles," "Now I Am Seventeen," "On Your Own," "Beyond Tomorrow," "From Pig-tails To Pincurls."



IN a color feature about a new caravan in our June 29 issue we described the owner's daughter, Jennifer, as "Mr. Greenwood - Webb's daughter by a former marriage." This was an error. Mr. Robert Greenwood-Webb's elder daughter by his former marriage is Joan, Mrs. K. P. Snowden. Picture above shows Jennifer (right) with her very youthful-looking mother, Mrs. Greenwood-Webb.

Our Cover

● Tommy Steele kisses his bride, former dancer Ann Donoughue, after their wedding in St. Patrick's Church, Soho, London (story, page 13). Picture by Alec Murray.

G. M. (Gerry) Glaskin, author of the poignant short story "Archie" (pages 16 and 17), gave up stockbroking in Singapore to become one of Australia's most successful and prolific writers.

A 36-year-old Western Australian, Gerry Glaskin produced three novels and half a dozen short stories in his first year of full-time writing. His fifth novel has just gone to the publishers.

Gerry recently refused what sounded like a writer's dream. He was invited to spend a year as the guest of the Japanese Federation of Writers, under the sponsorship of a British commercial bank.

All his plans were made when his mother died suddenly, and, as his father's health was not good, bachelor Gerry said "no" to the invitation, stayed to look after his two young sisters at the family home, "Fairholme," Greylands.

On the desk where he writes stands a jade ashtray, a present from his friend Han Suyin, the famous Chinese writer and author of "Love is a Many Splendored Thing."

Next Week

● Fifteen famous film stars tell how to get a man in a special three-page feature in our next issue. Stars like Jayne Mansfield, Marlene Dietrich, Gina Lollobrigida, Natalie Wood, and Deborah Kerr give the woman's viewpoint. Maurice Chevalier, John Wayne, and Cornel Wilde tell what attracts them in a woman.



PAT'S ON HIS WAY

DESCRIBED as "the first teenage idol grandma can dig, too," and "a very cheerful, subdued, droll, and friendly guy," movie star and recording artist Pat Boone is soon to make a tour with "The Big Show" in Australian capital cities. He will play Perth on July 26; Adelaide, July 27; Melbourne, July 28; Brisbane, July 29; and Sydney, July 30. Appearing with him will be Australia's Diana Trask (making her first trip home since her American nightclub and recording success), Dick Caruso (second time out), and The Diamonds. Pat is 26, a graduate of Columbia University, is married to his childhood sweetheart, Shirley Foley, and has four daughters, the eldest aged six. He recently had a big success with Paris audiences, in September stars in 20th Century-Fox's Rodgers and Hammerstein musical "State Fair." Pat's autobiography, "Twixt Twelve And Twenty," was a U.S. best-seller.

CITY CLEAN-UP



• Footway-washing machine, driven by Jim Barnsley and Walter Beitch, covers about 14-16 miles a night.



• Roadway cleaners Graeme Hall (above) drives the flushing machine and Ron Townsend (right) inspects the huge broom on his mechanical sweeper.



I'VE helped to "clean-up" Sydney. And actually, pardners, there wasn't any need for Western-style violence. I didn't need a shootin' iron — just a feather duster and a broom.

Mine wasn't a very serious attack on the city's grime. But, for the people who do the real work, keeping Sydney's face clean is like a woman with her make-up: a daily and never-ending chore.

But, like make-up, it's rewarding. Have you ever looked round town at the end of a working day? The gutters are speckled with fefuse, rubbish tins overflowing: it's an unattractive sight.

But then, have you ever looked round at 6 a.m.? "The city's a picture; you should come in and see it," says Mr. Frank Quinn, night supervisor of the Sydney City Council's cleansing staff.

Last year, Sydney got very dirty indeed, and 18,792 tons of litter were removed from the streets. "It'd make quite a mound," remarked the Council's superintendent of cleansing, Mr. J. P. Deppe. "Come close to filling Martin Place."

This is a thought-provoking vision. Mr. Deppe added that, but for his men, Sydney people would be ankle-deep in rubbish within a few days—not to mention the germs (everyone would be sick)—and industry would probably stop in about a month.

But it won't happen.

The City Council spends £379,869 a year to see that it doesn't.

From his Town Hall office (rather cluttered), Mr. Deppe controls the cleaning of 7161 city acres.

As well as the 293 miles of roadway, there are rubbish bins and drinking fountains . . . "We've got 1229 waste-paper receptacles in the inner city area," said Mr. Deppe. He sighed.

Why? Because, even though he's tried painting those bins in bright colors to attract attention, "people will drop things in the crowded city streets. But—take the suburbs, now. They're tidier than the

city because people can't drop things without being seen."

There's more than psychology in garbage. Mr. Deppe says that it shows the prosperity of a country, too.

"If there is plenty of rubbish, there's plenty of money around. People can afford to throw things away," he explained. "But during the depression the rubbish dropped by about half."

Talking of prosperity, take those water-bubbler drinking fountains in the city.

One man (a milk-bar proprietor) complained that a bubbler was ruining his business. He thought he was losing patronage when he saw people drinking from a bubbler in front of his milk-bar.

"But the bubblers are outside a lot of hotels, and we don't have any complaints about them hurting the beer trade," said Mr. Deppe.

Then he went on to describe the mammoth job of tidying up a city.

A team of 42 men work from 12.10 a.m. till 6 a.m., with a half-hour break at 3 a.m. for "lunch."

They wash and sweep every street and every pavement in the inner city area: from Circular Quay to Central Railway, from Macquarie Street to Darling Harbor—and the main roads out of the city.

They've got a lot of gadgets to help: six mechanical road-sweepers, four mechanical water-flushers, three footway vacuum sweepers, and king-size brooms.

The biggest brooms are 36in. wide, with 7ft. handles. They're made of coarse fibre hair, and they last about 15 days.

There's a knack in using those brooms—and a positive art in sweeping a pavement. Consider Pitt Street. It is a "one-sweep" footway. But Martin Place, which is about five feet wider, takes three sweeps.

If you're down there some night late, watch George Smith at work. In Pitt Street George uses long, rhythmic strokes that take the broom across the pavement.

But in Martin Place George has to run his broom along the section near the building alignment to remove all the dust and shoe leather and clothes fluff. The Council calls this "unavoidable dirt."



Sydney's two million people littered their city streets with nearly 19,000 tons of refuse last year—and 42 men cleaned it up. Here, reporter Dawn James tells about the job.



• Cleaners Bert Nilsen, Neil Barnes, Wal Shelton, and boss Frank Quinn.

Then he sweeps the middle of the pavement, and makes a third trip along the gutter edge. It looks like an arm-exhausting job, but George says you get used to it. He's been sweeping the city for seven years; before that he was a miner.

"The jobs are much the same," he said. "No crowds . . . it's dark."

In fact, most of the men say they like working in the dark.

"There's no one around; we can have a clean go," according to Bill Beattie. He drives the trailer that carts the rubbish to the Council's dump at Alexandria.

"If you did this job, it'd break your heart to see people throwing even a tram-ticket away," he said.

I began to get that guilty I'm-a-litter-bug feeling. And staff photographer Ron Berg suddenly looked slightly shifty, too. He surreptitiously picked up an empty flash-bulb carton he'd just thrown away.

Mr. Quinn nodded approvingly at Ron and remarked that, of course, Saturday night was the dirtiest night of the week.

At the time (1.30 a.m.), he was taking us on a sweeping tour of Sydney. And he suggested that I go for a trip down George Street on the footway-washing machine.

It's a big truck with a sort of "arm," a bright yellow Heath Robinson contraption that runs along the pavement on a little wheel and spouts water from two nozzles.

This arm is big enough to pass over parked cars—but not parking signs.

"Motorists aren't the only ones who

complain about the signs," said the driver, Jim Barnsley.

He went forward a few yards, while Walter Beitch held the arm. Then . . . a parking sign. Walter yanked the arm in, we drove about two feet, and he pushed the arm out again while Jim reversed. We washed the area we'd just missed.

"Those signs have reduced the distance we can cover from 21 miles to about 14 or 16 a night," said Mr. Quinn.

Parking signs aren't the only cleaning hazards. The vacuum footway sweeper has to go within two inches of all the plate-glass store windows. One false move

The sweeper is like a small yellow tank with two brushes in the front. "They push the dirt into the centre, and it's picked up by the vacuum," said the driver, Frank Duck.

Frank's little box-seat on the sweeper didn't look comfortable. But then his life hasn't been exactly "comfortable" for the past few years.

Later, during "lunch" break in the Council's depot, he told me he'd been waiting three years for a Housing Commission house. At present, he's living in a three-roomed unlined hut at Riverwood with his wife and four children.

Just then someone called out that we'd all better "get cwwacking." Mr. Duck winced, but good-humoredly.

Lunch break was over. It was time to get back to the job . . . the work of the city's "housewives" is never done.



• City "housemaid" Dawn James dusts Queen Victoria's statue while Ern McBurney holds the ladder. BELOW: Martin Place, freshly washed, scrubbed — and "dead" until soon after 4 a.m.





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BEST FOR BABY... BEST FOR YOU!

They'll swim 7000 miles in 8 weeks

● Australia's Olympic swim team is used to being in the news, but since it began training in the winter sunshine of Northern Queensland three weeks ago, private lives, rather than record swims, have kept it in the limelight.

FOR in Townsville 21-year-old gold medallist Lorraine Crapp broke her engagement with 24-year-old Perth swimmer Ron Day and announced that she'd marry 39-year-old Dr. Bill Thurlow, the team's unofficial medical adviser.

As the web of her new romance became more entangled, the public hoped it would all end happily for "Lainy" Crapp, who for years has been one of the greatest favorites in Olympic circles.

Meanwhile, all this excitement has not been allowed to disrupt the serious training programme of the 28 members of Australia's swimming team, who are preparing for next month's Rome Olympics.

You might think that eight weeks in the tropics, with nothing to do but swim, eat, and sleep, sounds like a dream holiday.

I did, too—UNTIL I discovered how tough the swimmers' lives really are.

Distance

In the eight weeks up north they will stroke their way through roughly 7000 miles of water—or nearly two-thirds of the distance from Sydney to Rome.

This represents more than 30 miles per swimmer per week.

To quote Jon Henricks, the team's personality boy: "That amount of swimming in that amount of time is tougher than digging ditches non-stop. Man, you just want to die at the end of a day."

"I tell you, swinging night-life isn't for us right now. And that's for sure."

So you see, a sojourn in the tropics isn't necessarily a piece of paradise. For Olympic swimmers it's a paradise lost in a fight for gold medals.

They're really working for their Roman "holiday."

The 28 swimmers, including 12 girls, are training in Townsville's Tobruk Memorial Baths, where the water never falls below a coaxing 70 degrees.

It's a picturesque setting, right on the Pacific's edge, with a backdrop of swaying coconut palms and a blaze of poinsettia and bougainvillea.

But the swimmers have little time to admire the setting—or the view across to Magnetic Island.

Their daily schedules vary according to their coaches, but a good example is sprint star Geoff Shipton.

Geoff is at the pool from 6 a.m. to 8.30 a.m., 11 a.m. to 12.30 p.m., and 4 p.m. to 6 p.m.

I don't mean lazing round the pool-side.

From go to whoa it's a hard haul up and down the pool, under the eye of a coach and the recording of a stopwatch.

This is the strict routine six days a week.

Sunday is the team's rest day—a day of greatly appreci-

By
CYNTHIA STRACHAN,
staff reporter

ated relaxation. It's usually spent tripping across to Magnetic Island, visiting the local crocodile farm, getting together for a barbecue—and likely as not, catching up on sleep, more sleep.

All the swimmers enjoy their sleep so much that manager Roger Pegram laughingly says his powers as an amateur hypnotist are going to waste.

"I could hypnotise them to sleep," he said, "but I'll never have the chance. They're naturally sleepy-time boys and girls."

Though Townsville isn't seeing much of the swimmers away from the pool, it is treating their visit like the prodigal's return.

For some of the swimmers are paying their third and fourth visit to Townsville training camps, and everyone, from the taxi-drivers to the mayor, wants to know how "those nice kids" are getting on.

By the busload, locals and tourists descend on the baths to watch the champions training and to get them to autograph hand-painted coconuts, the major souvenir craze.

Though it's a training "camp," you don't often see the team together. Apart from training at different times, their "digs" are scattered.

Jon Henricks is the guest of the baths manager, Mr. Alan Lawrence, and his balcony room overlooks the pool.

"They all get away from each other when they leave the pool," said Jon. "But I can't escape. I have them in my room, on my bed, even in my morning milk."



IT'S A TOUGH workout on the pulleys for Queensland backstroke star David Thiele.

Most are billeted with private families.

Exceptions are Murray Rose, who has a house with his mother; the Konrads kids, John and Lisa, who are staying with coach Don Talbot and his family; and Jan Andrew and Jan Hogan, who have a flat with the latter's aunt, Mrs. E. Miner.

The other exceptions are Terry Gathercole and John Monckton, the only two marrieds.

They have adjoining flats, with Mrs. Monckton looking after John and their baby daughter, and Mrs. Gathercole looking after Terry and John Devitt, the popular captain of the men's team.

Pay parade

The swimmers are given £6 a week to pay for their billet, plus 5/- a day living expenses, which is handed to them at a weekly "pay parade."

For a couple of days before the money is handed out the swimmers delight in attacking Roger Pegram every time they see him with remarks like: "When are you going to pay us? We're hungry. You can't swim when you're hungry."

One of the hardest workers at the pool is Dawn Fraser, whose only aim in life at present is to get a record number of gold medals.

Dawn is driving a Land-

Rover to and from the pool. Many swimmers have hired or borrowed cars, while others—mainly too young to have a driver's licence—have formed a bicycle brigade.

The "babies" of the team, like 15-year-old Kevin Berry and Jan Hogan, of Sydney, have brought their schoolbooks with them, but, after wrestling with stopwatch figures all day, they've been too tired to open them so far.

From these water-babies through to 25-year-old Jon Henricks, the team's "Old Father Time," the swimmers are all great pals.

And they're having a thousand laughs.

Their favorite haunt for a malted milk after training is across the road from the pool in a cafe owned by "Auntie Nell" and "Uncle Chas."

Miss Nell Corcoran and Mr. Charles Downes have known some of the swimmers since they first trained in Townsville six years ago.

Auntie Nell, who occasionally dishes out free milkshakes, is famous for her pumpkin scones—a special favorite with Dawn Fraser.

And the swimmers are such favorites with Auntie Nell that she travelled to Hobart last year to see them in the Australian Championships.

● See color pictures overleaf



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Olympic swimmers in north

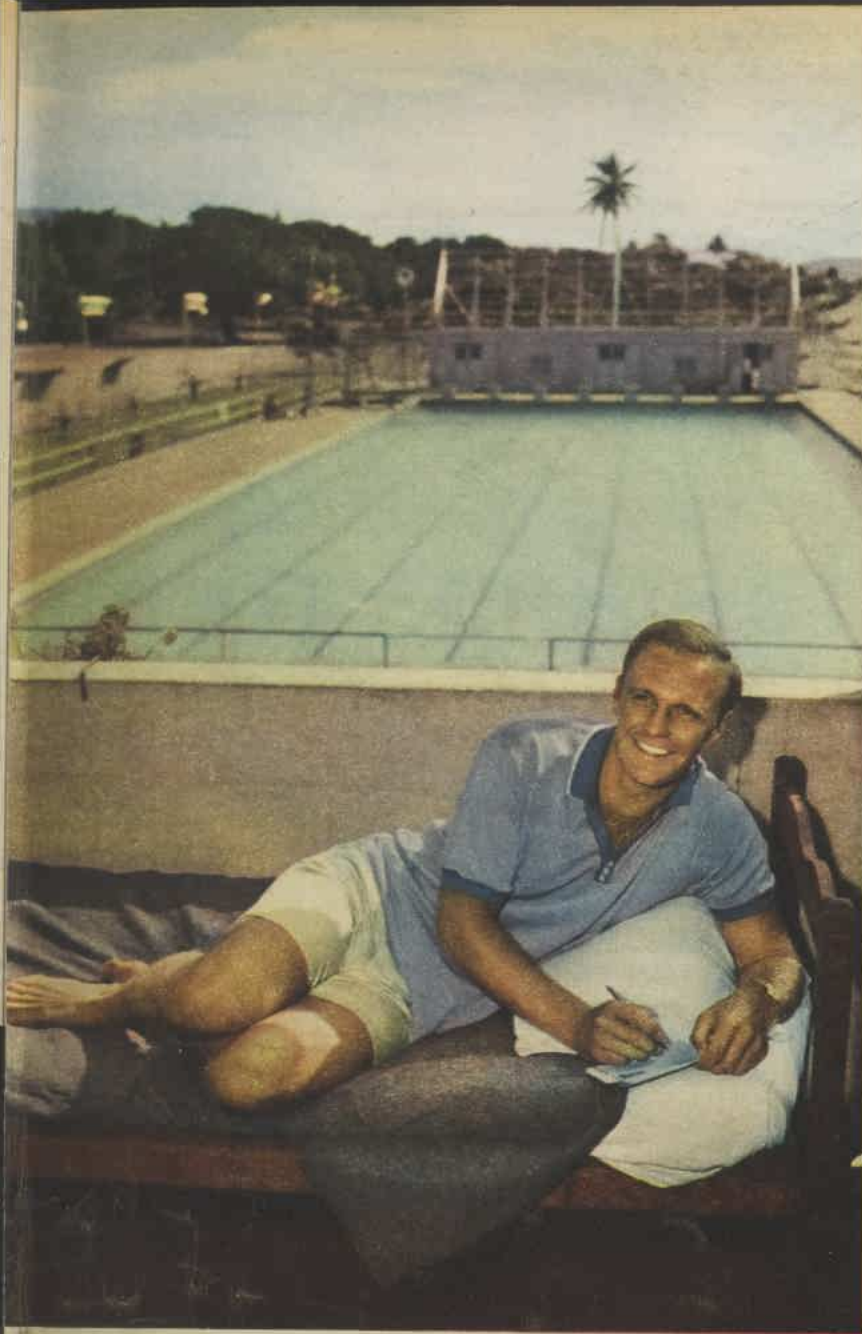
IN the balmy winter sunshine of tropical Townsville, Australia's Olympic swimming team is completing its training for the Rome Games. At left, postman Harry Johnson (centre) delivers to (from left) Ilsa Konrads, Ruth Everuss, Sandra Morgàn, John Konrads.



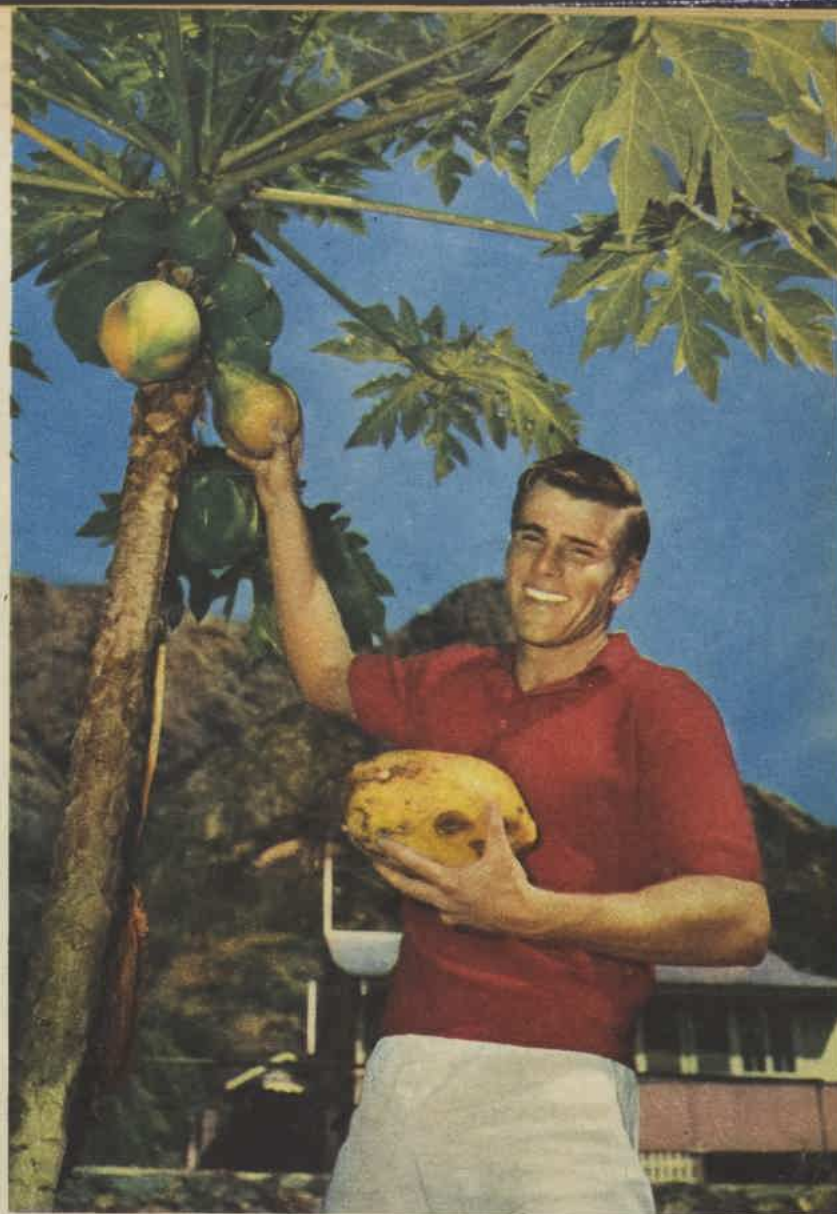
TOWNSVILLE cafe-owner Miss Nell Corcoran—"Auntie Nell" to the team—serves tea to Dale Kreig and Marilyn Wilson.

IN THE SHADE of a palm, Dawn Fraser autographs a coconut—a popular local souvenir craze—watched by Lorraine Crapp.





SPRINT STAR Jon Henricks (above) relaxes on a sunporch overlooking Townsville's Tobruk Memorial Pool, where the Olympic team is training.



VEGETARIAN Murray Rose plucks a papaw from a tree in the garden of the house where he is staying with his mother. The house nestles under Castle Hill, a Townsville landmark, and the view, says Murray, "could only be Australian . . . it's like an Albert Namatjira painting."

BRISK beach sprint along the water's edge for (from left) Kevin Berry, Jan Andrew, Dawn Fraser, Jan Hogan, and John Monckton.



Pictures by staff photographer
Keith Barlow.



No rose without a thorn!

However careful cutting a rose bloom or arranging a rose bowl, even the most skilful hands can have their beauty marred by the scratch of a thorn — but lovely hands are safe from infection with ultra-thin Handyplast strips.

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FATHER



"No more cute remarks. I can't afford any more long-distance calls to his grandparent this week!"

MOTHER



ELISABETH MACINTYRE
"How come nobody noticed that there wasn't any soap in the bathroom this morning?"

It seems to me

IN view of that handsome profit last year, it would be nice if the P.M.G. considered a reduced joint licence rate for television and radio.

Some TV owners use their radios so little that they are beginning to look twice at the annual £2/15/-.

From long habit many like the continual time reminders in the morning—but a clock would serve.

Before any radio artist or producer blows his top, let me add that there are still plenty of good things on radio. I use mine nearly as much as the TV set.

For one thing, you can do something else—housework or sewing—while listening; for another, there are some features as well as music to which vision doesn't add much.

In that amusing A.B.C. session from the B.B.C., "My Word," Misses Annet Robertson and Nancy Spain are amazingly erudite, and often witty as well. They are both middle-aged, with no claim to beauty, and it's possible that their faces on TV could spoil their fortunes.

In the past couple of weeks I've heard some other excellent A.B.C. features, including one that dug up and browsed over the 16-year-old "Ern Malley" poetry hoax; a discussion between Bertrand Russell and the Abbot of Downside on immortality; and Dick Bentley's current show "I Flew for Bismarck," which, in the one sample I listened to, was extremely funny.

Still, if I had to choose between the two mediums, I'd undoubtedly settle for TV. It would be a pity if a gradual dropping off in radio licence fees meant a consequent dropping in the quality of radio entertainment. It could happen. Some concession in the joint fee would save off the day.

THIS column seems to be full of references to food lately.

Anyhow, the other day I was having lunch with a friend who, like me, keeps a continual wary eye on calories.

"Do you know what?" she said, eyeing the familiar menu, "I think I'll have a meat pie."

I bit back a shocked cry. The look of horror on my face was involuntary. But I realised that she had not even noticed.

Her expression was blissful. Suddenly it hit me: For years I have managed to delude myself that meat pies are repellent.

Happily, I said to the waitress, "Make it two."

REAL-ESTATE men are telling Americans: "You need a new home every ten years."

In Australia, where the average citizen spends 20 or 30 years paying off his only home, the idea sounds far-fetched.

But, bombs permitting, it could happen. Think of the clothes, the furniture, the cars, that are discarded not because they are worn out but because they are "old-fashioned."

In time the same outlook may apply to homes. And the rat-race will be rattier than ever.

By



THIS winter started miserably that I was almost tempted to abandon the high resolution of some years back, and return to woollen underwear.

The young are fortunate. They can wear what they like. When I was 20 I used to spend the winter absolutely muffled from neck to knee in spencers and things.

There came a point when I decided that I was too old to go around looking like a woolly caterpillar, and I gave the whole batch to the Salvation Army (an organisation which, apart from its good work, has the shining virtue of always keeping its appointments. If it says it will call Thursday at 8.40 a.m., it calls Thursday at 8.40 a.m.).

Ever since, I have spent the winters lightly clad, hopping from radiator to radiator, and thinking spartan thoughts in between.

It is some comfort that this June is the coldest for 11 years. Otherwise it might shake one's resolution. And sometimes, looking forward to tottering round in nylon at 80, I am reminded of those words,

"But what good came of it, at last," quoth little Peterkin.

"Why that I cannot tell," said he.

"But 'twas a famous victory!"

ACCORDING to a turf writer, the racehorse Heroic Blade, which won a race at Canterbury recently after several successes in the Wagga district, is so ugly that punters laugh and call him "Radish." He is described as having "an extremely long thin neck and an ungainly head with large ears."

"Why quarrel with a neck that's long and thin?"

Asks Radish, grumbling to himself at night.

"No photo-finishes for me. I stretch—and win."

And then they laugh. I ask you, is it right?

Life for a plain horse, frankly, can be hell.

They say it isn't meant. Their laughter's kind.

What if my ears are big? They serve me well.

For listening to the thundering hoofs behind.

I've known some dud good-lookers in my day.

Whose races never earned a brass razoo.

Then Radish dropped a tear upon his hay.

"I wish," he whinnied, "I were handsome, too."



● On the verandah—once the open porch of the Dixons' home—with Rev. Clive Goodwin and four guests, from left, Miss Helena Bashford, formerly of Cremorne, whom the other residents have nicknamed "Queen Victoria," Mrs. Anne Berryman, from Strathfield, Mrs. Gertrude Jackson, from Watson's Bay, and Mrs. Mabel Badham.

Mowll Village

● Once he was a builder, now he's a clergyman . . . but he's always got a pair of khaki overalls handy, and when anything goes wrong he's the man to fix it.

HE is the Reverend Clive Goodwin, rector of St. Mark's, Darling Point, Sydney's smartest parish.

Lately he has been living a kind of double life. He has been the "fixit" man about 19 miles from St. Mark's, at the new Mowll Memorial Village for retired People at Castle Hill.

When a laundry was turned into a cottage for two, Rev. Goodwin glamorised it with a wrought-iron patio.

"Got the iron from an old house being pulled down in Elizabeth Bay," he said.

He turned a sombre drawing-room into "the Chinese room" — in memory of the missionary work in China of the late Archbishop H. W. K. Mowll and Mrs. Mowll — with teak furniture he bought in a job lot.

A stubborn lock, a go-slow boiler, a lazy refrigerator . . . it was all the same to Rev. Goodwin. He'd fix it.

"He has worked like a navvy," say the staff at the Village, which in 14 months has grown from one big house, three cottages, a laundry, and a garage into luxury accommodation for 50 elderly men and women.

Later there will be acres of self-contained units and a hospital for the very old.

The fast-growing Village is 17 miles from Sydney on 117-acre "Elwatan," the lovely property of the late Mr. Robert Dixon.

It was recently bought at auction by the Church of England for £75,000.

The church has spent £30,000 (including a Commonwealth Government subsidy on a 2 to 1 basis) on structural alterations, renovations, central heating.

The Government has also contributed about £20,000 to the cost of the original buildings.

Furniture and equipment have cost £5000.

The church is owing £20,000 on the scheme and is still appealing through its parishes in New South Wales for funds.

Sydney architect Geoffrey Twibill designed the conversion of "Elwatan."

Miss Jean Martin, executive secretary of the Church of England National Emergency Fund Board of Management, which administers the Village — Rev. Goodwin is a board member — chose curtains, blinds, bed covers.

Tariff is four guineas a week for pensioners, six guineas for guests with independent means.

STORY BY JO WILLIAMS, STAFF REPORTER. PICTURES BY STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER ADELIE HURLEY.

So far 30 residents are established at the Village, 12 more have booked and will soon move in. There is a waiting list.

Guests live in the Main House — the Dixons' old home — where every room has a view, or in one of the five freshly appointed cottages.

There is the Gate House, the Long House, Pine Lodge, the Tower House — converted garage and water-tower, and the Chalet — converted laundry.

At the moment women outnumber men more than four to one.

Veteran of them all is 87-year-old Colonel Marcus Logan, formerly of Woollahra, N.S.W. He served in the Boer War, and was in both world wars.

"My friends are nearly all dead now," he says. The colonel spends his days reading in the gracious common rooms of the Main House and plays an occasional game of cards.

Clergy and their wives have a priority claim on the Village — they are among the people who never have a home of their own while they are working.

Oldest of the women is tiny, spry Miss Ruby Voysey, 83, who says, "I just lived a quiet sort of life at Neutral Bay."

"You can't keep her out of the kitchen. She's always helping," says Miss Elaine Steele, once hospital matron at Murrumbidgee, N.S.W.

Mrs. Mabel Badham, who is 80, came a few weeks ago from Junee, N.S.W.

She is an expert with the sewing machine — the Village has three — and is making aprons and children's clothes for a fete to be held in the grounds.

Her constant companion in the sewing-room is 78-year-old Mrs. Gertrude Jackson, formerly of Watson's Bay.

Both do on-the-spot dressmaking for residents. Their "fees" go into Village funds.

Mrs. Elsie Betts—they call her the "President of the Tower House"—lived for 40 years in Molong and came to the Village from Roseville.

Mrs. Emma Williams, formerly of Mosman, has an attic room in the Tower House.

"I've lived alone since my boys were married. They all wanted me to live with them," she said.

"Then the building I was living in was sold. I came up here to see the place—and I said, 'This will do me.'"

It would do most people. But don't forget that waiting list!



● A room for two in the Main House, from which Matron Vittoria Smith, former housekeeper at Trinity Grammar, "runs" the village. Miss Amy Dick, 73, who shares this room with her widowed sister, Mrs. Mabel Badham, is sitting at a window that overlooks lawns and trees.



● The Chinese room, which guests use for reading, writing letters. It was redecorated and repainted. Like every other room in the Main House it has a parquet floor, deep windows, and a good outlook.

● The Tower House, once a water-tower and garage, now a modern cottage with a winding staircase leading to upstairs attic rooms. Miss Lucy Coles, 75, is sitting in the sun chatting to Mrs. Elsie Betts.





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taste



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SHERRY

The house that Jack built



JACK McVEY'S neat brick bungalow at Avalon. A paraplegic, he hopes to do some gardening work himself.

● Jack McVey fought back when his world looked darkest. It was a long, hard fight, but he won. Now this 50-year-old bachelor is boss again — of himself.



IN the lounge-room Jack McVey polishes the floor from his wheelchair.

MR. McVEY was headmaster at Canley Heights Primary School in Sydney until the 1957 Christmas holidays.

He and a friend, Danish builder Carl Winge, of Ryde, were at a beach when the wind toppled a colored beach umbrella and bowled it towards them.

The metal base of the umbrella pierced Mr. McVey's spine.

For months he could not move. He had to depend on others for everything. Nurses had to turn him in bed at night. He could only lie and look at the ceiling.

Today he is still partially paralysed, but he has learned to live again. He has moved into his own new home, gone back to "batching" and running his own life.

Carl Winge has helped all the way. He helped design

and build the comfortable brick bungalow overlooking Avalon beach that is Mr. McVey's new home.

"I was walking along the beach with Jack when the accident happened," he said. "I never forget that it could have been me."

It's a small house, but it's roomy. Because Mr. McVey spends most of his time in a wheelchair, the doors are wider than usual and there are no steps. The floor space is big so that the wheelchair can be turned easily.

Light switches and door-handles are at extra low levels, like the sinks and the tiny stove and refrigerator. Mr. McVey can do all his housework and cooking from the wheelchair.

The lounge-room is a restful cream and grass-green, with colored rugs and scatter cushions. The bedroom is striking in grey and yellow. Mr. McVey and his married

sister planned the colors and interior decor.

Mr. McVey made some of the mats, stools, and cushions during occupational therapy classes at the Paraplegic Unit of the Royal North Shore Hospital at St. Leonards.

The house and the life he would make there were Mr. McVey's goal during the long months of rehabilitation.

"I must have done hundreds of sketches till I hit on what I wanted. And when I bought the land I had to turn the plan back to front to fit," he said.

"It's been a hard fight to get this far. I couldn't have done it without the help of my friends and family and of Sister Lamberton."

Sister Lamberton is in charge of the Paraplegic Unit which aims at rehabilitating people like Jack McVey.

Archery

It was there the endless work of physiotherapy slowly brought back the use of his arms and the upper part of his body.

Instructors taught him archery, because it developed his shoulder muscles. Also, because it is one sport where a paraplegic can compete with the able-bodied.

Rehabilitation means keeping busy, Mr. McVey says, and taking an interest in as many things as possible.

"Everything is worth looking into. You've got to stop thinking of yourself and of what happened."

From the first Jack McVey was determined not to depend on others.

"I was really sure about that when I learnt what the kids at the school and their friends and families had done.

"They had been up to all sorts of money-making schemes — raffles, sales, anything to give me a cheque to help me begin again.

"You don't realise how wonderful people can be until something like this happens."

What are Mr. McVey's interests now — apart from his house?

There's the theatre. He has hardly missed a show since he could get about. He has a well-stocked bookcase and a collection of records ranging from Strauss to Anna Russell and Belafonte.

He likes to entertain, too. Not long ago he cooked a curry and fish course for 22 people at his home.

He has a clerical job at Avalon at which he works between 10 and 4 o'clock every day. When he learns to drive a car, he'll go there and home on his own.

And he's helping organise the newly formed Paraplegics Association of N.S.W.

He's in charge of a drive for funds to send 13 paraplegics to the Paralympics to be held in Rome just after the Olympic Games.

"It's the most wonderful thing to be independent," he said. "I never realised before my accident just how terrible it is to have everything done for you. I had to grit my teeth not to be abusive when people had to help me at first."

Living alone isn't going to be easy for Jack McVey. If he falls, there won't be anybody to help him up, and there's no one to reach where he can't.

But that's how he wants it.



JACK, a former headmaster, thinks a great deal of being able to do even small things, like washing-up, for himself.

It was a lovely wedding!

Crowds roared good wishes to Tommy Steele

● London crowds are renowned for their patience, good manners, and warm heart. But there never was a crowd like the one that turned out for Tommy Steele's wedding.



● Rock-'n-roll singing star Tommy Steele and his bride, Ann Donoughue, cut a three-tiered cake at the wedding reception at the Savoy Hotel, London.

THERE was a personal quality in their enthusiasm and real audience participation in their voices.

For Tommy is a Londoner, a great entertainer, and a mate: the thousands who stood to cheer him and his pretty bride, Ann Donoughue, came to show they were mates, too.

It all started early in the morning when the most ardent fans took up positions in front of St. Patrick's Roman Catholic Church in Soho Square.

There were a few hundred waiting there from 9.30 a.m., but they'd swelled to more than 1000 by midday when photographer Alec Murray and I drove to the Hicks' stucco villa in south-east London.

Outside in the neat front garden stood Tommy's own royal-blue MG, freshly polished and resplendent with badges. Outside on the pavement corner a wide-awake newspaperman stood hopefully, his arms full of early editions and his placards promising "Tommy Steele's pictures. Souvenir."

So far he'd had only one customer, Miss Cissie Smith, a Catford resident, who had planned her Saturday morning shopping so that she could see Tommy off to the church.

"If I see him today it'll be the first time," she said. "I've

passed here twice a day ever since they came to live here. I've often seen his little sister on her scooter. But never Tommy. I'd like to, I admire him so much. The way he's looked after his family," and she indicated the house Tommy bought for the Hicks family two years ago, and named "Shiralee" after the hit song he sang for the Peter Finch film.

"I've waited two hours now to get a glimpse of him. I'm prepared to wait two more."

Cissie didn't have to. The first of the family guests arrived and who should open the door but Tommy in shirt sleeves and slippers.

"Hi! Come on in!" and the festivities had started.

Before long neighbors began to gather along the side fence, schoolboys rode up on bikes,

She smoked a cigarette while she answered their questions or parried the inevitable "Where's the honeymoon to be?" with "Tommy hasn't even told me. He says Paris or Blackpool—so that probably means Rome," without any affectation.

It was the same all day. This is what makes everyone love Tommy and his family. They filed into the hire cars with the same lack of concern they'd have shown for the tump-

ments bulged with cheering men, women, and children.

"Good old Tommy," "Good luck, boy," came from the old 'uns, and "Tommy, here, here," in shrieks from young fans wanting a special wave. More than 100 policemen and policewomen had linked arms to hold them back, but only the handsome horses managed to restrain them when the young man himself arrived.

By now the crowd was estimated at 3000. They were 3000 of the happiest people I've ever seen.

Only the Press were allowed in the church door, but one octogenarian with a slightly Italian accent had broken the cordon.

"I'm determined to see him, luv," she whispered. "I've loved him ever since he started. Beautiful boy!"

A bobby spotted her and asked what she was doing there.

"I was coming to confession and the father asked me to wait," she said.

The bobby gave up with a good-natured smile.

Later at the reception at the Savoy Hotel River Suite I asked Father John Bebb, who married Tommy and Ann, whether this could have been true.

"Certainly not. But it was a very white lie, bless her. I hope she had a good view." No one was feeling censorious that day.

It was a good job, too, for if the Savoy management expected their popular guest to turn into a stuffed shirt just



● Proudly following her son down the front path of their home on the way to the church, Tommy's mother, Mrs. Thomas Hicks, leads the family group to the Rolls. She smoked unconcernedly.

because he had filled the River Suite with champagne-drinking friends they'd have been bitterly disappointed.

When he'd finished shaking hands with 300 of us, Tommy took Ann to the window to answer the cheers of the vast crowd gathered below.

Orange juice

As soon as he appeared they began to sing "For He's A Jolly Good Fellow." Tommy handed his inevitable glass of orange juice to his beaming wife and conducted them hanging half out of the window.

"Now sing us a song," they called, led by the usually restrained members of the Luton Girls' Choir, all dressed to sing at another wedding reception but determined to enjoy the fun on the way in.

"What'd you like?" cried the accommodating groom.

"Little White Bull," came back unanimously. And Tommy gave them the lot,

waving them in on the chorus.

But, oddly enough, my favorite moment came from Tommy's father, rotund, beaming Thomas Hicks, sen.

Asked to "Give us a song, Dad" when he'd finished his thank-you speech by the tiered wedding cake, Mr. Hicks rendered the whole of "Dixieland" note-perfect and without a piano.

It takes more than a little courage to do that under the gaze of three dozen Savoy waiters. It takes dignity, assurance, and the top kind of cockney entertainment quality.

I realised where Tommy's talent and poise came from—his own home and family.

Whether facing the mob in the square, singing to a crowded stadium, playing host at the Savoy, his natural dignity never deserted him.

The welcome Mr. and Mrs. Steele will offer at their new £10,000 home in Kingston-On-Thames will be as warm as ever it could have been in Bermondsey.



● A policeman loses his helmet struggling to hold back some of the 3000 people who crowded outside the church. A woman had emptied confetti over him.



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VITA-BRITS with HOT MILK
NO COOKING! NO SAUCEPANS TO WASH!

(READY IN AN INSTANT)



NEGRO SINGER

His songs are his protests

HARRY BELAFONTE

WHILE negro calypso singer Harry Belafonte is in Australia next month for shows in Melbourne (Aug. 20), Brisbane (Aug. 24, 25), and Sydney (Aug. 22, 26, 27), he plans to record aboriginal tribal songs.

"I'm taking a tape-machine and hope to record authentic Australian folk-singing by your natives that perhaps I can adapt for myself," he said. "I'll take a crew out for a day or two and see if we can get something worth while."

I so liked the idea of such chants issuing from the Belafonte throat for the entertainment of Manhattan and Hollywood that I hadn't the heart to tell him that you do not just go out and tape our aborigines in passing.

Let him find out the facts of life Down Under the hard way.

That's the way he found

By LARRY FOLEY, of our New York staff

out the facts of life in his native U.S.

All his life Belafonte has suffered the slings and arrows of the outrageous misfortune in the U.S. of having been born colored.

In his youth the rage in his soul had no outlet, except in bitter outbursts to friends and in petulant, impulsive acts, such as scrawling on display ads for, say, cream to protect that lilywhite skin: "Yeah, but what about negro skin?"

The rage is still there, but it is under control. Through show business Belafonte, now 33, has a way to express himself and his point of view.

Sleek skin

He is a superb showman, but under the sleek skin of the entertainer beats the passionate heart of the social reformer.

From the footlights Belafonte can go out to carry a banner in the front ranks of street marchers in protest against racial discrimination, and atom bombs.

Both appearances have equal sincerity, dedication, and conviction.

Belafonte long ago made his first million dollars as a singer; now he is out to make his influence equally felt as a producer-director of plays and films, and as an actor.

His own company, Har-bel Productions, has made two films with racial themes, and Belafonte played the negro each time. Har-bel plans several similar movies.

The negro film images he hates are the ones that he says "downgrade" his race—the "yassuh boss" boys, the shiftless loafers, the mummies, and the Topsyies.

"It's time," he said, "to make pictures that show negroes as decent, responsible people, with the same hopes, hungers, needs, loves, and problems as anyone else. Maybe in 50 years we'll be able to afford the luxury of having distortions of us presented for public laughter. But not now."

"I don't think 'Abie's Irish Rose,' the begorrah-Irish comedies, or the dialect bur-



SINGER Harry Belafonte (above) with his wife, Julie, and son David, 2, who will come to Australia with him. RIGHT: Ex-wife Margurite, mother of Belafonte's daughters.



lesques that caricature minority groups do any good. And I know damn well they can do a lot of harm."

It would be easy for Belafonte to relax:

- He gets 140,000 dollars (about £A63,000) annually for four weeks at the Riviera Hotel in Las Vegas.

- A long-term recording contract guarantees him 100,000 dollars (about £A45,000) a year.

- For the film "Island in the Sun" he got 150,000 dollars.

- For TV spectaculars, fees on a similar scale.

The fetid streets of Harlem, where he was born, and the shanty towns of Jamaica, where he spent five boyhood years, seem a long way away.

But Belafonte never forgets them, despite his swank Manhattan flat and his two Mercedes-Benz cars. His early days are what make him run—but not away.

Belafonte's mother was a Jamaican domestic, his father a vagabond seaman from Martinique. Two of his grandparents were white.

He served two years as a storeman in the U.S. Navy. After the war he studied in New York, hoping to become an actor. Fellow-students included Marlon Brando and Tony Curtis, but Belafonte didn't stay.

"They wanted me to read only negro parts of an Uncle Tom character," he recalled. "I told them I'd rather push a truck."

Which he did. He got a job driving a truck in the garment centre, then he became a nightclub singer of pop-jazz. He gave this up because it failed utterly to satisfy what-ever craving was in him for self-expression.

He was married by then, with a daughter. His wife was negro schoolteacher Margurite Byrd, whom Belafonte had met in 1944 when he was a gob and had courted persistently for four years.

For eight months he ran a small restaurant in Greenwich Village. Here he became interested in folk-singing.

His way with a ballad caught the ear of Max Gordon, co-owner of the swank Blue Angel and the rowdier basement joint Village Vanguard.

Many famous performers were launched by Gordon at the Vanguard, but Belafonte was the first folk-singer to hold a mass audience.

His voice is not remarkable—"from a rusty buzz-saw to a mother's whisper," it has been described—but his showmanship is. He suits his actions to the song: standing immobile, head only spotlighted, for one, and for the next moving about as graceful and sinewy as a cat.

Every step, every gesture is rehearsed to the last inch.

Sex appeal

He is tall, lean, lithe. What he has that carries so forcefully over the footlights can best be summed up: animal magnetism—or sex appeal, if you like.

His stage dress has become a trademark: cotton shirt opened down low on the chest, leather belt buckled with brass rings, and tight trousers.

Women go for him. His marriage went on the rocks as he was rising swiftly to the top. Margurite, a Ph.D. with a fine academic career, had little love for show business and the people in it.

They were divorced in 1957. There were two daughters, now aged 9 and 4.

Belafonte then married Julie Robinson, white and Jewish, who had been a member of the Katherine Dunham Dance Company for six years.

BASS H JIVE
O KEY A I
LILT MEZZO
O ORGAN Z L
W I HIT
TONE TUNE
H I O DRUM M
O M T U B P
THEME O ALTO
2, 22, 18, 4, 19, 28, 12, 24, 13

TOTAL POINTS FROM INTERLOCKING LETTERS 149
PLUS TEN POINTS FOR EACH WORD USED 250

MAKING THE GRAND TOTAL FOR MY ENTRY 399

• Identical entry from Mrs. Allan and M. Rahmann.

GONG F F D S
B L LARGO
LOW TUBA U L
E HOT TEMPO
E TUNE C
THEME B HARP
U N CAROL I
DUO N T P
E ROUND NOTE
7, 12, 19, 12, 16, 13, 2, 10, 10, 19, 19

TOTAL POINTS FROM INTERLOCKING LETTERS 139
PLUS TEN POINTS FOR EACH WORD USED 260

MAKING THE GRAND TOTAL FOR MY ENTRY 399

• Mrs. Beckenham's entry.

Crozzle No. 2: Five Winners

• Five people have tied to win CROZZLE No. 2, so the £500 prize will be divided among them.

The five £100 prizewinners are:

- Mrs. N. E. Allan, 38 Glencairn Avenue, Hartwell, Victoria.
- M. Rahmann, 7 Simla Avenue, Geebung, Queensland.
- Mrs. T. M. Beckenham, Boho South, Violet Town, Victoria.
- J. Glass, 30 Primrose Avenue, Rydalmere, N.S.W.
- Mr. A. W. Beckenham, sen., Marraweeny, Violet Town, Victoria.

Each contestant scored a grand total of 399.

One unusual feature of this CROZZLE: Mrs. Allan (from Melbourne) and M. Rahmann (from Brisbane) submitted identical entries. Their prizewinning word combination is shown here at top left.

Mrs. Beckenham's CROZZLE is at left, Mr. Beckenham's entry is at right, and Mr. Glass' entry is at top right. All winning entries have been redrawn by our artists for satisfactory reproduction.

NEXT WEEK: The result of CROZZLE No. 3

HORN F F D S
B L LARGO
LOW TUBA U L
E HOT TEMPO
E TUNE C
THEME B HARP
U N CAROL I
DUO N T P
E ROUND NOTE
7, 12, 19, 12, 16, 13, 2, 10, 10, 19, 19

TOTAL POINTS FROM INTERLOCKING LETTERS 139
PLUS TEN POINTS FOR EACH WORD USED 260

MAKING THE GRAND TOTAL FOR MY ENTRY 399

• J. Glass' entry.

BONES F F D S
B L LARGO
LOW TUBA U L
E HOT TEMPO
E TUNE C
THEME B HARP
U N CAROL I
DUO N T P
E ROUND NOTE
7, 12, 19, 12, 16, 13, 2, 10, 10, 19, 19

TOTAL POINTS FROM INTERLOCKING LETTERS 139
PLUS TEN POINTS FOR EACH WORD USED 260

MAKING THE GRAND TOTAL FOR MY ENTRY 399

• Mr. Beckenham's entry.

ARCHIE

By G. M. GLASKIN

ILLUSTRATED BY BOOTHROYD

THIS is a sad story that, for some time, I have been reluctant to put down on paper, for I think there is enough sadness in life without authors adding to it, particularly for what should be only a few moments of light reading. But then again, there is a certain poignant beauty in sadness that is often greater and more satisfying than joy or — that elusive and ephemeral hoax — happiness.

This is probably why the tragedy has far more emotional impact than the comedy; and why a good many people seem to find a profound content in allowing themselves to indulge in an old grief, even to the extent of cherishing it.

I have known many people to recall sad events in their lives with a sort of tender ecstasy, so that at those times they seem to have a greater understanding and appreciation of life than at any other. It is because I find this element of poignant beauty in recalling the little I know of Archie Beech that I have decided to tell you about him after all.

I first knew him over twenty years ago, when we were children of about ten or eleven at school. His parents were English and had only recently migrated to, Western Australia, settling in a rented house not far from our own. It was quite a walk to school each day from where we lived, and a bunch of us used to go together, schoolbags strapped on shoulders or cases in hand. As usual with children of that age, it was some time before Archie was admitted and accepted into what we called "our mob."

To all of us he was quite an oddity. Not only was he a "foreigner" — and a Pommy at that, with an accent still thick with the sludge of Yorkshire — but he was soon assessed both by children and teachers as being "just a little bit simple." This, unfortunately, seemed to be substantiated by what we called a "goofy" eye.

Although he apparently had perfectly good vision, one eye never focused in co-ordination with the other, but would stare, with a disconcerting appearance of wariness, at some distant and indefinite point in the air above him. This made us all wonder whether he continually saw one scene superimposed upon another, or whether he could see two views at once with equal clarity.

At school he was very backward. At first he was the despair of our teacher, Miss Mooney. Although she treated him sympathetically in the beginning, after a while she lost patience with him and he became the butt of a great deal of chaff and ridicule.

Any other child would have been hurt and humiliated by the titters that would spread around the room whenever he became the object of Miss Mooney's vindictive humor. But not Archie. For a while his one accurate eye, followed at some distance afterwards by the "goofy" one, would dart around the room as though seeking the cause of amusement; then, finding he had caused it himself, he would flush slightly, his mouth flickering slowly into its bland and generous smile.

For a few moments he would look enormously pleased with himself, as though proud of the fact that he had brought some lighthearted amusement into a room that was all too often bleak with boredom and an air of stifled apprehension.

"What's the Federal capital of Australia?" I remember Miss Mooney asking once of the forest of upraised hands. "Perhaps Beech can tell us?"

"London," he replied promptly. He pronounced it Loondoon.

"And why London?" Miss Mooney inquired, grimacing with mimed sarcasm.

"'Cause King lives there," he answered, his voice implying dismay at anyone not knowing that.

"And what has the King of England got to do with the Federal capital of Australia?"

"Well, he owns Orstralia, don't he?"

There was another outburst of giggles; and then, after a while, "No, Archibald, 'e don't!" Miss Mooney said, mimicking his accent.

His name, of course, was another cause of unkind ridicule. But after a while he even became accustomed to our jibes and, seeing they no longer provoked the desired effect of making him miserable, we eventually dropped them. Besides, we discovered on the school sports days that he was the fastest runner and best jumper in the class, so that he soon became quite a hero. The cry then changed to "Go it, Beechy—you can lick them drongos in the sixth."

How well I remember the afternoon when, returning from school, Archie and I reached the front gate of his house talking of cigarette cards or stamps or whatever amused us boys in those depression years, when we were suddenly silenced by a high-pitched, agonised squeal. We stared at each other, looked all around us, and then stared at each other again.

We looked around us again, our ears straining to catch the sound; but there was only the giggling of breeze-tickled trees, boy soprano voices from the electric-light wires overhead, fowl clucks from a neighboring backyard, and the lumbering of a train beyond the highway.

We were about to dismiss the sound as an aural illusion when we heard it again, but accompanied this time by a desperate scratching.

"It's a kitten," Archie said.

"Where?"

"I don't know yet, but it's hereabouts."

We searched again and, although we could hear the cries quite clearly and more frequently now, we still could not tell from where they came. Out of the air they seemed and yet closer than the nearest tree, nowhere near the verandah roof, not too high, and yet definitely above the ground.

The noise sounded as though the kitten should have been sitting on the fence, but there was no kitten there. Then, quite suddenly, Archie dashed to the tin letter-box near the gate and, lifting the lid, gave a cry of delight. Tenderly, so tenderly, he lifted out the sorriest and thinnest kitten I think I have ever seen. It was only a week or two old. Someone must have put it in the letter-box to get rid of it.

Cupped delicately in his hands, the kitten mewed plaintively as Archie drooped his head to brush it with his chin. When he looked up at me again, love and compassion spilled in diverse directions from his good and goofy eye. Then, still clutching the kitten to his breast, he ran down the side of the house, piping at the top of his voice:

"Mum! Mum! Gawd's sent me a kitten, 'E 'as!"

Archie was devoted to his sick kitten, so much so that he did not come to school for several days. At that time the parents of any children absent from school were supposed to send a note to the headmaster giving the reason; but the Beechs could not have known of this, for a note was not sent. Miss Mooney, quite unreasonably we all considered, was furious at Archie's absence. She reported the matter to the headmaster, and subsequently I was deputised to ask the Beechs for the required note.

Looking back on it now, I think Mrs. Beech — fat and frowsy as she was and always slovenly about the house — was one of the kindest and most understanding women I have known. She must certainly have understood her son.

"Archie's kitten is sick," she told me simply, "and he loves it too much to leave it. He'll be back at school when cat's better."

I asked her for the note.

"Well, I ben't much good at letter-writing, like," she answered with grave perplexity, "and Archie's father be away, lookin' for work. Just you tell teacher cat's sick and she'll understand."

But neither Miss Mooney nor Mr. Rolfe, the headmaster, did understand. When Archie came back to school again, radiantly happy that his kitten was well, he was stood in front of the class and made the biggest fool of ever by Miss Mooney before being sent up to Mr. Rolfe for the cane. I remember sitting in horror, the whole class quiet, as we counted the terrifying swish and crack six times.

When Archie came back his eyes were bulged with tears, making them more ludicrous than ever, but too pathetic to laugh at. Yet he didn't cry, even though he couldn't hold his pencil for the rest of the morning.

"What if your cat gets sick again, Archie?" we asked him afterwards.

For a few moments one eye fixed us intensely while the other explored the sky. "Guess I'll cop another sixer," he said quietly.

A few days later Archie was absent again. Once more I had to go to ask for a note. As I stood at the back door waiting for Mrs. Beech to answer my knock, I was shocked to hear someone crying, an inconsolable weeping. I knew it was Archie, and wondered fearfully what terrible catastrophe or illness had befallen him.

When Mrs. Beech came to the door I saw that she was red-eyed from crying, too. "Cat's dead," she said bluntly, looking at me as though I should understand everything. That look of hers did, in fact, make me feel that I understood everything — Archie's great love for his kitten, his terrible grief at its death. He was an only child and he'd had nothing else to love before. "If teacher wants note," Mrs. Beech added, "I'll have to ask ye to write it, if ye will."

I nodded my assent, too awed by the sound of Archie's grief to speak.

I don't think I shall ever forget the words of that note, funny as they may sound; but behind them was an understanding of rare beauty. I had to write them with difficulty on the back of a grocery bill with a stub of pencil she found for me.

"My son Archie's cat died (I wrote) and he's too sick with his grief for any learning. If he be not too bright, heart's in proper place. Though there be some things he loves too much. When he be back at school, there's to be no caning of him. Otherwise I'll be up to teacher to give a piece of my mind."

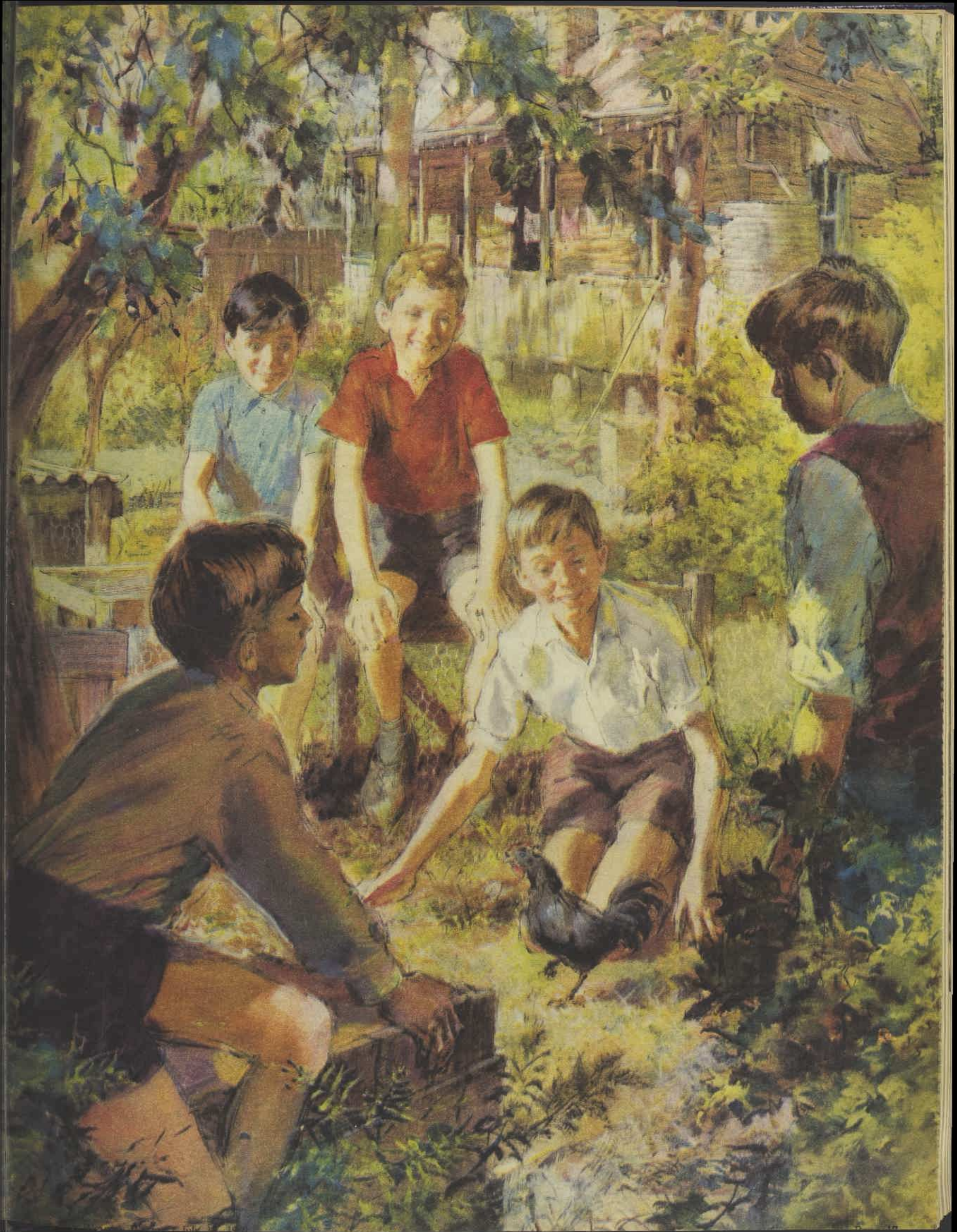
"Yours faithfully,

ADA BEECH."

Whether because of compassion or apprehension or a piece of Mrs. Beech's mind I shall never know, but Archie was not caned when he returned to school a few days later. Miss Mooney even

To page 45

As the children clamored around Archie he smiled proudly at his pet bantam, Rupert.



WORTH REPORTING

THE mannequins were putting their best feet forward at a shoe parade the other day.

We'd always considered our collection of footwear was adequate, but it isn't.

"You must have a wardrobe of shoes," said Mr. Jack Hinton severely. Visiting Australia as the representative of a famous English shoemaker, he was compering the parade.

"Women should have a shoe for every occasion," he added, while we watched the shoes tripping past.

Some of the most elegant ones were made from lace and chiffon.

"Probably only last for two parties," said Mr. Hinton.

"But they'll be wonderful parties!"



SHOE EXPERT Jack Hinton . . . those wonderful parties.

He had an eggs-planation

YOU could call it the Case of the Bamboozled Bridegroom — and (honestly) we had this story from our Perth office and they swore it was true . . .

It all began when a pair of newlyweds returned from their honeymoon and set up house-keeping at their farm.

The devoted young husband showed signs of being just perfect. Every morning he appeared with a cup of tea for his bride.

One fateful day she noticed some peculiar white flecks in the tea.

At lunchtime she said, "Darling, did the milk curdle this morning?"

And her husband blushed. "No, sweetheart," he said. "I'm sorry about that — but my breakfast egg broke in the water."

They're in the Rat Gang

THE Brisbane City Council has nine thousand men and five hundred women on the payroll. Also, a team of 30 dogs.

The dogs — all fox terriers (or thereabouts) — work in the City Council's Rat Gang, and are credited with a wage of 25/- a week.

They come officially under the Industrial Award, so they're entitled to go on strike, insist on shorter working hours, or even demand higher wages if they feel it's necessary.

We learnt about the wonderful job done by these



ARTIST TRIO (from left): John Bell, Roger Hallett, Owen Tooth.

rodent killers from their immediate "boss," Mr. Doug Mabbett, who is Chief Health Officer of the City Council.

"We've divided the dogs into two gangs, and a man is assigned to work with each animal," Mr. Mabbett explained.

"The dogs' job is to track down rats and mice."

"They can be a real menace, but our Rat Gang has everything well under control."

A SLENDER friend who wants to put on weight (some people have all the luck) was excited about a new appetiser she'd discovered.

She was excited, that is, till she tried the "appetiser" — a mixture of rum, olive oil, and brown sugar.

Tony slept there

A NEW sign has gone up outside Mrs. Ivy Turner's guesthouse at Bournemouth, one of England's holiday resorts.

The sign simply says: "Anthony Armstrong-Jones slept here."

(It doesn't say he was charged £1/5/ for two days' bed and breakfast, and that he asked for extra tomatoes and "bangers.")

Mr. Armstrong-Jones went to Bournemouth in May, 1958, to photograph the cast of a musical called "Simply Heavenly."

"Now," Mrs. Turner says, "we've been saying proudly that 'Tony slept here' for some time, and I thought it was time we sort of made it official with a sign."

"After all, at those famous historic places they are very fond of saying who slept where. And it's a bit of fun. He was such an unassuming sort of young chap. I'm sure he would like the joke."

"I certainly wouldn't want to commercialise on the bed, which is still at the same price."

DEPARTMENT of Fascinating Statistics: An English newspaper reports that when a man shaves he removes "the equivalent of seven yards of bristle from his face daily."

And, what's more, there are "25,000 bristles within the shaving area."

But why the riding boots?

MAN, we were beat—er, not as in "way out," but as in "exhausted" — after we'd wandered round the enormous art gallery in a Sydney store the other day.

With a lift full of earnest young men in corduroys and pale girls in black stockings and duffle coats, we went up to see the exhibition held by a trio of young artists: Roger Hallett, Owen Tooth, and John Bell.

We half-expected the artistic trio to be carbon copies of the Left Bank young men in the lift. But, no! We found boy-next-door types (John is married, Roger and Owen are bachelors).

When we finally left the exhibition there was just one puzzling thing we kept thinking about: Why was Roger Hallett wearing elastic-sided riding boots with his well-cut business suit?

Perhaps they're to spur him on to greater things . . .

IT was only a brief encounter, but it brightened one woman's day. She was looking rather tired — until a young friend rushed up to her and said enthusiastically, "Oh, gosh! I was just thinking 'what a lovely face that woman has' . . . and then I realised it was you!"

Then was her face red?

OH, those London policemen have a wonderful sense of humor.

Mr. R. V. Hewitt, of the London Publicity Committee, reports that a woman driver (stopped by traffic lights) stalled her engine — right in the middle of Piccadilly.

When the lights turned to green, the poor darling fluffed her gears. She was still there when the complete light circle began again.

A policeman sauntered across to her.

"Madam," he said, "have we NO colors you really like?"

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False Scent

Part two of our brilliant mystery serial

BY NGAIO MARSH

ILLUSTRATED BY MAUDSON

WHEN Miss Bellamy had gone, Anelida, in great distress, turned to her uncle. Octavius was humming a little Elizabethan catch and staring at himself in a Jacobean looking-glass above his desk. "Captivating!" he said. "Enchanting! Upon my word, Nell, it must be twenty years since a pretty woman made much of me. I feel, I promise you, quite giddily inclined. And the whole thing—so spontaneous; so touchingly impulsive. We have widened our horizon, my love."

"Unk," Anelida said rather desperately, "you can't think, my poor blessing, what a muddle you've made."

"A muddle?" He looked plaintively at her and she knew she was in for trouble. "What do you mean? I accept an invitation, most graciously extended by a charming woman. Pray where is the muddle?" She didn't answer and he said, "There are certain matters, of course, to be considered. I do not, for instance, know what clothes are proper nowadays for cocktail parties. In my day one would have worn . . ."

"It's not a matter of clothes."

"No? In any case, you shall instruct me."

"I've already told Richard I can't go to the party."

"Nonsense, my dear. Of course we can go," Octavius said. "What are you thinking of?"

"It's so hard to explain, Unk. It's just that—well, it's partly because of me being in the theatre only so very much at the bottom of the ladder—less than the dust, you know, beneath Miss B.'s chariot wheels. I'd be like a corporal in the officers' mess."

"That," said Octavius, reddening with displeasure, "seems to me to be a false anal-

ogy, if you'll forgive me for saying so, Nelly. And, my dear, when one quotes it is pleasant to borrow from reputable sources. The 'Indian Love Lyrics,' in my undergraduate days, were the scourge of the drawing-rooms."

"I'm sorry."

"It would be extremely uncivil to refuse so kind an invitation," Octavius said, looking more and more like a spoilt and frustrated child. "I want to accept it. What is the matter with you, Anelida?"

"The truth is," Anelida said rather desperately, "I don't quite know where I am with Richard Dakers."

Octavius stared at her and experienced a moment of truth. "Now that I consider it," he said huffily, "I realise that Dakers is paying his addresses to you. I wonder that it hasn't occurred to me before. Have you taken a dislike to him?"

To her dismay Anelida found herself on the brink of tears. "No!" she cried. "No! Nothing like that—really. I mean—I mean

THE darling of the London stage, beautiful, brilliant MARY BELLAMY, begins her fiftieth birthday planning her own funeral. This morbid flight of imagination is a prelude to one of her fearful rages which are becoming more frequent and more alarming to those who are close to her.

First, CHARLES TEMPLETON, her rich husband, annoys her by harping on the danger of an insecticide spray she uses on the indoor plants in her bedroom. He also has the temerity to call her new scent—a gift from PINKY CAVENDISH, an actress who has played supporting roles in many Bellamy successes—vulgar and indecent. Even MAURICE WARRENDER, Charles' cousin, and Mary's devoted admirer, seems to be critical.

Then she discovers that her dress-designer, BERTIE SARACEN, and Pinky have concealed from her the news that MONTAGUE MARCHANT, who represents the management, had offered Pinky the lead in a new play which Bertie is to dress. After raging bitterly at Bertie and Pinky, Mary storms to her bedroom. Later she goes out to call on ANELIDA LEE, niece of OCTAVIUS BROWNE, owner of the bookshop next door, to ask them to her party.

When she returns to her room she begins to read a new play by her ward, RICHARD DAKERS, unaware that he intends the starring role for Anelida, whom he loves. Mary falls asleep while Florence and OLD NINN, her nanny, discuss her tantrums, saying she will be the ruin of herself if she does nothing to try and stop them. NOW READ ON:

I just don't know . . ." She looked helplessly at Octavius. He was, she knew, hovering on the edge of one of his rare fits of temper. His vanity had been tickled by Miss Bellamy. He had almost strutted and preened before her. Anelida, who loved him very much, could have shaken him.

"Never mind," she said. "It's not worth another thought. But I'm sorry, darling, if you're put out over your lovely party."

"I am put out," Octavius said crossly. "I want to go."

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Monty, Richard, and Timon were toasting Anelida when Mary's voice broke in. "I do not enjoy conspiracies in my own house," she said.



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In the quiet of the night

A short short story by ROSS KEARNEY

THE first time Rich saw his baby son was at the hospital. Nan was propped up in bed, and his mother was there, and Helen, his sixteen-year-old sister. The nurse came in with the baby, and they all began exclaiming and cooing. It wouldn't be so bad, Rich thought, if the baby were a little girl, but here was his son surrounded by all these babbling females.

"Let me hold the little guy a minute," Rich offered, and they all suddenly noticed him. The nurse glared at him in absolute horror, and his mother began explaining about hospital antiseptics and foreign germs.

"Daddy-O!" his sister said derisively as he stood with his arms awkwardly extended. Only Nan, sweet, against the far-away pillow, looked up with warmth.

The nurse said pointedly, "We've too many visitors for one time." Rich strode out. This was a woman's world; he knew when he wasn't wanted. He was twenty years old and had all his wits about him.

He went home and wandered morosely about. Tomorrow, Nan and the baby would be home from the hospital. Everything seemed to be in readiness. He felt a guilty twinge as he remembered the list of things Nan had asked him to get. He'd taken it to his mother for help. Mum had been patient, and then smilingly taken over.

"We'll do it for you," Mum promised.

"You men!" Helen had scoffed.

The kitchen sink was piled with strange bottles and cans and whatnot that Helen had brought over. Helen had taken Baby Care in school, and when she started being efficient everybody just got out of the way.

Nan could straighten it up tomorrow. Babies were a woman's business. He remembered a conversation he'd had with Newell Jones at work when he'd announced that he and Nan were going to have a baby.

"She is going to have a baby," Newell corrected him. "Not you. Don't let her get you involved in it. If she wants you to get up in the middle of the night and change nappies, you be sure to do a rotten job. Otherwise you'll be doing all the work from then on. It's her baby—make her take care of it. My wife had two and I know."

After a while Rich drove across town to his parents' house, where he'd been making his headquarters for the past five days. He'd grown up there, with Mum and Sam and Helen. Sam was his father, lean and tan and not yet forty years old. He and Helen had never called him anything but Sam.

The house was full of Rich's boyhood with Sam. The first hazy memory of Sam's putting him back on the tricycle when he had fallen off, of Sam's taking him fishing. And his talking straightforwardly to him as a child and then as an adolescent, showing him how to become a man.

Now the sense of rejection he had felt at the hospital was gone. Newell Jones was right; a squalling baby was the

woman's job. A man wasn't a nursemaid, and he would make that clear to Nan right away. A father took over when the baby became a child, the way Sam had done with him.

Tonight he and Sam were having a stag party. Sam had bought beer and Rich had bought two boxes of cigars.

After dinner Helen began clearing the table and taking the dishes to Mum in the kitchen, and Rich and Sam stretched out their legs comfortably. "Let's crack open a box of cigars," Rich said. He took out two of the blue-banded "It's a Boy Perfectos" and he and Sam lighted up.

"Oh, no, you don't!" Helen said. "Before you fog smoke all around and get tight, there's some baby-care training you're due to take."

"Nothing doing," Rich said firmly. "That's positively out of my department—let's get that straight right now." He looked over at Sam and Sam grinned at him.

"Don't be a creep!" Helen said. She came back with a stack of nappies and put them on the table. "You've got to know how to burp and change." She began to bustle efficiently.

"You get out of here, Little Miss Creep," Sam said.

He put his cigar down. "After the little guy has chow he has got to burp." He picked up an imaginary baby in his hands, held it up to his shoulder, patted an imaginary back. He burped convincingly. "Do it once and you know."

Rich stared at Sam. "But that's what Nan is supposed—" "You'll catch the two a.m. duty," Sam said. "Nan will be bushed."

He took a nappie and safety-pin. "Look . . ."

Sam's strong, capable hands began to fold and pin. Rich listened to Sam's quiet voice, peered into his face. A faraway smile was playing at the corners of Sam's mouth. Something stirred deep within Rich. He suddenly saw Sam's own first-born, a son, there in Sam's careful, tender hands twenty years ago. He bent over the table with his father, following the movements of his hands, and he saw how much their hands were alike in structure, in shape.

And now he saw himself with his first-born at two o'clock in the morning, but he knew that was when he would first meet and know and love his son, not later with tricycles and fishing-poles, but now, tomorrow, the two of them together in the quiet of the night, and each night and day after that.

Something quivered along his jaw and ached deep in his throat. He felt his father's arm clasp him quickly around the shoulders.

"Richie," Sam said softly to himself.

He looked into his father's eyes, and saw there the same warm wonderment that was within him.

They blinked together, the two of them, and picked up their cigars and puffed fiercely.

(Copyright)

Rich was quite astonished
as he watched his father
expertly fold the nappie.



HOME IS WHERE YOU MAKE IT

A complete short story

By BRETON AMIS

JOHN had known how shocked, how angry she would be. The electrical combine for which he worked was on the move, like a giant bulldozer that uprooted whole communities.

"But this is monstrous!" Barbara cried. "I've never heard of such a thing. They can't do it to you, John, and you've got to tell them so."

"Centralisation," he explained. "During the war their factories scattered all over the country, now we're being brought together under one roof at Bradden. You can't blame them, Barbara. It's an economic necessity."

"It's a scandal! They've had a factory here in Millminster for sixteen years. We've bought this house, the children are doing well at school, my family and friends are here where I was born—" The injustice of it overwhelmed her. "John, how can you suggest moving?"

"It's either that or I lose my job," he said patiently.

"You can find another. You're in a rut—"

"No, Barbara, you're the one in a rut—" He stopped, and said very gently: "I'm sorry, darling, but we've got to go. I'm thirty-four, due for promotion which I won't get in Millminster, tied up in the pension scheme—"

"What about us? Don't we count? It's impossible, and in any case we can't afford to move."

"We can sell the house. The company is offering interest-free loans to those who buy at Bradden, and a grant towards curtains and carpets. They're playing fair."

"Fair?" she breathed. "Shoving round pegs into square holes in a beastly new town built round a barracks of a factory? We're people, John, not units."

She gathered the dishes together and took them out—a pretty, dark-haired woman in her early thirties, anger flushing her cheeks and sparkling in her brown eyes. Her roots were in this sleepy little town with its crooked streets and gabled shops, its grey stone minster and ancient market cross where markets were held.

During the war several hundred workers had come to the company's new prefabricated factory. The newcomers had been absorbed into the life of Millminster, but "that factory" had remained, an alien place, with its canteens, sports ground, and fleet of private buses. John had come after the war as a draughtsman, had fallen in love with the place, then with Barbara Burnley.

A big, quiet man, with a kind, rather tired face, he followed his wife to the kitchen and put an arm round her.

"Got to get back now, dear. Think it over, and try to see it as an adventure—a new start."

She turned her face away so that his lips brushed her cheek. When he had gone she was sorry, near to tears. It wasn't his fault, although she felt he should have the courage to stay put, switch jobs, lead the life they wanted. The very thought of leaving Millminster would upset the children. Brian, nearly eleven, was soon to sit for a scholarship to a school nearby; Jill, a year younger, had her ballet classes and was entered for the music festival.

They could not go. She had always been able to make John see things her way, and he must realise how impossible it was to throw the whole family into the melting pot. She would persuade her father to offer John a job. The pay would be less, but compared with the cost of moving and setting up a new home a hundred miles away, they would be better off.

Planning it, she wandered restlessly round the house she loved. It was very old, like all Millminster houses, and

seemed to sink a little deeper into its sleep every time the town clock chimed its tremble. The walls were two feet thick in places. Upstairs was a warren of small rooms, downstairs had a very long, low room partitioned into three.

The walled garden enclosed a tiny square of lawn. Barbara tried to grow flowers, but the soil was too tired, too sour. Her only success was a peach tree against the wall, grown from a stone brought back from the Italian honeymoon. It was stunted and had never borne fruit, but she kept on hoping.

This was her home. Within a few minutes' walk she could call on parents, sisters, brothers. The Burnleys were part of Millminster and would be on her side—against John.

Her sister Joy heard the news with dismay. "Of course you can't go, Barbara. For one thing, you'd never sell the house. If all the factory people are leaving there'll be a glut." It was ammunition to use. And provoked, Joy might supply more.

"Oh, I don't know, I suppose it's our bread and butter," Barbara said wistfully.

"Bread and butter be blowed! Nobody starves these days, though personally I'd rather starve here than live high in a red-brick jungle with lines of washing for a view. Dad will fix John up, if you let Mother handle him."

"I'll come along now," Barbara said quickly, "there'll probably be a rush for local jobs."

Her mother was worried.

"Should you go behind John's back, Barbara? He isn't as easily led as you seem to think and may resent interference."

"I know my own husband," Barbara said briskly.

"I sometimes wonder if we wives do, dear. Your father can still spring a few surprises, and if I told him how to run his business I've no doubt he would. John spoils you." Mrs.



"This is monstrous!" Barbara cried. "They can't make us move, John. You've got to tell them so."

Burnley sighed. "But I'll speak to your father. It would be dreadful if you have to go."

Barbara went home so much happier that she made some strawberry splits for the children's tea. Brian, with his father's intelligent eyes, counted the scones.

"Seven. Three for Jill, four for me. That's fair, isn't it, Mummy? I'm older."

"Pig," Jill said, calmly. "You must always offer the last to a lady, mustn't he, Mummy?"

Barbara smiled. "You two love Millminster, don't you? What would you say if some day we had to leave and go to an ugly new town?"

"Is Bradden ugly?" Brian's question startled her. "Some of the boys say it's a smashing place, with a school that has a proper cinder track and a gym that makes ours look like a cowshed. When do we go?"

"You want to go?" Barbara wished she hadn't made the strawberry splits. "Brian, don't be silly. This is where all your friends are—"

"A lot of them will be there as well." He reached for the last split, just beating Jill to it, but cut it in half. "You can have the jammy bit," he said. "And if we don't go, Mummy, I'll still have plenty of friends here."

"So shall I," Jill claimed, "but there's a new icedrome at Bradden and I could do that as well as dancing."

Barbara was more annoyed with them than she had ever been. They didn't care. The home, the family meant nothing to them as long as they were stuffed with food. It was too

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Ask me no questions



REMEMBER when women in middy blouses and skirts to their ankles marched down the streets carrying signs and went on hunger strikes in order to get the vote? No, of course you don't and neither do I. But I've seen pictures of them and I think we're ripe for someone who will lead the women of the world in a crusade against quizzes concerning the men they married.

If I'm a typical example, and I think I am, these quizzes get us a great deal more upset than having, or not having, the right to vote. After all, we vote only once a year. We have our husbands three hundred and sixty-five days a year.

What earthly good does it do to discover your husband is sloppy, grouchy, thoughtless, stingy, critical, unrefined, lazy, and completely impossible? What are you supposed to do about it? Go out and divorce him? Change him? Ha!

I'd sure like to know who dreams up those quizzes. I'll bet my six-year-old cloth coat ("Would your husband sacrifice a two-week fishing trip in order to buy you a new fur coat?") they're thought up by some sloppy, grouchy, thoughtless, stingy, critical, unrefined, lazy, and completely impossible man.

Frankly, Mike's faults never bothered me a bit until I began to take those quizzes.

The first one I took too late. I'd already been married to Mike three months when I came across it. It was called "Shall I marry him?" And I discovered I shouldn't, even though I had. Mike and I scored 10 per cent. out of a possible 100 per cent.

The first question was, "Do you enjoy the same things?"

My mind immediately turned back to that evening, during our courtship days, when Mike insisted on paddling me down the river by moonlight. If there's anything on earth I'm deathly afraid of, it's water. It all started at a Hallow-e'en party when I was seven. We were bobbing for apples and a boy named Jackie held my head under water because I'd won five apples in a row.

Mike took his wife in his arms and kissed her tenderly.

You may think you have all the answers and still be wrong ... an amusing story by SYLVIA DEE

The incident left me with permanent psychic scars. Still, I agreed to go paddling in the moonlight with Mike. As we drifted along I realised my fear of water had been absolutely groundless. I even went so far as to dip my hand into the stuff. Suddenly there came a gust of wind followed by a gale. "It's nothing to get alarmed about," Mike assured me. "Just sit tight and I'll head for shore."

At first he paddled slowly and confidently. Then he paddled as if he were in a regatta. "Grab that tin and bail!" Mike shouted.

How we made shore I'll never know. "There," Mike told me, "you've conquered your fear. You'll never be afraid of water again."

I won't! I'll never get close enough to it to be afraid. The second question asked if he got along well with his mother. It seems a girl can tell an awful lot about a man by concentrating on his relationship with his mother. If he's close to her he'll make a terrible husband, because if he doesn't have a downright Oedipus complex, at least he'll compare everything you do with everything she did, with all the cards stacked in her favor. If he doesn't get along well with her you're just as bad off. Chances are he's a secret woman-hater. Either way you lose.

I had to put an X — meaning no — after the question, because Mike's mother died when he was three.

There were ten questions, as I recall. The only one on which we scored was "Is he affectionate?" My final rating was only 10 per cent.

Naturally, I was terribly upset. Here I was a bride of three months with my entire life ahead of me and I'd discovered I'd married someone whose personality and mine added up to 10 per cent.

By the time Mike arrived home I was fit to be untied. Well, as I say, we'd been married only three months. Mike hadn't begun to show his Mr. Hyde side yet. And we were so merry at dinner and had such a happy evening that I almost forgot the quiz. But I guess it must have been on my subconscious mind all night, because the next morning when I was putting on a favorite gown from my trousseau I began brooding again about that 10 per cent.

Mike must have noticed my glum expression, because he followed me on to the little balcony off our bedroom and asked me if that silly quiz was still haunting me. And then he took me in his arms, assured me we were as compatible as Tristan and Isolde or apple pie and cream, and kissed the quiz away.

That was all very well for the time being; but with every quiz I took it seemed more and more clear to me that if marriages are made in heaven Mike and I had got on the wrong line.

A while back I was ecstatically happy for an entire afternoon because I found a quiz entitled "Are you and your husband physically compatible?" When Mike came home that night I was waiting, all dewy-eyed, to tell him. "Look, darling —" I pointed to all my big check marks next to questions like "Does he appeal to you physically?" "Is he tender and loving?" and "Do you feel it only could be you and not just any woman when he kisses you?" — "we got a hundred per cent!"

"Is that another one of those fool quizzes?" he demanded. "But we got a perfect score!"

"So what? Next time we'll get ten per cent, and you'll be all upset again. You'll be convinced I should have married Edna McFeeters and you should have married Graham Hockhauser." Frankly, that's exactly what I had thought with every last 10 per cent. rating.

During that storm in the canoe that night Edna would have taken over as if the captain had gone insane and she'd been second in command. Mike had been infatuated with her (though he denies it) until he'd discovered her one ambition in life was to become coach of an all-girl professional basketball team.

As for Graham Hockhauser, he loved the theatre, books, and art. True, Graham and I might have made only a 10 per cent. in the "Are you and your husband physically compatible?" quiz, I'll admit. He never appealed to me much that way. But a good score in every other department would have given us a 90 per cent. marriage.

I POINTED this out to Mike, who gave me one of those is-she-psychotic-or-merely-neurotic looks.

Things went along fairly well until one day I picked up the mail only to discover that the entire issue of one of my favorite magazines was devoted to "The Woman of Today." The articles were entitled things like "Woman, the Left-over Sex" and "The Feminine-Masculine, Masculine-Feminine Female." I read them without getting a bit resentful for having been created woman, along with Brigitte Bardot.

I certainly didn't have the talent of a Toulouse-Lautrec, which I felt was being wasted while I mixed cake batter. Nor was I prepared to write another "Gone With the Wind," even if I could have managed to get a quiet hour to myself.

The only thing I can remember drawing as a child was a schoolhouse with a teacher holding a ruler. The schoolhouse, teacher, and ruler were all exactly the same size. The only things I can recall writing were September assignments called "How I Spent My Summer Vacation." I don't think my ball-point recitals of what I did at a summer camp would have given Hemingway or Faulkner any worry lines.

As for feeling like the leftover sex, that didn't bother me, either. If I'd been aggressive I'd have been like Edna McFeeters, and who wants to coach a girls' basketball team?

The thing that did bother me was the quiz on marriage,

complete with illustrations of men walking out with suitcases, women calling the police to notify them they'd been deserted by the men they loved and trusted, children asking over bowls of cereal, "Where's Daddy, and why doesn't he come home any more?" weeping wives, smiling Other Women, drunken divorcees, and even one dope fiend.

All this because slowly, year by year, they'd discovered they'd grown further and further apart from their husbands until at last their marriages lay in ashes.

I took the phone off the hook, sharpened four pencils, and got right down to business.

1. Is your husband neat? Does he pick up his clothes after himself, and does he have a methodical method for keeping important papers? (X)

That one got an X at the speed of a jet. When Mike gets undressed at night our bedroom looks like the sorting room of a laundry. As for having a methodical method for keeping important papers, last year Mike nearly went to gaol over this very thing. He waited as usual until the very last minute to make out his income tax and then he couldn't find a single cheque-book stub, bill, receipt, or even the income-tax form itself.

We searched hour after hour with absolutely no luck while he accused all the tradespeople of having walked off with the papers. Once he'd finished with the baker, milkman, postman, and plumber, he decided Beverly, our dog, had eaten them. This was ridiculous. It's true Beverly may retrieve an occasional envelope from the wastebasket, but she'd never in a thousand years eat a pile of papers like that. After all, she's a small dog, and it would take a Great Dane or a mastiff to make a dent in the income-tax form.

Needless to say, we finally found the missing papers. They were in a suitcase under Mike's old suits and dozens of mothballs in the storage space behind the stairs. Beverly hadn't put them there, either.

2. Does he remember your birthdays and anniversaries? (X)

A couple of years ago, on my birthday, I decided to teach him a sharp lesson and shame him into remembering. I invited three couples to dinner, baked a cake, and iced it to read "Happy Birthday to Me." What happened? Mike was as pleased as punch.

"That's what I call being a good sport," he beamed. Later, he told me it was the best cake I'd ever baked.

X X X X X

And those aren't kisses for Mike.

3. Does he enjoy the food you serve and compliment you on it? (X)

Mike is of the school that believes men are the great chefs of the world. I could dream up a meal of veal in jelly, glazed sweetbreads, stuffed mushrooms Italiane, log-cabin potatoes, avocado moulded salad, homemade banana bread, and angel Bavarian ring, and Mike would act as if I'd served him a TV dinner. But come a backyard barbecue and you'd think he'd been the founder of the Cordon Bleu.

"Just wait until you get a taste of this," he'll say, sprinkling hamburgers with assorted herbs and sticking them over charcoal.

While the hamburgers grill he'll whip up a sensational new invention of his called "a mixed green salad." When I was eight I knew how to toss a salad; but you should see Mike standing there like the president of the Gourmet Club of America.

Just the right amounts of oil, vinegar, garlic salt, and pepper, and we ordinary mortals are allowed to sample it while Mike wears the expression Leonardo da Vinci must have worn as the Mona Lisa was unveiled.

What does it taste like? A mixed green salad.

4. Does he acknowledge the fact that your intellect is every bit as good as his? (X)

I X'd that one so hard I broke the point on one of my pencils. Well do I remember the night of Joan and Herbie Bronson's party when everyone began to talk satellites.

It just so happens I have a photographic mind. Whatever I read seems to stay with me. Ask me, for instance, who Nicolas Jensen was, and I'll tell you he perfected the roman type. I also have at my fingertips such gems of wisdom as the facts that Sir Harry Lauder was born in the year 1870; the Lord Chancellor of England between 1912 and 1915 was Richard Burdon Haldane, also known as Haldane of Cloan; and January 26 is Saint Polycarp Day.

When four of the boys began puzzling over the Jupiter C and its various parts I was able to help them out. "It had a nose-cone temperature detector, a low-power radio system, electronic circuits, a cosmic-ray detector, a microphone to detect meteorites, a high-power radio system, antenna, and a gauge to measure meteorite dust by erosion," I rattled off.

Did Mike beam and look proud of me? He did not. He sulked all the way home. "You shouldn't try to discuss things you don't know the first thing about," he told me.

5. Does he get along well with your mother? (X)

Not knowing the answer to that one I had to give it an X. Mother lives in Seattle; but as far as Mike is concerned she might as well live in the Uskudar suburb of Istanbul. Whenever I suggest inviting her for a visit he acts exactly as if I'm suggesting we entertain Madame Khrushchev.

6. Is he even-tempered, good-natured, at least 75 per cent. of the time? (X)

When Mike gets up in the morning he's grouchy because he has to shave, he's late, he's tossed and turned all night (Rip Van Winkle was an insomniac compared to Mike), and

because other wives manage to get orange juice, hot cereal, bacon and eggs, and toast and coffee on the table by seven-thirty a.m., why can't I?

When he comes home at night he's grouchy because he's had a bad day at the office, I'm having something he doesn't like for dinner, there's nothing in the mail but bills, and because I don't discipline the children properly or he wouldn't have to push roller skates, paper dolls, mechanical toys, and three-wheel bicycles out of the way at every step.

He's cheerful weekends, but even though I wanted to be as lenient as possible, so that we wouldn't make another 10 per cent., in all fairness I couldn't call weekends 75 per cent. of the time.

7. Does he do work around the house that needs doing? (VX)

The reason I gave that one both a check and an X is because yes, he does, but I wish he wouldn't.

FOR instance, will I ever forget the time he decided to chop our own firewood and had to have four stitches in his foot, a tetanus shot, and five visits to the doctor? The wood would have cost ten dollars. The foot cost forty-five. Still, we did manage to save the foot, for which I'm grateful.

Then there was the time the grease-trap needed cleaning and Mike did the job instead of calling in a professional plumber. That little project ended with a plumbing bill of one hundred and twenty-eight dollars plus presents for all the neighbors who let us use their bathrooms for two days and who gave us pails and pails of water for cooking while the burst pipes were being repaired.

8. Does he seek the better things in life? (X)

Graham Hockhauser sought the better things in life, but not Mike. Graham read every new book worth reading. He owned recordings of operas and symphonies. He collected replicas of paintings by Renoir, Gauguin, and Picasso.

Mike's favorite pastimes are TV wrestling or bowling and cold beer. We have only one TV set and sometimes I can't help thinking how, if I'd married Graham Hockhauser, we'd be watching Leonard Bernstein explaining Bach, instead of bowling stars from Cleveland and Chicago.

9. Does he enjoy bringing you little surprises? (X)

Well do I remember the last little surprise he brought me. He was going off on a weekend fishing trip with the boys. He came laden down with a new fishing rod, a reel, tackle, and a package, which he handed me, saying, "Here, honey."

As he put his fishing equipment away I shook the package, trying to discover what it might be. Then, not able to hold out another second, I opened it. Under the string and several layers of white paper I discovered a can of worms.

10. Is he affectionate, warm, and loving? (V V V V V)

10 per cent.

"I didn't mention this quiz to Mike. It took all my will-power, but I kept remembering I'd get absolutely no sympathy from him ("Is he even-tempered, good-natured, at least 75 per cent. of the time?").

A week passed. Then on Friday afternoon my neighbor five houses down came over to break the news that she and her husband had decided to call it a day.

I was completely amazed. Gene and Marion Holmes were the most compatible couple in the entire neighborhood. At parties, while other men carried on harmless flirtations with the wives, and the rest of us devoured onion dip as if it had been served to us by the warden as our final request, there, in a corner, sat Gene and Marion Holmes holding hands and looking like two teenagers.

They did everything together. Gene wouldn't even go fishing with the boys, because wives aren't allowed. Their home was furnished in early American and over their fireplace hung the motto "Holmes, Sweet Holmes."

To say I was flabbergasted would be putting it mildly. "But you couldn't mean it! You're perfect for each other!" I said. Suddenly my eyes landed on the magazine that contained my very latest 10 per cent. rating. I ran over and picked it up. "Just do me one favor," I begged. "Let me ask you some simple questions and we'll soon know whether you're making a big mistake or not."

Marion's score:

1. Is your husband neat? Does he pick up his clothes after himself, and does he have a methodical method for keeping important papers? (V)

2. Does he remember your birthdays and anniversaries? (V)

3. Does he enjoy the food you serve and compliment you on it? (V)

4. Does he acknowledge the fact that your intellect is every bit as good as his? (V)

5. Does he get along well with your mother? (V)

6. Is he even-tempered, good-natured at least 75 per cent. of the time? (V)

7. Does he do work around the house that needs doing? (V)

8. Does he seek the better things in life? (V)

9. Does he enjoy bringing you little surprises? (V)

10. Is he affectionate, warm, and loving? (V)

"I always get a hundred per cent. in those fool things," Marion told me.

Marion is back home with her folks, and the last I heard she'd filed suit for divorce.

I've come to the conclusion that only one thing keeps Mike and me together, and except for one thing we'd have absolutely nothing in common.

That one thing is: we're completely, ridiculously, wildly, head over heels in love.

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now MAX FACTOR

Be a wide eyed Beauty

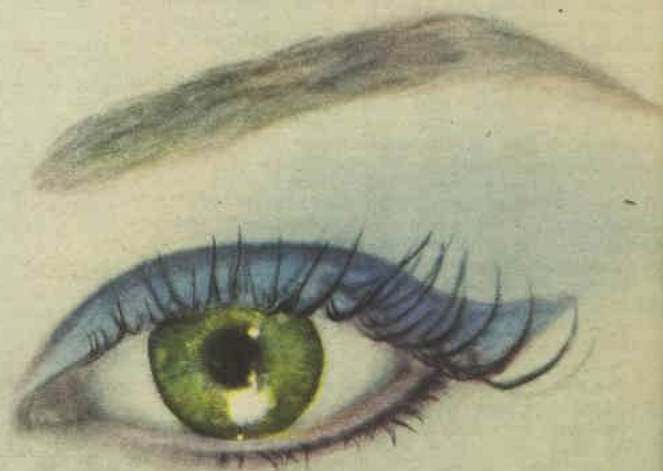
WITH EVERYTHING
THATS NEW
AND EXCITING
IN EYE MAKE-UP

NEW! Max Factor's Hi-Fi FLUID EYE-LINER: heaven-sent for the girl who likes the lovely look, but not the bother of applying a pencil eye-liner. Simply hold the slim brush parallel to the eye-lid and draw a fine line close to the base of the upper lashes. And lo and behold, eyes as big, brilliant and beautifully made-up as any model girl. Max Factor's Fluid Eye-Liner is fast-drying, smear-proof and water repellent. In seven shades for day or evening.

NEW! Max Factor's own AUTOMATIC MASCARA WAND — the easiest way ever of thickening, darkening or coloring your lashes. Max Factor's Mascara Wand automatically rolls on the mascara which won't smear, bead or sting. It's pleasantly perfumed, lasts nearly twice as long as any comparably priced mascara applicator, and Max Factor's new type refill will give you three complete refills for just 7/11.

NEW! Max Factor's AUTOMATIC EYEBROW PENCIL: to accent your brows and eyes with a touch of colour. Refillable and in five shades.

PLUS Max Factor Eye-shadow Stick in seven iridescent and four new, lovely pastel mist shades. NEW Natural Hair Eyelashes to give you longer, thicker eyelashes whenever you want them; NEW Mascara Remover Pads to remove all your eye make-up in a twinkling; NEW Eye Cream Plus to moisturise and lubricate the delicate skin around the eyes.



has everything to dramatise your eyes

HOW TO APPLY MAX FACTOR EYE MAKE-UP STEP BY STEP

NEW eye shadow stick 9/11



1 The eye, bare but for foundation. Apply Max Factor eye-shadow at base of eyelashes, starting at inside corner, blending up and out towards eyebrows. Powder over eyeshadow.

Already your eyes have gained depth, and brilliance. To intensify eye colouring, choose a shade which matches your eyes. For a high-fashion effect, choose a contrasting shade.

NEW hi-fi fluid eye liner with brush 10/6



2 Using Max Factor's new Fluid Eye-Liner, remove excess fluid off brush. Hold brush parallel to eyelid and draw a fine line across upper eyelid close to base of lashes.

Your eyes look longer, larger. For daytime, choose Max Factor's black or brown Fluid Eye-liner. For evening, choose a Fluid Eye-liner to match your eye-shadow.

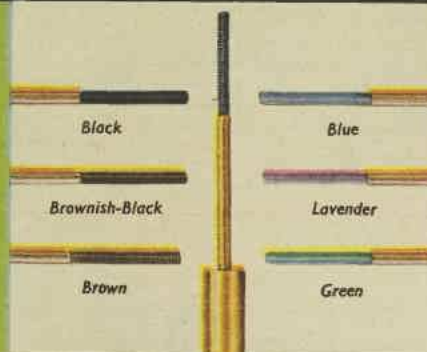
NEW automatic eyebrow pencil 11/6 refills 1/9



3 Using a sharp Eyebrow Pencil, sketch in colour with soft, feathery strokes, following the natural brow line. Then brush lightly through with a clean mascara brush.

Well-groomed eyebrows, correctly arched, give expression to your face and focus attention on your eyes. Max Factor's Eyebrow Pencils come in five shades.

NEW mascara wand 18/6 TRIPLE REFILL 7/11



4 Finally, your mascara. For perfect results, choose Max Factor's new, easy-to-use Mascara Wand. The Wand rolls mascara on the lashes, curling them slightly at the same time.

Now your Max Factor eye make-up is complete. Your eyes look larger, more lustrous. Practise applying eye make-up. Experiment with colour. The results are well worth it.



Eyebrow Pencils
regular size 3/3
Creme Mascara 9/11
Cake Mascara 7/11
Creme Eye-shadow
6/6



Natural Hair Eye-lashes
in Black, Brown, Blue
and Green, with
adhesive 19/11

Mascara Remover Pads to quickly remove
all eye make-up 12/6

Eye-Cream Plus to moisturise and lubricate
the delicate tissues around the eyes 10/6



LOOK FOR THE
MAX FACTOR
EYE MAKE-UP BAR
AT YOUR FAVOURITE
CHEMIST OR STORE.

Keen's Curry makes very clever cooks!

Keen's Curry has wonderful ways with all kinds of foods. Used in the right amount it makes delicious curries exactly to your taste — mild, medium or hot. Its delicate blend and true Indian flavour add a new subtlety to many dishes. Try a little today in your soup, stew, casserole or summer salad.



Keen's Curry

MAKES MILD, MEDIUM OR HOT CURRIES



Made by the manufacturers of Keen's Mustard

I thank MENTHOIDS for a bit of heaven

writes:
Mrs. D. S. of Geelong
"Suffering acute rheumatism for 18 years, in my shoulder, neck and both legs, I tried many different remedies, ray treatments, massage, even weekly injections, with little success. So I thought I would give Menthoinds a trial. I now feel a different person, with the wonderful relief I obtained.
Stiffness and pain has gone, the swelling down and as I work for myself, I thank Menthoinds for a bit of heaven! I'm still taking Menthoinds and getting great relief."
(original letter on file)

FREE FROM RHEUMATIC PAIN

If you suffer rheumatism, lumbago, pains and swelling in muscles and joints, feel tired and listless, have kidney troubles or weaknesses, Mackenzie's Menthoinds will give YOU wonderful relief.
Menthoinds not only rid the system of the toxins causing your troubles but Menthoinds' therapeutic action stimulates your system to recapture the youthful energy, buoyant health and zest for living that are rightfully yours. Don't put up with aches and pains that make life misery. For yourself and your family — start Menthoinds treatment TO-DAY.

9/-, 5/-, or economy size 15/- EVERYWHERE

MACKENZIE'S MENTHOIDS
FAMOUS TREATMENT FOR THE BLOOD

LETTER BOX

• We pay £1/1/- for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters signed for publication.

She would marry for money

I DISAGREE with the age-old argument that people shouldn't marry for money. Any sensible girl who can marry rich should do so. Money gives security, provides all the pleasures of life, enables grace, poise, and charm. The old jargon of true love is sheer rubbish. One can learn to love a rabbit if one lives with it long enough. So get to it, girls!

£1/1/- to Miss F. Tomkins, West Footscray, Vic.

Double Dutch

MY Dutch husband never speaks his native language in Australian company, as people feel "left out" if they are unable to understand. Recently a friend called in and heard him speaking Dutch. She turned to me in surprise saying, "I didn't know the Dutch had their own language. I thought they spoke English with a Dutch accent."

£1/1/- to Mrs. G. Van de Kamp, Springfield, Tas.

Too much salt

HAVE you ever noticed how many people "salt" their food before tasting it? It's understandable at home, as mother usually uses the same amount each time. But when dining out or entertaining in the home, I often wonder how many people put on that extra salt, when it's passed round, and afterwards wished they hadn't.

£1/1/- to "Cook" (name supplied), Coolgardie, W.A.

Changing colors

IT'S time this craze for fluorescent lighting in modern stores was investigated. What you buy inside these shops is one color, but when you reach home it's another. A red carpet turned a vieux rose when away from the shop, and pink organza had a purple hue when brought home to trim a blue frock.

£1/1/- to Miss E. Rowe, South Yarra, Vic.

Daylight saving

WE often hear Australians wishing they could have longer daylight hours after work in the summer, as they have in England. If the Government agreed to put the clocks back at the beginning of summer and readjust them for the winter, we would be able to spend more time on the beach in the summer evenings.

£1/1/- to Miss G. Orsborn, Newcastle, N.S.W.

Puzzled fiancée

I RECENTLY became engaged and, although I've experienced some of the happiest moments of my life during this time, I've also undergone some of my bitterest. Girls who were my lifelong friends suddenly came to the conclusion they didn't like me. Countless people ask me personal questions — what my fiancé does for a living? How much money his family has? I can truly say that if you want to find out who are your real friends, be the first in your crowd to become engaged.

£1/1/- to Miss E. Etman, Bondi, N.S.W.

Spinsters' fate

ELDERLY single women are a forgotten race. Most of their lives have been sacrificed to look after Mum and Dad, while the rest of the family have married. They are taken for granted and are expected to end their days in an attic with a gas ring. Just as long as they have a roof over their heads! It's time public interest was stirred on their behalf.

£1/1/- to Mrs. A. York, Woollahra, N.S.W.

Censorship evil

THE danger from censorship is an insidious one. Beginning in a small way, it can overshadow our whole lives before we realise it. I don't claim to have an exceptional mind, but it certainly isn't contaminated by any of the publications claimed by a certain section to be injurious to morals. Nobody is forced to read any controversial book but he should be given the chance to do so if he wishes.

£1/1/- to M. Pitt, Newmarket, Qld.

Mixed names

• Scores of readers accepted Mrs. M. Heitmann's (Qld.) challenge asking whether anyone could beat the coincidence of her grandparents being named Knight and Day:

MY parents were named Good and Beer, and particularly in Australia, Good Beer beats Knight and Day any time!

£1/1/- to J. Ramsdale, Kyneton, Vic.

MY sister married Mr. Long and I married Mr. Short. When our daughters went out together young people wouldn't believe them.

£1/1/- to Mrs. R. Short, Lota Heights, Qld.

MY mother's maiden name was Butcher, she married Mr. Bullock and a Mr. Veale always lived with them.

£1/1/- to "The Truth" (name supplied), Townsville, Qld.

MY grandmother's maiden name was Steele and my grandfather's name was Armour.

£1/1/- to J. Thurlow, Hamilton, N.S.W.

MY mother's maiden name was Nunn, she married a Mr. Nunn. My mother-in-law's maiden name was Godley, she married a Mr. Chappell. So I was a Miss Nunn who married Mr. Chappell. My sister, Miss Nunn, married a Mr. Abbott. My daughter, Miss Chappell, married a Mr. Pope.

£1/1/- to Mrs. E. Chappell, Regents Park, N.S.W.

MY niece, a Miss Bell, married a Mr. Church. The wedding notices looked most unusual.

£1/1/- to Mrs. R. J. Crook, Primbee, N.S.W.

Ross Campbell writes...

Should you eat in the street?

An argument on the question has been conducted by writers of letters to this magazine.

Ranged on one side are the care-free, eat-and-be-blown faction.

They maintain that if you feel like eating a pie in the street, you should do so. It will do you good.

On the opposite side are the gracious-living group. They hold that public pie-eating is inelegant and gives you a bad name.

There is no doubt that many people have prejudices about public eating.

For example, it is O.K. to munch chocolates at the pictures (except the noisy ones with hard centres). But if you take a picnic meal to a long movie, other customers get annoyed.

I remember the row when I cracked a hard-boiled egg on the knee of a woman next to me at Quo Vadis. Actually, I thought the knee was my own; the theatre was dark at the time.

Nobody minds if you lick an ice-cream in the park, but if you lick

FOOTPATH FEEDS

it in a tram you are given disappearing looks.

My position in this argument is a middle-of-the-road one. I believe it is all right to eat in streets, trams, etc., as long as you don't get caught.

Unfortunately, this is often hard to avoid.

Some time back I had a passion for scorched peanut bars. I would



buy one at lunch time, intending to eat it at my desk. But I could not resist the temptation to have a bite while walking back to the office.

One day I got into the lift, with my mouth full of peanut bar, when the editor-in-chief stepped in.

"How are you today?" he said.

"Memmy ell, hank oo," I mumbled. He gave me a sharp glance, mentally classifying me as an unrestrained public eater.

It is not even safe to eat at your desk.

In cold weather I am tempted to open my sandwiches about 11 o'clock and have some for play-lunch.

But as often as I do this the phone rings and I have to answer: "Hello, whom heaking?"

Yesterday it was my wife, and her quick ear detected my muffled speech.

"Are you having lunch already?" she asked. I explained it was just a snack, but I felt a loss of dignity.

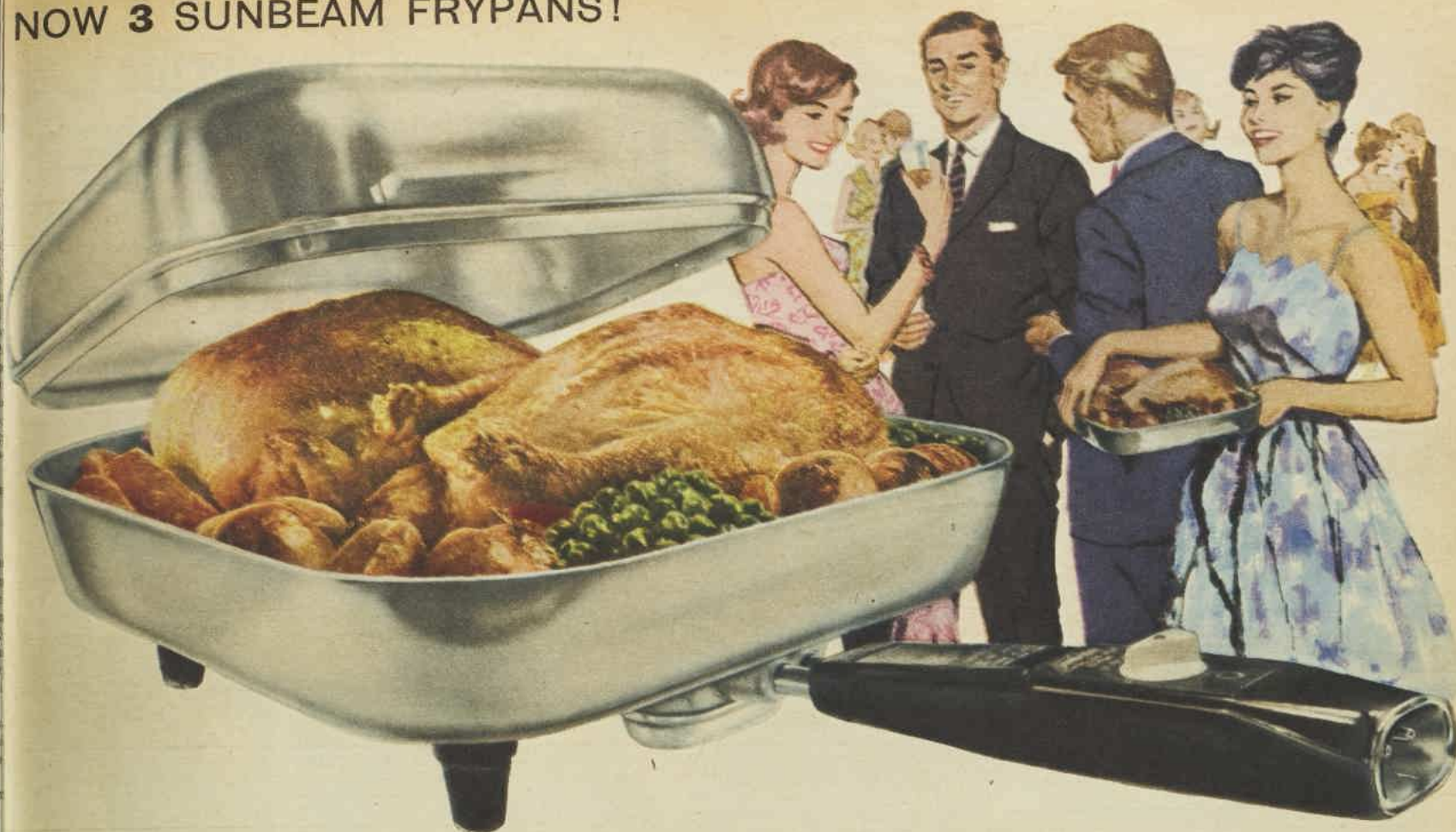
To eat without being noticed, choose the more furtive kinds of food.

Sweets that can be sucked slyly, then tucked away in your cheek during emergencies, are a good bet.

Avoid celery, which can be heard for a long distance on a still day.

As a general rule, don't chew while on view. If you want something substantial like a pie, follow Little Jack Horner's sound example and sit in a corner.

NOW 3 SUNBEAM FRYPANS!



GREAT NEW ADVANCE IN MODERN COOKING!

*Sunbeam's exclusive Hi-Dome metal lid**



This wonderful Hi-Dome metal lid means better cooking, easier cooking, more cooking! It cooks faster because the metal lid heats to a higher temperature giving perfect top cooking to all foods. It is much higher — giving you 20% more cooking capacity. And with this unique Sunbeam lid you can control the moisture content of your food with the special steam vent that can be closed or opened to give the degree of crispness desired when baking beef, lamb, poultry and pork. More economical too!

* Standard equipment with the Supersize Frypan. Available as an optional extra with the Large and Medium size models.



SO EASY TO CLEAN! Sparkling new appearance of the Frypan is easily maintained. Just wash it like any other cooking utensil.

Which size for you?

SUPERSIZE FRYPAN

Australia's finest cooking appliance

Supersize gives you all the wonderful advantages of Sunbeam temperature control PLUS extra space to accommodate really large roasts and poultry, covered casseroles — all kinds of tempting dishes for your family, your friends, your party. Having a dinner party — guests for a buffet meal? Whether it's a snack for one or food for twenty, your Supersize Frypan cooks better, easier than any other method. It's Australia's latest, finest — most versatile cooking appliance.

LARGE SIZE FRYPAN

this is just right for families up to six

Food has more flavour when you cook with your Sunbeam Frypan. You always cook at the right temperature — no heat variation to deprive food of its succulence and taste. Just set the dial, switch on — your Sunbeam Frypan does the rest. For families up to six this size is ideal.

MEDIUM SIZE FRYPAN

convenient size for the smaller home

Perfect for business girls, married couples, the bachelor cook. Does everything the Supersize will do in smaller helpings — cooks everything from cakes to steaks — simply, quickly, automatically.

Sunbeam

AUTOMATICALLY HEAT CONTROLLED FRYPAN

STEWES • ROASTS • GRILLS • CASSEROLES • BAKES • FRIES • STEAMS

Well suited for spring
**From Paris-
 by Chanel**



CHECKS AND STRIPES. With her usual flair for the unusual, Chanel teams a checked suit (left) with a striped blouse, and lines the jacket in matching fabric. The skirt is box-pleated.

LEATHER TRIMMING on a flecked tweed suit is repeated on the self-material hat. More fashion news from Chanel is shown here in the skirt, which is slim and seamed at centre front.

● Coco Chanel, famous for her casually elegant and relaxed suits, greeted the spring season with a "different" look: some pleated skirts and slimmer (often belted) jackets.



THE CLASSIC LOOK, and Chanel's favorite through the years—an easy cardigan-jacket topping a slender skirt (left). The skirt, with its defined centre-seam, is cuffed in contrast to match the bands on the jacket.

BUTTONS AND BUCKLE are gilt on this belted suit of ribbed wool. Chanel has rediscovered the fresh look of navy teamed with white. Here it is effective in cuffs and a feline bow at the neckline. Note four-pocket trim.

Steelo KING SIZE ECONOMY 15-PAD PACK



Clean pots and
pans... keep them
gleaming smooth...
and **SAVE MONEY**
with...

Steelo

The softest, finest Steel Wool

DRESS SENSE

By *Betty Keep*

● Corduroy in wide and narrow wale is a current favorite for coats. Orange is the corduroy fashion color. This fashion item answers a reader's letter.

HERE is the letter, and my reply:

"I want to make an all-purpose coat and wondered if a tailored style in corduroy would look out of place. If you would design the style I will need a pattern in size 36in. bust. I want the coat in a bright color, something a bit unusual for a change, I usually wear brown shades."

Corduroy — I suggest it in one of the new orange shades — would be an excellent fabric choice for an all-purpose coat. The design I have chosen is illustrated at right.

As you requested, the coat is designed on classic tailored lines and you can obtain a paper pattern for it in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Under the picture are further details and how to order.

"**WILL** the American shirt-waist frock with a fitted waist and fullish skirt be worn for the coming season? If so, what type of fabric will it be made in?"

In the U.S. the shirtwaister is a classic—and it continues again for spring. For the coming season the use of silk prints and diaphanous sheers adds an individual and spring-like character to this style.

"**RECENTLY** when I was in Europe I purchased a lovely piece of floral printed wool and now am searching for a nice style. I like the sheath, but I can't wear a close-fitting bodice. Would it be possible to have a fairly loose top?"

My design suggestion is a bloused-back sheath made with a slender skirt and a deep inverted back pleat in the bodice. The back pleat will add extra softness to the bodice. Have a wide self-material belt marking the normal waistline. The belt must be stiffened and approx. 4in. wide.

"**I HAVE** 10 yards of ice-blue chiffon I have bought for a short dance frock. Could I in some way have the bodice made long-waisted?"

A bare-top form-fitting bodice horizontally draped to the hipline plus a full fluid skirt would make a very pretty chiffon dance frock.

DS408. — *Tailored coat in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 54in. material or 4½yds. 36in. material. Price 4/6. Pattern may be obtained from Betty Keep, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.*

"**I PLAY** a lot of night tennis and am seeking your advice about something new and smart for a tennis outfit. I am 16 and love the American teenage styles."

There's a wealth of fashion news in the latest American-styled tennis fashions. Two smart newcomers to the courts are a tunic-shaped overblouse worn with above-knee culottes and a thigh-high, sleeveless princess-line dress.

"**WHAT** style of hat should I wear with my going-away suit? The problem is, my hair is going to be done in a 'beehive' for the occasion. My suit is in winter-white wool."

You really have no problem. Lots of the new hats are designed to be worn over the beehive spiral hairdos. One of the most popular milliner shapes is a tall cloche with little brim. A hat in this category made in rose-pink would be attractive worn with a winter-white suit.

"**I AM** soon going up north to stay in an extremely hot climate. I want to have a couple of cool frocks made and would like to know what will be new and suitable. I don't want anything that's difficult to wash and iron."

Unbeatable combination for hot-weather comfort: bare arms and wide skirt. Both items are featured in spring summer fashions. Fullness often means pleats; when made in easy-care blends, pleats can be practical. Drip-dry cottons need very little care and lots of the new pure silks are specially processed for easy laundering.



I am a Go-Kart Widow...



..because my husband is..

● Once upon a time I had a husband—the kind of husband who put his feet up in the evenings, read snippets from the paper to me while I darned the socks, or smoked his pipe.

I KNEW what he looked like; we had normal conversations about normal things—the children's tonsils, the working-bee at the kindergarten. Life was very pleasant.

But that was before the advent of Go-Karts. Now I have to put aside the darning and read the paper myself; and if I want to smell manly tobacco smoke I must go down our dark garden to the holy of holies: The Workshop.

Here I may neither breathe, touch, nor speak.

Nor may I even LOOK, because if I do I might be struck blind.

Or so say the two figures who crouch ghoulishly behind masks in the blue flare of the welding apparatus.

In happier circumstances I would recognise them as my erstwhile spouse and his boon companion, but in The Workshop they are changed beings with a fanaticism worthy of the Ku Klux Klan.

Why?

THEY ARE MAKING A GO-KART!

And to think it all began so innocently.

Just a flimsy pink pamphlet in the mailbox proclaiming:

"Midget Car Races";

and underneath in smaller lettering, "Special Go-Kart Events."

"How nice," I thought. "That will make a pleasant outing for father and the two small boys."

I had visions of freckle-faced youngsters careering downhill in billy-carts while their elders looked on indulgently. Such was my notion of Go-Karts.

Without a premonition in the world, I packed off my three men, all spruced and shining.

I was unprepared for the trio of Mohawk Indians who returned home—faces, hands, and clothing brown from the flying dirt, and streaked here and there with grease.

My fair-haired three-year-old was strawberry-blond where the red sand had got mixed up in his topknot, but his eyes were sparkling.

"Mummy, we seed de do-carts," he burst out triumphantly.

"In the pits where the men make them start," enthused his five-year-old brother.

"It was terrific," proclaimed father—and he gave me a masterful hug to end my tirade before it started.

Soft-heartedly I bathed and bedded the children—and added a depressing collection to the laundry bin for Monday's wash.

In due course Saturday ("doing the garden" day) came round again—but the motor mower sat idle.

Not so my spouse!

There were phone calls—long, technical, earnest. The boon companion materialised armed with a drawing-board, a stack of motor magazines, and a cherubic smile.

I have often had cause to distrust that same smile, and this time proved no exception.

That night was the first of my widowhood.

Time has gone on since then—a whole long month of it, and the lawn is as high

as Little Black Sambo's jungle.

The children have learned what "taboo"

means and play their games at a safe distance from The Workshop.

Sunday-afternoon driving is OUT, but so, alas, is the car—on business bent to see a man and yet another man... about a Go-Kart. Or else it is out at the rubbish dump where our two fanatics forage for pieces of angle iron and lengths of piping.

The idea seems to be that the Go-Kart enthusiast who creates the best machine for the least cost deserves high praise. And, in any case, a coat of bright new paint can cover a multitude of makeshifts.

To return to the motor-mower. It was at first idle for lack of a driver, but later (I hate to confess) for lack of a motor.

"Of course I'll put it back again," my husband assured me soothingly—and disappeared with the motor into The Workshop.

That night I took to my couch trying to ignore the empty space beside me, but woke later to see the luminous hour hand on three.

"I'll fix them"

The other side of the bed was still uninhabited, so I crept out to investigate.

The light from the electric-welding set was making spasmodic flashes of silvery blue against the furthestmost darkness. "Aha," I thought, "I'll fix them."

Taking a torch I marched resolutely round

to the fuse-box, and to make sure that I did the job properly I pulled out the lot.

Then I shone my way back and waited.

A very subdued spouse fumbled and stumbled into the house within a short space of time, his progress punctuated by the striking of matches.

But he must have felt hungry after his marathon efforts, because sleep overtook me while he was still dallying in the kitchen.

It was soon after this episode that the motor from the mower was pronounced inadequate for a Go-Kart. "Only fit for an egg-beater," my husband said.

The next weekend saw the arrival of a disreputable two-stroke motor-bike in our backyard. "Bought it for a song," rejoiced the master—omitting to tell the price.

Nor did he remember to return the despised mower's engine. To this day the motorless mower and cycle rust in the weather.

The Workshop, however, continues to be an unabated hive of activity. And as solitude is my unhappy lot, I can at least employ it by telling you my story.

..a GO-KART FAN



Readers keep on asking for these

FIFTEEN FAVORITES

● In all the mail and telephone requests received by our cookery section for repeats of recipes, these dishes are in greatest demand. Proved family favorites, they can be served the whole year round.

OUR cookery section is proud of the recipe service it gives to readers. Each week it answers scores of letters, giving ideas for special menus, popular and unusual recipes and general cookery advice.

Readers who want cookery information are asked to send a stamped, addressed envelope with their queries to Cookery Section, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

However, it is not our policy to give recipes or menus to readers for special medical diets — nor do we supply large-quantity recipes for commercial purposes.

All our recipes give level spoon measurements, and the cup measure is for eight liquid ounces.

FESTIVE CHOCOLATE CAKE

Four ounces butter or substitute, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups brown sugar, 2 eggs, extra $\frac{1}{4}$ cup brown sugar, 4oz. melted chocolate, 1 cup chopped raisins, $2\frac{1}{2}$ cups self-raising flour, pinch salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cinnamon, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup hot water, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup thick sour milk, 1 tablespoon rum, split blanched almonds, 1 tablespoon white sugar.

Cream butter or substitute, gradually add the $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups brown sugar, beat well. Add egg-yolks, then the extra $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar, raisins, and melted chocolate. Fold in sifted flour, salt, and cinnamon alternately with hot water, sour milk, and rum. Lastly fold in stiffly

beaten egg-whites. Fill into greased 8in. cake-tin. Press almond halves into top, sprinkle with the tablespoon of white sugar. Bake in moderate oven 50 to 60 minutes. Leave in tin 15 minutes to allow cake to settle before turning out on to cake-cooler.

PARTY PUNCH

Claret Cup: Two bottles lemonade, 1 bottle soda-water, 1 pineapple, 3 passionfruit, 4 oranges, 2 bananas, $\frac{1}{2}$ bottle claret or sweet sherry, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. sugar, ice-cubes.

Peel and chop pineapple and oranges, slice bananas. Place in serving-jugs or punch-bowl, add passionfruit pulp, claret, and sugar. Just before serving mix in lemonade, soda-water, and ice-cubes.

Pineapple Cup: One cup water, 2 cups sugar, 1 cup freshly made strong tea, 1 cup raspberry syrup (type used as ice-cream topping), 2 cups orange juice, 1 cup lemon juice, 2 cups tinned pineapple pieces and accompanying syrup, $\frac{1}{4}$ to 1 cup maraschino cherries, 1 quart soda-water, iced water, thin slices orange, lemon and cucumber, and mint sprigs to decorate.

Boil sugar and water 5 minutes, add tea, fruit syrup, orange and lemon juices, pineapple pieces with syrup and cherries. Allow to stand until just before serving. Add soda-water and sufficient iced water to make $1\frac{1}{2}$ gallons, pour into punch-bowl and finally decorate with orange, lemon, and cucumber slices, and mint sprigs.

SPAGHETTI BOLOGNAISE

Quarter cup melted shortening, 1 clove garlic, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped onion, $1\frac{1}{2}$ lb. minced steak, $1\frac{1}{2}$ lb. ripe tomatoes (or one 16oz. tin tomatoes), 1 cup water or stock, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, salt and pepper, pinch oregano or mixed herbs, $1\frac{1}{2}$ lb. spaghetti, 1 cup grated cheese, butter.

Cook the finely minced garlic and onion in melted shortening until lightly browned, then drain off the surplus shortening, add the steak, brown well. Wash and chop tomatoes, add to the meat mixture with the water or stock, sauce, salt, pepper, and herbs. Cover and simmer until meat is tender (approximately 30 minutes). Cook spaghetti in boiling salted water, drain, fold into cooked meat. Turn into greased ovenproof dish, dot with butter, sprinkle generously with grated cheese. Bake in moderate oven until top is brown and bubbly. Serve piping hot.

CHINESE CHEWS

One and a half cups flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup chopped dried fruits (raisins, sultanas, figs), $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped nuts, 2 eggs, 1 tablespoon milk, few drops vanilla essence, 4oz. butter.

Sift the flour, baking powder, and salt, and add the sugar, fruit, and nuts. Beat eggs with milk and vanilla and add to the dry ingredients. Lastly add melted butter. Spread in greased swiss-roll tin, bake in moderate oven about 40 minutes or until brown and fairly firm. While hot, cut into lengths, cool in the tin.

LEMON CHIFFON PIE

One 7in. or 8in. pastry case (cooked), 3 teaspoons gelatine, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup water, 3 eggs, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup lemon juice, 1 dessertspoon grated lemon rind, 1 cup sugar, pinch salt, whipped cream.

Soak the gelatine in the water. Cook the egg-yolks, rind, juice, and half the sugar over boiling water until thickened to custard consistency. Add gelatine and stir while cooling and thickening over bowl of ice or iced water, then fold in egg-whites beaten stiffly with salt and remainder of sugar. Fill into pastry-case, chill until set. Decorate with whipped cream.

PINEAPPLE CHANTILLY

Three and a half dessertspoons gelatine, 4 tablespoons hot water, 6 slices swiss roll, 2 or 3 dessertspoons sweet sherry, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla, 2 eggs, $2\frac{1}{2}$ cups milk, $1\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons arrowroot, 3oz. sugar, 1 tin pineapple, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup coconut, cherries, pineapple pieces.

Dissolve the gelatine in hot water, line the sides of a mould with slices of swiss roll trimmed to fit and moistened with sherry. Mix the sugar and arrowroot smoothly with a little milk. Add remainder of the milk, stir over low heat until mixture boils. Simmer 3 minutes. Cool slightly, add vanilla, beaten egg-yolks, and dissolved gelatine, chopped pineapple, and coconut. Fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites. Pour into the cake-lined mould, chill until set. Unmould on to serving-platter, decorate with cherries and pineapple.

BOILED WHISKY FRUITCAKE

One pound butter, $1\frac{1}{2}$ lb. brown sugar, 1 egg, $1\frac{1}{2}$ wineglasses boiled whisky (prepare as directed below), $1\frac{1}{2}$ lb. seeded raisins, $1\frac{1}{2}$ lb. sultanas, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. chopped dates, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. cherries, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. blanched almonds, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. coarsely shredded peel, $1\frac{1}{2}$ lb. flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon baking powder, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt.

Boiled Whisky: Melt and brown 1oz. butter with 2 tablespoons sugar. When very brown remove from heat and add $1\frac{1}{2}$ wineglasses of whisky. Return to stove and simmer gently until sugar is dissolved. Use at once.

Cut butter into pieces in large bowl. Soften by beating with wooden spoon. Add sugar a little at a time and beat until creamy. Add eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition (about 10 minutes in all). Stir in boiled whisky, then fold in prepared fruit mixed with sifted dry ingredients. Turn into paper-lined 10in. cake-tin, bake in slow oven for 5 hours. Allow to cool in tin, then wrap until ready to ice and decorate.

CREAMED CHICKEN WITH ALMONDS

Two small chickens (simmered until tender in water flavored with couple of bacon bones, thick slice onion, salt, couple of sprigs of parsley, thin piece of lemon rind), $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. mushrooms, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup diced red pepper, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups stock, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups milk, 4 tablespoons butter, 4 tablespoons flour, salt, cayenne pepper, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup blanched almonds, toast triangles.

Remove all flesh from the chickens. Peel and chop mushrooms, saute in little of the butter with red pepper until soft. Cool chicken stock slightly, add milk and allow it to become cold. Melt remaining butter, add flour, cook 3 minutes without browning. Stir in milk mixture, continue stirring until boiling. Season with salt and cayenne pepper, then fold in chicken meat, red pepper, and mushrooms. Turn into greased ovenproof dish, scatter almond halves over top. Reheat in moderate oven. Serve with triangle of toast.

FAMILY MEAT-LOAF

One pound minced steak, $1\frac{1}{2}$ lb. sausage meat, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped bacon, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup breadcrumbs, 4 rolled oats, 1 onion (finely chopped), 2 teaspoons chopped parsley, 1 egg, 2 tablespoons tomato sauce, salt, pepper.

Combine meats in basin, add bacon, breadcrumbs, onion, and parsley. Beat egg, add tomato sauce, and mix into meats. Season well with salt and ground pepper. Form into loaf, place on greased aluminium foil, wrap over and seal edges by folding and pressing foil together. Place in pan in moderate oven, bake $1\frac{1}{2}$ to $1\frac{3}{4}$ hours. Unfold foil, drain off fat, replace in hot oven to brown outside slightly. Serve hot or cold with vegetable or crisp salad greens.

Variations

- Omit onion and tomato sauce from recipe and substitute with 2 cloves crushed garlic and burgundy.
- Use pinch oregano, rosemary, marjoram or basil in place of the parsley as seasoning.
- Substitute chopped dried apricots, fresh mushrooms, pineapple cubes, tomato slices or tinned sweet corn for the bacon pieces.



POPULAR VARIATION of the family-style meat loaf is to cook it in a loaf-tin and use chopped dried apricots for flavor and garnish. See list of other variations with recipe on this page.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY Presents

July 11, 1960

Teenagers

WEEKLY



FRANK IFIELD
—story, page 3

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly

LETTERS

Tall girls are NOT freaks

WHY is it that if a girl is very tall, people stare and start talking about the poor girl? I am 18 years old and am 6ft. 4in. in flatties, and when people pass me in the street they either stare or pass a comment; I feel like screaming. My boy-friend is only 5ft. 7in. tall, and he said he doesn't care about my being tall and doesn't mind going out with me, even though people stare at us. Surely people realise that even if a girl is tall she is still a human being and has feelings—not some freak from a sideshow. —Margaret Woodcock, Matraville, N.S.W.



MARGARET WOODCOCK

Concession rates

AUSTRALIAN Governments are constantly urging teenagers to remain at school and further their education to University standard so they can become scientists, engineers, doctors, and teachers. Help is given by the Government concerning transport cost to and from school, but at other times students must pay full fare on public transport and for admission into theatres. I think a concession should be made for students at all times, as they cannot be expected to pay adult rate when they have no income, and it is essential that they have some kind of entertainment. —A. Hadlow, Rossmoyne, W.A.

Safety first

WHY do boys think it is smart to scoff at a friend if he drives safely? My brother uses the family car and, not only because of its not being his own car, keeps within the speed limit and drives safely, and his friends call him a "softie." I'm sure he should be praised rather than punished. —"Sis," Wavell Heights, Qld.

Adopted children

ONE reads in magazines and papers about parents wanting to know whether or not to tell their children they were adopted. I think that the children have a right to know about

There are no holds barred in this forum. Send your snaps, too, and we pay £1/1/- for every letter used. Send them to Box 7052 WW, G.P.O., Sydney.

their true parentage, and the younger they are told the smoother things are at home. I was adopted when I was a baby, and I was not told until I was about 12. Often I had wondered whether I had been adopted because of a chance remark by a school-mate. If I had been told earlier a very embarrassing scene might have been avoided. I think that children should be told as toddlers, and they learn to grow up with the fact that they are "chosen children." —"Chosen Teena," Redcliffe, Qld.

Why not rebel?

WHY is there such a depressing uniformity in the outlook of the average Australian today? There are, I admit, different ways of living, but the individual inevitably conforms to the ideas and beliefs of his or her own social group. The beatniks have been the only recent movement against this depressing uniformity of culture, but now beatniks are all alike. Rock-n-rollers have exactly the same taste in music, governed by popular fads. Even the "squares" conform, and the more adult of the population appear to accept without question similar standards of dress and behaviour. Individualism is being discouraged — the modern community requires "well-adjusted" citizens who can "fit in" with the remainder. If this rather negative development continues, then the whole human race will soon have a universal standard of living. How about some independent and original thoughts, ideas, and actions? —"Uni Student," Launceston, Tas.

Let's be friends

I CAN'T understand the repeated cry of so many teenagers that they "can't find a friend of the opposite sex." Surely many of them are in regular employment in banks, offices, the Services, or in retail shops. If so, why not make a friend (or friends) of those with whom you come in contact every day—or at least five days—of the week? —Rodney Graham, Forest Hill, Vic.

TV for schools

I THINK that TV should be in every school, especially secondary schools. Interesting films on agriculture, sport, and music could help teachers in educating the children. Football and other sporting films would be useful to teachers training teams. On rainy days at school cartoons could be shown. Children would be out of the wet and enjoying themselves watching TV. Let's have TV in schools! —"Pal," Camp Hill, Qld.

Phone horror

MY brother answered the phone recently when my boy-friend called, and I heard the following conversation: "Who's calling? ... Bill? ... Oh, Jimmy, then! No? Um — Tony Well, it must be John! It's not? Ricky? ... Oh, I know. Pete! Well, in that case it's either Frank, David, or Nick! Well, I guess it's someone I don't know. Wait, I'll get her! She'll know, I suppose." Then a loud yell for me, right into the mouth-piece, to "tear yourself away from Tom; Bob wants to talk to you!" When I finally persuaded my convulsed mother to stop him, my boy was a little cold. Is that a typical example of brotherly love? —Kathleen Brammall, Decoy West, N.S.W.

Ban car radios

WHY are radios allowed in cars? On public vehicles, such as buses, passengers aren't allowed to converse with the driver. Surely radios are just as distracting as talking. If radios were banned fewer accidents would occur. —Diana Morgan, West Brunswick, Melbourne.

Drop that drink

"UNIMPRESSED" (T.W., 1/6/60) is so right when she says that most girls dislike boys who drink too much. They make fools of themselves, and quite often their friends, too, and spoil other people's enjoyment of parties and dances. However, we must remember that it is no small thing to find oneself suddenly launched into the world, and to be left almost completely to one's own devices. For a girl it is hard enough to settle down to a suitable job and to begin to make a place for herself in the world, but for a boy it is worse; he has to make his place permanent, with a view to establishing financial and social security which has to last him a lifetime. So, boys, please have some consideration for your future, your health, and your friends. Be successful men, not alcoholics. —Miss J. Hannah, New Farm, Qld.

Shy, but sweet?

WOULD some kind male please tell me if boys prefer shy girls to boisterous girls. Personally, I prefer shy girls, but I'm prejudiced because I am one. But I envy girls who speak freely, make friends easily, and in general do anything, anywhere, at any time. I haven't a hope. Do boys also think girls cold if they don't speak or say the wrong thing if they do? I always manage this feat. —"Shy," Kew, Vic.



SHARYN HARDING

Tolerance, please

WHY is it that the Jewish race is often sneered at and looked down upon? The human race was made of different colors and religions for a reason, and we must learn to live in the same world together. Some Jewish people I know are always being sneered at and being called names. I think this is wrong. —Sharyn Harding, Ulong, N.S.W.

Stocking snare

ISN'T it about time the Government did something about the stocking racket? I'm lucky if a pair of stockings last me a week without being laddered, and, with stockings the price they are, a pair a week really puts a hole in my wage. I'm sure other teenagers feel the same way about the poor quality of stockings. —Dianne Johnston, Sylvania Heights, N.S.W.

For every child, a pet

● Should children have pets? "J. G." (T.W. 1/6/60) said her family has four healthy pets and that children and pets go together. Readers were unanimous in their agreement.

I COMPLETELY agree with "J.G." A dog, with a regular bath and flea treatment, is quite a clean animal and if properly trained is no problem. I have a dog and she brings the paper up each morning. She sometimes fetches the neighbor's paper as well, but is very obedient, although still just a pup. —Julie Anderson, Cronulla, N.S.W.

I THINK that when a child is permitted to have a pet he develops a sense of responsibility. This also helps a child to care for his or her belongings later on. Besides being educational, it provides enjoyment and keeps them out of mischief. —"Pet Lover," Talem Bend, S.A.

HOUSES without pets are dull! We have two cats, one of which is a "stray" which we befriended. We also have a budgie. Children without pets are often cruel to animals. With pets in the house, children learn to love and protect them. —"Cat Lover," Lockleys, S.A.

I WAS ten years old when my parents allowed me to have a dog. I chose and paid for her myself, and she has had

two litters of pups, which I sold. She won first prize at her first showing, and now I am preparing her for her next showing in a few months. She loves company and comfort—especially her hot-water bottle on cold nights after a feed of her favorite meal—rabbit. —Louanne Tandy, Bendigo, Vic.

I AGREE that children and pets go together. We have a pup which bathes in a lily pond every morning in summer. My little brother and this pup play together all day, every day. —Patsy O'Brien, Coona-barabran, N.S.W.

OVER the years my sisters and I have kept rabbits, white mice, guinea-pigs, dogs, cats, pigeons, tortoises, budgerigars, fowls, or bantams. Children not having a pet to love miss untold pleasures; after all, who would compare watching TV against romping with an adoring puppy, watching the queer antics of a tortoise or pet mice. —Miss H. R. Bradshaw, Footscray, Vic.

SOME parents frown upon pets, but I think they are one of a child's delights. I am studying to be a teacher and

when I took a poetry lesson and it came to the discussion about pets the children were most interested. If more parents realised this there would not be "problem children." —Rikki Woudwyk, Launceston, Tas.

I CAN'T imagine why people let their pets wander around the streets, hungry and cold. If people have pets it is up to them to see they are fed, given love and care. Some people take their pets and let them loose in a strange neighborhood because they have some incurable disease and don't want the problem of veterinary expenses. Or when they move from their original home they leave their cat or dog and hope that the next person will look after it. People don't realise that pets depend on their owners to look after them. —Karlene Clifford, Northbridge, N.S.W.

IF children have a pet when young they do not fear animals as they grow older, but know how to handle them. Some people do not like animals in the house, but pets can always be kept outside in a shed. —R. Tam, Glenorie, N.S.W.



His Master's Voice

● Australia's Frank Ifield, this week's cover boy, has luck in his "open spaces" voice. First his disc "Lucky Devil" launched him on to the British hit parades. Now, after six months in London, his second tipped-for-the-top record is "Happy Go Lucky Me," which is just the way Frank felt when he made a phone call to his home in Sydney.

IT WAS MIDNIGHT in London when the call came through, just after Frank's first big London stage show, in which he appeared with guitarist Duane Eddy. At the other end of the line were his parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Ifield, his grandmother, Mrs. E. Livesey, his five brothers, and his old pal Rover, the big Alsatian-Collie he had had for four years but had to leave behind him.



AT 10 O'CLOCK on a sunny Sydney morning Rover heard his master's voice for the first time in six months, coming from 12,000 miles away. Rover once appeared on TV when Frank was the first local boy with a regular session of Western songs on Australian television.

AFTER THE CALL WAS OVER Mrs. Livesey posed at the piano with Rover, who loves jazz and wags his tail whenever he hears it. Frank's hit song "A Mother's Faith" has just been released in Australia by Columbia on an EP. Three of Frank's brothers also sing on TV.

QUIZ

What sort of person are you?

● Taking a really honest look at your personality can be as revealing — and sometimes as horrifying — as a close look in the mirror before breakfast. But it can be rewarding if you find some way to improve.

This quiz is a guide to your personality. As you read through the 40 questions, tick each one to which you can truthfully answer yes.

GROUP 1

- Do you like novels with a "happy-ever-after" ending? ☐
- Are you affectionate with your family? ☐
- Are you innocent-eyed when you're putting something over? ☐
- Do you think the world is growing better? ☐
- Do you like keeping old traditions, even if it's inconvenient to do so? ☐
- Have you been loved more than most people? ☐
- Do you think early marriage is a good thing? ☐
- Do you cry in the pictures? ☐

Total of yes answers . . .

GROUP 2

- Do you feel it more important to be admired for your personality rather than your looks? ☐
- Do you get your own way? ☐
- Do you find discipline irksome? ☐
- Do you resent it when your friend makes a bit and you don't? ☐
- Do you trust your own judgment? ☐

- Are you happy with yourself as you are, without trying to improve your character? ☐
- Do you avoid asking advice? ☐
- Do many people get on your nerves? ☐

Total of yes answers . . .

GROUP 3

- Do people come to you for advice? ☐
- Are you fond of children? ☐
- Do you hate to see anyone hurt or embarrassed? ☐
- Do you think marriage should fulfil a girl's ambitions? ☐
- If a girl you dislike is wearing a very pretty dress, are you willing to tell her so? ☐
- Would you rather give a present than receive one? ☐
- Do you honestly feel sympathy for old and sick people? ☐
- Do you sometimes like to be alone with your thoughts? ☐

Total of yes answers . . .

GROUP 4

- Are you nervous at the thought of meeting new people? ☐
- Is financial security a must for a happy marriage? ☐

- Would you rather spend an evening in conversation with close friends than go to a party? ☐
- Do you worry about making a good impression on people you meet? ☐
- Do you think people are nasty about you behind your back? ☐
- Do you often day-dream? ☐

Total of yes answers . . .

GROUP 5

- Do you prefer to make a decision rather than wait and see what happens? ☐
- Do you like travelling at high speeds? ☐
- Do you find it easy to talk to members of the opposite sex? ☐
- Would you like to travel? ☐
- Would you ever try to make the person you love jealous, if you were sure of his affection? ☐
- Do you prefer a march to sentimental music? ☐
- Have you planned an unusual career? ☐
- Is it fun to attract a member of the opposite sex just for the sake of it? ☐

Total of yes answers . . .

NOW, add up the number of "yes" answers you have given in each group. Your group number is the one in which you have answered yes most times, and an analysis of your personality appears under your group number below.

If you find your scores tie in two or more groups, read the questions again and check that you have been really honest in your answers. But don't worry if your results still tie — you may be a mixture of several types because you are not yet mature and your character is still forming.

1

YOU are outwardly a well-balanced person, but your friends would be surprised if they knew what was going on in your mind. You live mainly in a world of day-dreams, peopled by your friends and your Ideal Man or Woman. You could do better at school, or in your job, if you concentrated more on reality. You are ambitious, but you will go faster if you can turn your vivid imagination to real life.

2

YOU are a rather dominant, forceful type, with one single ambition — to be a success. You have little patience with lazy people, because you yourself are so self-reliant and energetic. You can be the life and soul of the party, if you think it worthwhile, but many people will dislike you for your overbearing manner. Try to be a little more considerate of other people's feelings, and don't think that you always know best.

3

YOU'RE possibly the nicest sort of person — gentle and kind, and thoughtful of those weaker than yourself. You're very practical, and should marry fairly early, as you would make a good marriage partner. Possibly you have artistic talents, so make the most of them in your own circle, without worrying about public acclaim. You haven't the drive and ambition to become well known because of your modesty, humility.

4

YOU are shy, reserved, and a little bit too introverted. You may think you are self-sufficient, but underneath you worry about what people think of you. You are definitely not a social butterfly, and would rather spend a quiet evening at home with a book than go out and make new friends. Try to come out of your shell, and make an effort to enjoy life. Stop thinking about your problems, and they'll vanish.

5

YOU are happy-go-lucky, carefree, and rather irresponsible. You'll probably do well in life, and be head prefect at school, be elected to several committees, and get to the top in your job, simply through force of personality. You probably haven't got an active conscience, and your motto is "All's fair in love and war." Don't carry it too far, or you'll get a reputation for being selfish and thoughtless.

OUR PIN-UP

Margo Moore

● For New York fashion model Margo Moore, the cover of "Vogue" was a passport to Hollywood and stardom.

SHE was sitting on top of the fashion world when Hollywood executives began to notice her.

She was on the verge of signing a contract with M.G.M. when Twentieth Century-Fox jumped in ahead of their rivals, and within days Margo was before the cameras in her first movie — "Hound-Dog Man."

All this sounds very fairy-taleish, but don't you believe it! Margo's story isn't one of overnight fame. Since childhood she has wanted to act, and she's worked hard for the chance to prove her ability.

Born in Chicago, she spent most of her childhood in Indianapolis, Indiana — a happy, ordinary childhood until, at the age of 13, she caught polio.

While other girls were discovering the joys of growing up, Margo lay encased in a shoulder-to-hip cast for two long years. Then slowly she battled her way back to health and is now fully recovered.

After leaving the University of Indiana she went to New York and was soon earning her living as a model, and later as an actress on TV and radio.

After six years of this busy life — during which she managed to take drama and voice-production lessons — the Hollywood offer came.

As soon as "Hound-Dog Man" was finished she was cast as a sophisticated flight nurse in "Wake Me When It's Over," which we'll soon be seeing in Australia. After that she goes into "Live Wire," which will co-star popular Barry Coe.



By Penny Ford

● Through their interest in exploring caves and in photography, a group of Sydney University students has developed a business which has made more than £800 profit in ten months.

THEY are members of the Sydney University Speleological Society, known as SUSS, and the students who took the lead in developing the business are Warren Peck, 22, of Epping, and Jeff Hinwood, 19, of Turrumurra.

With the backing of the society they formed SUSS Productions to produce sets of 35mm. slides to sell to tourists.

With the money earned SUSS buys equipment and finances expeditions of members to remote areas such as the Nullarbor Plains, in Western Australia.

SUSS is the oldest speleological society on the mainland of Australia, Warren said. The Tasmanian Speleological Society was formed a few months before SUSS in 1948.

100 members

As well as being the registered proprietor of SUSS Productions, Warren is vice-president of the society, which has more than 100 members.

Warren, a final-year geology student, explained how SUSS Productions started.

"I'd been trying to interest Mr. Best, the director of the N.S.W. Department of Tourist Activities in my slides for years," he said.

"Early last year he asked me to submit a set of 12 color slides of the interiors of the Jenolan Caves.

"Jeff and I made two trips to get the right color transparencies, and when he saw the results Mr. Best encouraged SUSS to set up a firm to make

color slides of all the main tourist caves in N.S.W."

And so SUSS Productions was born. Jeff (a second-year student of electrical engineering) was elected manager by the society, and other members of SUSS give help when it's needed.

Last August they delivered their first order — 12,000 slides to the Jenolan Caves Kiosk and 528 slides to the city travel office of the Government Tourist Bureau.

Light problem

Since then they have made slides of the Wombeyan Caves, near Goulburn, the Yarrangobilly Caves, in the Snowy Mountains, and scenic views of the Blue Mountains, with additional sales exceeding 11,000.

Warren takes the photographs and arranges for the processing of the slides.

Jeff arranges for the printing of titles and dispatches the slides to retailers. He is also in charge of the firm's electrical equipment.

Warren said there was a ready sale for good color slides because the lighting in most caves was not good enough for tourists to take their own.

To supplement the normal lighting he uses floodlamps and a transformer specially built to maintain a constant power output.

To photograph remote sections of caves the boys lay anything up to 600 feet of heavy-duty flex from the transformer to the site for photography.

The floodlights have inbuilt reflectors and are mounted in metal shields to protect them from water and breakage.

CAVES AND CAMERAS

mean fun and finance



TOP. Checking equipment before they enter one of the Jenolan Caves are, from left, Jeff Hinwood, Glen Chandler, and Warren Peck — all SUSS members.

ABOVE. Glen (left) and Jeff begin the walk through the Imperial Cave passage, at Jenolan. Jeff is carrying the transformer, which weighs about 60lb.

BELOW, with floodlights ready and camera set on a tripod, Warren uses a light meter before photographing the famous Crystal Cities in the Caves.



D.J. at home

● Dick Clark is a family man who, with his wife, Barbara, and three-year-old son, Dickie, recently moved from a flat in Philadelphia to a large house in nearby Wallingford. Apart from Sundays, the most time they have together is in the morning before Dick starts his busy day.



● Tired of waiting for his father to wake up, Dickie gives him a gentle poke in the ear.



● While Barbara prepares breakfast, Dick helps by giving his son a drink of milk in the kitchen.



● Busy people need extra vitamins, says Dick. So every morning he issues the daily ration to Barbara.

DICK CLARK MAKES FIRST MOVIE



DICK CLARK with Australia's Victoria Shaw, who stars with him in the movie "Because They're Young."

● Australians will soon be seeing America's best-known and most influential dee jay, Dick Clark, in his first movie, "Because They're Young." And it's all about teenagers.

TWENTY-NINE-YEAR-OLD Dick plays a high-school history teacher who believes in helping his pupils with their problems, both in and out of the classroom.

Considering that in real life he doesn't do a thing on his shows except spin pops and talk, Clark's colleagues view his phenomenal prestige among U.S. teenagers with a mixture of mystification and irritation.

As well as his big Saturday night "Dick Clark Show" and "American Bandstand" (carried by 128 stations five days a week), Dick has a syndicated Sunday newspaper column.

There's a waiting list into next year for tickets to see the Saturday show.

Dick never turns down an autograph request, and signs some 200 pictures a day, six days a week.

"Young adults"

Though he has a pretty big jazz collection of his own, Dick really likes ("any time, any place") the pops he's so influential in making or breaking.

And while he spends most of his waking hours addressing himself to America's biggest teenage audience, he doesn't make excessive use of teenage slang.

"Teenagers think of themselves as young adults, and I speak to them as such," he says.

And he really likes teenagers.

"Practically every Hollywood film portrays teenagers as a bunch of no-good punks," he said. "It's really only a small percentage of youngsters who get into trouble, but they're the ones who give everybody else a bad name."

"Kids are always asking me why they're shown on the screen as hoodlums and uncouth little monsters. They feel it's unfair, and so do I."

Dick's own movie is what he calls "an off-beat teenage picture, that can give teenagers a boost in everyone's eyes—especially their own."

"To leave out problems entirely would be as big a mistake as making everybody a psychological misfit," he said.

"But the young people in the movie, Michael Callan, Tuesday Weld, Warren Berlinger, and Roberta Shaw, all play normal teenagers."

One of Dick's big worries about the movie was whether his fans would want him to kiss Australian Victoria Shaw, who plays a college secretary, and is Dick's romantic interest in the film.

He and his associates thought that his younger fans might still consider that kissing was corny.

Besides, most of them know that Clark is married and he has never once kissed anyone on TV.

Eventually it was decided that as Dick plans to marry Victoria in the movie, a few nice, though not mushy, kisses would be all right.

"I'm supposed to play a nor-

mal male," he said. "And a normal male wouldn't be normal if he didn't do what was normal when romancing a doll like Victoria."

One of the biggest crises in Dick's life developed last year when many disc jockeys were accused of accepting "payola"—bribes for boosting discs into the hit parades.

Survived scandal

When the scandal broke, Dick's legion of teenage fans rallied loyally to their idol and assured the nation he would come out of it O.K.

He did, too, after he'd said he would sell interests in a chain of record companies and music-publishing businesses.

For all his likeable, easy-going personality, Dick has grown into a hot-shot businessman with all the money he has made out of the teenage market.

Though released by Columbia, "Because They're Young" was made by Clark's own company, Drexel Films Corporation, and four more movies are planned—two for Columbia and two for United Artists.

"I'll star in two of them, one for each company," Dick said.

As befitting the man so many teenagers look up to, Clark is active in civic and charitable affairs.

But he always tries to keep Sunday free to spend with his wife, Barbara, the childhood sweetheart he married eight years ago, and their son, Richard Clark II.

LISTEN HERE

—with Ainslie Baker

● America must really like Frankie Davidson's "I Care For You," which had an initial U.S. pressing order of 50,000 discs for distribution throughout the country.

THE huge viewing audience of Dick Clark's "Bandstand" have already heard the song, and will soon be seeing a film made in Melbourne of the 25-year-old red-head putting across his own great tune.

Also to be released soon in the States will be Frank's EP featuring "Detour," "Jezebel," "Three Little Fishes," and "Pennies From Heaven," in which he impersonates Barry Fitzgerald, Jerry Lewis, Billy Eckstine, and Dean Martin.

Frankie has just signed a long-term contract with W. and G., whose talent scout, Ron Tudor, originally discovered him.

The first two singles under the new deal will be simultaneously released in Australia, America, and Europe.

Not bad for a boy who was born in Black Rock, Victoria, and only began singing to amuse his fellow National Servicemen.

Local talent: In honor of June Bronhill's triumphant return to her own country as star of the Sadler's Wells production of "The Merry Widow," M.G.M. has released "Waltzes From Vienna." On this melodious LP of Johann Strauss tunes the former Broken Hill girl is featured in three solos and three duets, sung with American Kevin Scott and John Lawrenson.

GIVEN a few more discs like his Lee Gordon 45 "Sweet Thing" — "I Dig Girls," ex-Sydney butcher-boy 19-year-old Booka Hyland could become quite a figure on the local rock scene. The big beat seems to come naturally to him, but he gives promise of being able to develop some variation.

ANOTHER up-and-coming name on local discs is Johnny Robson, whose second single for Teen, "Pickin' Petals," "I Need Your Lovin' Arms," is now out. This Scots-born boy seems to be working on a relaxed, romantic style that is a little different.

THAT old friend from the "Pub With No Beer" days, Slim Dusty, in "My Home On The Sunburnt Plains" has another that will please those in the prickly-pear belt. The

flip, Don Lawrence's "Whiplash," gives Slim a new, faster rhythm, making this Columbia 45 one of his best.

Pops: Featuring what they call their "Mex-Tex" sound, the youthful American vocal-instrumental group from New Mexico, The Fireballs, prove themselves well up to LP standard on Top Rank's "The Fireballs." Selections include their big U.S. hits "Torquay" and "Bulldog," along with other material that's bright and well handled. Chuck Thorp is the featured vocalist.

AMERICAN Connie Francis seems to have the ability to make just about every song she sings into a big one. "Everybody's Somebody's Fool" (M.G.M. 45) looks like being one of the biggest. A tango-style flip, "Jealous Of You," is doing well on its own account, and makes the disc good buying.

BORROWING a classical melody, Little Anthony and The Imperials give it a twist or two, add a lonely-heart lyric, and the result, "My Empty Room," a hit in the States, could be one here. The quartet of 17-year-olds do "Bayou, Bayou, Baby" as a big-rhythm flip. (Top Rank 45.)

LATELY a number of young singers have been paying tribute to the old country and Western composer-balladists. One of the best of such discs is an R.C.A. LP, "Hank Snow Sings Jimmie Rodgers Songs," made under the direction of Chet Atkins. Snow, whose own hits include "Golden Rocket" and "I'm Movin' On," gives loving interpretation to such compositions of the old master as "You and My Old Guitar," "Travellin' Blues," "One Rose."



Booka Hyland



Frankie Davidson

Hawaiian: The haunting tunes of the South Sea Islands have ebbed and flowed in popularity ever since the 'twenties, and it could be that these island sounds and rhythms are due to make a hit with your crowd. Two recent releases, Capitol's instrumental "Hawaiian Strings" and Festival's vocal "Sing Me a Song of the Islands," cater for any romantic moods. Both are available as monaural or stereo LPs.

Classical: Little-known Beethoven piano compositions, delightfully played by a pianist of sensitivity and style, make Vox's "Beethoven Bagatelles" (LP) a treasure among discs. The pianist is Hungarian George Banhamli.

ONE of the great pianists of this century, Walter Gieseking, illuminates with his devoted artistry 14 piano pieces of Mozart, Chopin, Schumann, Mendelssohn, Grieg, Debussy, Scriabin, and Ravel. "Gieseking Souvenirs" (Columbia LP).

Jazz: British jazzman Mr. Acker Bilk, whose jaunty "Summer Set" recently brought him acclaim after years of comparative obscurity, displays the same effervescence with more traditional material on a Pye LP, "Mr. Acker Bilk Omnibus." With his Paramount Jazz Band, it is nice, easy, anti-long-hair music.

Novelties: Probably you have heard "Mashed Potatoes" a while back. Well, the same original, noisy team, Nat Kendrick and The Swans, have another two-parter — "Dish Rag." It made the Cash Box Top 100 in the States.

A BRIGHT Pye EP of Milton Delugg's links "Ten Little Indian Boys" and "Minnetonka" on one side, with "Dog Of Flanders," featuring narrative-style wools, and a "Sink The Bismarck" beat on the other.

A rocker who makes them laugh

● The rocky road of rock-'n-roll can lead to bigger things. Look at Tommy Steele. And now look at Sydney's Ian Crawford.

THEY'RE both on the way to full-blooded variety entertainment, using the same passport—cockney humor.

Ian, at 20, is younger than the famous Tommy. But in career-pattern terms he's following close behind.

Like Tommy, he has made his name in rock-'n-roll. He's a regular on TV's "Six O'Clock Rock," and he's signed a long-term contract with E.M.I. recordings. In fact, they're sending him on a European tour at the end of the year.

Like Tommy, too, Ian has edged his way into variety entertainment.

He is the new compere and co-director of the TV talent quest "Opportunity Knocks," on Sydney's Channel 9, and he doesn't 'arf knock the audience with his impersonation of a jocular cockney coffee-bar proprietor.

And when he appeared as a rock artist on Desmond Tester's "Channel 9-Pins" he had everyone in stitches with his London jargon and his good old number "Any Old Iron."

He was so good that when Desmond was away from Sydney recently Ian ran the show for him.

But how does the soft-voiced Ian manage to become a convincing cockney? That's easy. He was born one — within the sound of Bow Bells — and migrated from London to Sydney last year.

The thought that he is now acting as a coffee-bar proprietor who gives teenagers a chance to



Ian Crawford

show their singing talent amuses him, for that's exactly how Ian got his chance to try his voice.

It was in London about four years ago at a place called "The Cat's Whisker."

Ian was one of the teenage patrons who had a go at the microphone, and another was a fair, tousle-haired boy named Tommy Steele.

They became friends, and Tommy's subsequent success inspired Ian to follow suit. He was an established entertainer when they met again during Tommy's recent Australian tour.

WORTH HEARING

WILLIAM WALTON: Facade

ALTHOUGH people frequently use the term "serious music" to describe what is not "popular music," it doesn't follow that such music is always serious—or unpopular.

Here is an example of music that is not only humorous but funny enough in places to make you laugh out loud. And unlike a lot of humorous-serious music it stands up to repeated hearings.

Walton, now Sir William Walton and a senior English composer, was a bright young man of 21 when he first wrote "Facade" in 1923, as a suite of satirical musical settings to poems by Edith Sitwell.

The music, written for a sort of jazz band, "took off" various styles of popular music. Later, Walton arranged many of the numbers for full orchestra.

There is a recording of the orchestral version by the Covent Garden Orchestra, conducted by Anatole Fistoulari (R.C.A.).

—Martin Long

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New American

for



● This slick cardigan-type coat interprets the low-waisted look via a back belt. The belt takes a dip below the waistline level. Note short hemline.



● Long jacket-slim skirt twosome (right). The single-breasted jacket is waist-skimming and finished with twin pockets and shirt-cuffed sleeves. The boy cap is currently popular teenage head coverage in the U.S.



● Classic tailored suit (right) is by no means a newcomer to junior fashions, but is re-established this winter as a top seller. The short-cut jacket has just a suggestion of fit.

teenage look

winter suits

● Slimmed-down and trim is the look established by American teenage designers for this year's winter. Fabrics are smooth—and the well-dressed U.S. teenager now wears a hat.



● Winter sum-up of American teenage tailoring is seen (above) in classic boy-tailored city suit made in flannel. A cravat at the neckline and a boy-inspired felt hat complete outfit.

● The appearance of novelty plaids and checks is a dominant theme in junior suit fashions. This suit (left), checked in dark and light grey, has a tailored jacket.

Louise
Hunter

Here's your answer

What can I say?

"MY boy-friend has asked me to stay at his place one weekend, as he stayed at my place once. My mother said I could, but I am shy and worried about what I would say to his parents, because I am likely to say the wrong thing. I know it sounds rather silly, but it is worrying me. Could you please suggest something to say, and help me over my shyness?"

"Shy," W.A.

There is not much point in my saying, "Don't worry," because you will, anyway, but I can tell you one or two things that may lessen your worry.

For a start, your boy-friend's parents won't expect you to keep up an endless flow of conversation. What they will expect from you is good manners and an effort on your part to make the weekend go smoothly. Both these things are easy.

Good manners as a weekend guest include making your bed as soon as you are out of it, leaving the bathroom as you found it, helping with the preparation of meals, or offering to do so, insisting on helping with the washing-up, and being enthusiastic about any entertainment or outings that are suggested.

These are not only good manners, they are also the things that make the weekend go smoothly.

The conversation part is quite easy, too. When you're helping with the washing-up you can talk about how you do it at home; use detergents, do the saucepans with steel wool or some such things; how you like arranging the silver in piles in patterns as you dry it; you can talk about the weather, which is always sure-fire; about knitting, and the garden if they have one; about cooking and how you are learning, and so on.

Only small-talk will be expected of you, and I'm sure you'll be helped over any silent patches, if they occur, by your boy-friend or some member of his family.

Sister trouble

"I AM 14 and get very irritable at times. At home my sisters hardly ever speak to me nicely and we are always fighting. When I go on a holiday without them I am all right and do not get irritable. I get teased about different boys, but I do not like them and it makes me cross every time. Even at school I am teased about different boys. I have tried to control myself, but find it very difficult. Just about every time I talk to my sister my mother jumps down my throat. It is not as though I talk nasty to them, because I do not. When I go to bed at night I lie awake for hours crying because of things they have said to me during the day. When I am older I want to live in another town, because I do not like living in the town where we are. My mother may not let me. I have asked her, but the answer is always 'No.' Can you

tell me the best thing to do, please?"

"Mixed Up," Tas.

Your trouble is growing up, not physically but emotionally. At 14 life is harder than it is at most times. The ease and pleasures of early childhood seem to disappear suddenly, and you are faced with difficulties and emotions that don't behave the way they always have before.

Part of you wants to cling to the safe, secure world of childhood, because your first steps towards leaving it have caused unhappiness. But the other part of you that is making a grown-up out of you urges you on in your struggle towards adult independence. You show this fight towards grown-up maturity in many ways. It brings worries and tears to you, and to your family, too.

You want to be liked because you are a separate individual, not because you are a member of a family. That is why your sisters irritate you and why you fight with them. You want to be nice to them and carry on the old childhood relationship with part of you, and with the other part you want to be yourself. That's what causes those tears in the night. Nothing seems to make you happy.

A WORD FROM DEBBIE



YOUR Christian name is given to you in your baptism, and in some form or other is the label you carry with you always. Mostly your nature gives your name its meaning; if you've known one mean Debbie you probably think I'm awful, but if you've known a nice one, you're inclined to favor me.

Your name is the first thing people know about you. What do you know about it? What does it mean? Debbie means industrious (true only sometimes), Louise is luckier, her name means beautiful, yielding.

But what about you? Is your name here?

Abigail means source of delight; Alexandra, helper of mankind; Amy, greatly loved; Ann, Anne, Anna, and Annabel, gracious; Antoinette, incomparable; Barbara, shy; Belinda, shining bright; Bridget, strong; Cecile, a lover of harmony; Dorothy,

The only good thing about this difficult time of your life, your adolescence, is that you do grow out of it. Your body matures and you learn to deal with it, and your emotions mature, too, and you also learn to deal with them. When you do this you'll find that life in a family is pleasant again and something you'll enjoy until you leave the family roof to earn your living or get married.

Don't expect results too soon. It will take at least a couple of years until you are able to be as you want to be, but every week, indeed every day, the situation becomes easier to bear, easier to deal with, and people get nicer, not nastier.

When you are older you will be able to live where you like, provided you can earn your own living and support yourself in a way that your parents and the Child Welfare Department approve of. Until then you must live at home with your parents. While you do, you must do your best to add to the happiness in it. I know you will as the weeks pass, although it will seem difficult now. Try, anyway.

Don't bother your mother at this stage by asking can you live in another town later on. Legally you couldn't yet, so it's silly to cause scenes about it.

Boy too serious

"I MET a boy at a party several months ago and since then I have been out with him about four times. He has asked me to go out with him many times, but often I couldn't make it. Lately he has become too serious, and this worries me, as I don't want to get serious with him. I enjoy his company, and I think he is a nice boy, but I do not love him. What can I do without hurting him?"

S.M., Vic.

God's gift; Elaine, bright; Enid, self-confident; Genevieve, humble; Helen, light; Judith, praise of the Lord; Kathleen, dear to my heart; Mary, sympathetic; Maisie, a pearl; Mildred, teasing; Nola, noble; Nora, honorable; Pamela, all honey; Xantippe, shrewish.

Meaning of names is a good conversation-starter with boys, too. For instance you're introduced to a gorgeous bit of boy called George, and after the "Hi, George" is over and you're left you just come back smartly and say, "George, aren't I lucky to know you, your name means you'll amass a fortune."

And you can choose an appropriate remark for most names if you know what they mean. Here are some more:

Fred or Frederick means peaceful ruler; Charles, manly; Kim, chief; Kenneth, handsome, quick; Edward, guard; Hugh, Hugo, and Hubert, intellectual; Thomas, good company; William, resolute; David, beloved; Claude, affectionate; Richard or Dick, stern but just; Stephen, loyal; Anthony Antony, Antonio, and Tony, inestimable, incomparable, praiseworthy; Bert, bright; Philip, Phillip, lover of horses; Peter, reliable, dependable, a rock.

I can just hear those remarks: "Why, Hubert, read any good books lately? No? But why? Your name means intellectual."



"If boys whistle at you, do you walk straight on pretending you didn't hear or do you smile politely?"

"Future," N.S.W.

All girls, love it when boys whistle at them. What you do when they do depends on what the boy is like. If he's a dreamboat, smile; if he's not, just walk on.

There is nothing you can do that won't hurt this boy. It's always hurtful romantically when you feel different from the other person involved. I think the best thing you can do is to tell him the exact truth as you have told me, and if he likes to accept the way you feel and still go out, well, that's all right. If he doesn't, he can call the whole thing off.

Broken engagement

"MY daughter has just broken her engagement. They parted through a misunderstanding. They have known each other for years. I would like to know do you think there is any hope of renewing a broken engagement. They have seen one another since and spoken; that is all. These two young people are very fond of each other and nothing would please me more than if they made it up. A lot of things were said when they parted, but I would like someone else's view on making up again."

"Wondering," N.S.W.

This is a very worrying thing, but I'm afraid good mothers just have to watch from the sidelines and try not to worry. If your daughter asks for advice, tell her what you think. That's all you can do.

As to whether or not broken engagements can be mended — that all depends on why they were broken.

I think it's rare for an engagement to be renewed when the decision that the marriage would be a mistake was arrived at after months of thought.

But if the engagement is broken off suddenly over a quarrel or misunderstanding, it sometimes is made up. It generally takes a while because, as you said, so many awful things are said when two people in love quarrel.

They know one another so well that they know exactly what to say to hurt each other most, and in their anger they take a malicious delight in saying them. Sometimes they get over everything and make it up; sometimes they don't.

But a mother's role is to be sympathetic, helpful, and to give advice if it's asked for — it is not to take an active part. If you did, and whatever you did turned out badly, your daughter would never forgive you. Try not to worry about it and let's hope the situation ends up happily.

● Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender is given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.

By CAROL TATTERSFIELD

A teenager who's really on the move

● Do you know anyone who can dance, play the piano and guitar, paint portraits at 40 guineas a time, design her own clothes, and write 120 words a minute on a shorthand machine?

WELL, we do. Her name is Honey Dempster and she does something else without even trying — she looks truly beautiful.

Honey is 19, English, and has lived in Melbourne for the past two years.

The daughter of a British Government official, she was born in Caracas, Venezuela, and has been on the move ever since.

Now she is on her way to Spain.

"I'm rather lazy," she told me just before she left, "so I'm going to Spain to really learn to paint."

"I could do five portraits a week, but I only do two or three, always on commission."

"I learned to paint by watching my father—he's not professional, but he's very good — and later I had a year in art school."

"Then in Melbourne I just started painting some young friends—for fun and a fiver."

"When a lot of others started commissioning portraits I had to put up the price, first to 20 guineas and then to 40."

"I'll have to hurry to get them all finished before I leave."

Honey was enthusiastic about Spain, where she will be the first and only pupil of Alberto Sisquella, who lives in Sitges, near Barcelona.

"My parents had a house next to his for six years," she said. "And he was always drawing me when I was a child."

"But I don't know how long I'll be studying with him. You see, he's very temperamental. He might get fed up with me after three months—or he might spend the time just painting me."

"He's a fascinating old man and he's very well known, but only in art circles. He's rather a recluse—unlike Picasso and Dali."

"I'll be able to meet them if

I want to. Sisquella will arrange it, but he doesn't like them much."

Honey, who has seven half-Spanish cousins in Madrid, will live with Sisquella and his wife while she is in Spain.

Double-jointed

"Apart from painting, I want to learn to sing all the old traditional Catalan songs," she said.

"And I can learn so much from Mrs. Sisquella—how to make those wonderful little honey-and-almond cakes."

"And dancing. I'll learn the flamenco."

She cracked her knuckles and bent her fingers back in an alarming way and said that during her other trips to

Spain she'd already learned to dance the Sardina and Jota—Spanish folk dances.

They were easier than Eastern dances. She bent her hands again to demonstrate how

nearly double-jointed she had become for the traditional Balinese, Indian, and Siamese dances she had learned during her years with her parents in Hongkong, Indo-China, and Malaya.

"Living all over the world," she said, "I became quite a ghastly child and I was sent to boarding-school in England for punishment."

"Bit eccentric"

There Honey studied the piano, the guitar, and ballet dancing for seven years. She resolved to become a professional ballet dancer but changed her mind when she left school and concentrated on the London deb season.

"I think people thought I was a bit eccentric," she said. "I didn't ever care what people thought, though. I used to slide down the bannisters at a ball if I felt in the mood."

"In fact, some people think we're a bit dotty the way the whole family speaks Spanish instead of English at home. But I've been brought up bilingual."

Honey has another "language" at her fingertips, too. "Mother thought I should do something practical," she said, "so I was sent to a school to learn to use a shorthand machine."

HONEY DEMPSTER, in Eastern dress, doing a traditional Burmese dance. She is also an expert on Siamese, Balinese, and Indian dancing. Costume by Motley, Sydney.

"The machine is used for international conferences and law courts, and I learnt to do 120 words a minute and hated it."

So, after getting—and losing—two shorthand jobs, she persuaded her parents to send her to St. Martin's Art School in London for a year—on condition that she did not become a beatnik.

She didn't, but the artistic temperament is very much part of her. I wasn't surprised to learn that she is related to Peter Ustinov and Angela Lansbury.

Honey said that her two years in Australia had changed her. "I used to be a drawing-room type," she said. "Now I can even water-ski."

"I like fashion, though. I design my own clothes, and love feminine silk fashions."

And what else? Honey looked into space. "I want to get a book on Yoga and practise it for relaxation. You know, you can find time for anything if you really want to learn."



PORTRAIT-PAINTING was Honey's main source of income in Australia. In two years her fee rose from £5 to 40 guineas.

OTHER BOYS' JOBS



MAKING-UP a page of a magazine, Graham scrapes loose metal from the corners of type set on a lino-type machine.

NEW SKIN CARE FOR TEENAGERS



NEW TREATMENT SUCCEEDS WHERE OTHERS FAIL

Young people are usually subject to simple skin rashes, particularly when they reach adolescence. To a teenager (like the one pictured above) this was an embarrassment. She tried almost everything — and finally Valderma Balm, which cleared her skin completely in about a week. **AT THE FIRST SIGN** of a skin rash do not hide it with heavy make-up. Instead, apply Valderma Balm — a new, double antiseptic treatment which will immediately soothe the irritation and inflammation. Valderma

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SPEED IS IMPORTANT. Treat a skin rash the instant it appears and it can be dispersed fast. You should never be without a tube of Valderma Balm in your handbag ready for 'on the spot' use. It works wonders with Eczema, rashes and other common skin troubles. Good for cuts and grazes, too. Valderma Balm at Chemists: Tubes 3/-. Jars 4/-. **VALDERMA BALM for quick relief**

Champion all set to be a printer

By Patricia O'Connell

● Wearing a grey dust-coat, 18-year-old Graham Foster spends his days around the bull-ring of a city newspaper office; most nights, changed into blue silk shorts, he spends in a boxing ring.

FOR Graham is an apprentice compositor who is Australia's amateur lightweight boxing champion.

He won the championship last November, when he beat Victorian Joe Rossi, but he won't be going to the Olympic Games.

Sydney Prior won the Olympic Trials and when Graham and Joe Rossi challenged, they fought it out first — with Rossi beating Graham. Then Prior beat Rossi and so clinched his Olympic selection.

So Graham has decided that his future lies in the bull-ring rather than the boxing ring.

Bull-ring? It's the area of a printing office where last-minute adjustments are made to pages of type before they go to press.

Graham is apprenticed to a Sydney newspaper company.

As part of his five-year apprenticeship he is doing a four-year course in the School of Graphic Arts at the Ultimo Technical College.

The Intermediate Certificate isn't compulsory for would-be compositors, so Graham did a spelling test set by the newspaper's personnel officer, passed it, and was recommended to the apprenticeship board.

In third year

He was taken on for a probationary period of three months to see how he made out, then signed his papers and was officially apprenticed nearly three years ago.

Graham began by learning to recognise the different sizes and styles of type faces. From there he went on to collating, correcting, and making-up type.

When an article or news story is received in the composing-room, it is split up into sections according to the different types in which it is to be set.

These sections go to the appropriate linotype and other typesetting machines, and, when set, the type is placed on a bench called the "bulk."

Here the type is collated, or assembled, into its proper order from the heading to the last full stop, and a proof is pulled.

When the proof is corrected, the



new lines of type are set and the incorrect lines replaced by the correct ones.

To do this accurately Graham had to learn to read type — and if you think that is easy, just hold up this page in front of a mirror and see how well you can read its reflection.

When corrected, the type is taken to a metal table on which rests a metal frame, or forme, a little bigger than the page being prepared.

Making-up is the job of assembling the type inside the frame according to a layout supplied by the editorial department. When the page is complete it is sent to the bull-ring for final corrections before going to the machine-room for printing.

Graham can already operate the simple type-setting machines where the letters are assembled by hand before being cast into type.

But he will not start on the complicated linotype, which has a keyboard like a typewriter, until the last year of his apprenticeship.

To learn all these different phases of a compositor's job, Graham works with a tradesman, who supervises his work and shows him the tricks of the trade.

All this practical work in the composing-room is done in conjunction with Graham's course at the Tech., where he studies eight hours every week.

He had to do a vocational-guidance test before enrolling at Tech., then started by learning the proper spacing between letters, words, and lines.

After studying the basic theories of printing the class went on to do simple color work and eventually to jobs using up to four colors.

OPERATING a type-setting machine is Graham Foster, Australian amateur lightweight boxing champion.

At present he's doing four hours' practical work, such as setting type on a hand-setting machine, and four hours' theory — including layout and design, English, and trade calculations.

At Tech. he has to pass monthly, half-yearly, and yearly exams — practical as well as theory.

Earns £10/15/-

"After I've finished my time, I'd like to do 12 months or so in a jobbing house," he said. "You do anything there—labels, paper-back books, wedding invitations, posters, circulars, color brochures, newspapers — any printing at all. That would be good experience."

"The money's pretty good, too. A first-year apprentice gets about £5/18/-. I get £10/15/- in third year, and a qualified tradesman gets a minimum of £22/2/-."

Away from the composing-room, boxing takes up most of Graham's time.

He started off in the Penrith Boys' Club, near his home, then boxed for two years at the Parramatta Police Boys' Club.

He's fought in Albury, Kingaroy, Brisbane, Wagga, Wollongong, and New Zealand, as well as in Sydney.

After missing a place in the Olympic team, Graham has not yet decided whether to defend his Australian title at the end of this year.

"I'm still pretty keen though," he said. "What I'd really like to do is coach some of the kids at the Police Boys' Club."

COLOR FOR HAIR THAT IS DRAB

By Carolyn Earle

● When should a teenager take to coloring her hair? **NOT** often, and **NOT** permanently!

THE effects of amateur home hair-bleaching on any head are disastrous, but for a teen doubly so. To be a believable and pretty blonde, a teen would need lots of time and lots of money to spend in a professional salon.

But with a good temporary color hair rinse a teen can achieve a very pretty effect for a special occasion and can, in the process, give her hair some helpful conditioning, too.

It's fun to change, but teens should always try to stay within the subtle color tones of their own basic normal hair color.

With a temporary color rinse, a teen can splurge on a new hair color for her current best beau and wash them both right out of her hair with the next shampoo. See how easy it is.

BEFORE. What's a teen to do with untidy, unruly hair that's dull, dull, dull? Bleach it with a home brew of peroxide and ammonia? Never! Matters would be worse than ever in no time. Instead, try a gentle temporary color rinse to highlight and condition hair.



THE RESULT of a temporary, harmless color rinse—shining, lustrous crop of easy-to-manage hair—delights this smiling teenager, who is all dressed up for a big date. There's a wide choice of lighter or darker shades for any girl who wants to be rid of drab hair color. Compare this effect with the "before" picture, below left.



STEP ONE. A shampoo, of course. Use a good shampoo and be sure to rinse hair very well indeed. Prepare the temporary color hair rinse as directed on the package and pour over the head. Then rinse lightly with warm water to remove excess color, or treat as directed.



STEP TWO. Pat hair dry with towel. Temporary rinses require no waiting time to "take" and the new highlights are there right away. When hair is dry enough to set, you're on your way to sparkling new coif with a prettier tone and sheen. You can lighten or darken, as you choose.



**A GUY is
s-hopping
mad with**

THE MERCHANT OF MENACE

● Over the door of pretty well every store staffed with girls should be inscribed the warning: "Abandon hope all ye (males) who enter here."

FOR on trips boys make to femmeporiums — oh, brother! — nobody knows the trouble they see.

There is a deliberate conspiracy among salesgirls against male customers. Perhaps the reason is that boys, because of their superior business sense, make salesgirls' jobs harder.

The girls resent male customers' sales resistance.

Anyway, I've done a bit of counter espionage on the subject and here now are some of the ways salesgirls ring up "no sale" in popularity.

A common annoying occurrence, which I put down to loyalty among

ladies, is favoritism in serving customers.

A feller can stand for an hour waiting to be served while scores of females, ranging from old biddies to bright young things, get attention.

Have "ladies before gentlemen" within reason, by all means. But this is going too far.

And what an unfair shake we blokes get when we make those odd visits to women's-wear shops (to buy presents and so on).

As soon as a boy enters a girls' glove department the counter-jumperette puts on the (boxing) gloves.

From the way he's greeted and treated you'd never know that the customer is always right.

The patronising air is the first barrier a bloke strikes in a belles' bazaar.

"Can I help you?" the girl says. But what she means is, "Hello, sucker. This is a woman's world here."

Then she tries to put him off balance by getting technical.

All he wants is, say, a pair of stockings. Now this is a simple purchase and he should be home and hosed, literally.

But (you'll forgive me for using a laddered pun twice) while a hose by any other name would smell as sweet, as the old saying nearly goes, the salesgirl tries to bamboozle him with nonsense about denier, seamless (these, apparently, are stockings that aren't all they seem!), color, and all that jazz.

Or else he wants to buy an ordinary jumper for his lass.

All he wants the salesgirl to do is to whip out a selection of woolies for him to say, "That one," and toddle off. But is it as easy as that? Not on your sales docket!

Some bulky nitwit feeds him a line about the problems of bulky-knit and basque.

The end, however, is, of course, when a bloke tries to buy—blush!—unmentionables. There, I've said it!

There's many a slip 'twixt a slip and a sales slip!

Usually it's no laughing matter—because it is a laughing matter!

I'll never understand why the situation of a male purchasing a petticoat can send a salesgirl into a fit of the giggles or, at least, a smirk.

All this never happens, of course, to the girl who buys a boy a gift in a men's-wear shop.

For the way girls dress today—pants, sloppy jumpers, desert boots, etc.—it must be darned hard for a salesman to tell who's who and what's what!

I don't quite know what we males can do about the problem.

Perhaps the best idea is for girl-staffed stores to issue lists (I'd call them cat-alogues) to males for ordering by post.

This might be a great new development in trading.

We could call it the male-order business.

—Robin Adair

POINTS OF ETIQUETTE

Informal courtesy



THOUGHTFUL PAIR suggest to the girl they'll be leaving alone that she go with them to join another group before they begin to dance.

● A neighborhood "informal" isn't exactly a big social deal, but you'd be surprised how many opportunities it provides for you to show off your manners.



INFURIATING BOYS, turning their backs on the girls, proceed to do just what the girls hate most—talk together about cars, sport.



WISE BOY, rather than risk the chance of a rebuff, finds someone to introduce him to the girl he wants to dance with.



CONSIDERATE ESCORT waits for the girl while she leaves her coat, instead of just mooching off and getting lost among all the other boys.



WELL-MANNERED BOY doesn't just leave his partner stranded in the centre of the floor when the music ends, but walks her back to her seat.



FOOLISH GIRLS do just what the boys hate most, chat and giggle with each other instead of paying attention to their partners.



NICE GIRL asks the boy who brought her, "Do you mind?" before dancing with someone else. Photographed at the North Sydney Police Boys' Club.



ment to The Australian Women's Weekly — July 13, 1961

By **LEILA C. HOWARD,**
Our Food and Cookery
Expert

LOBSTER NEWBURG

Two cups lobster meat cut into neat pieces, 1 tablespoon butter, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sherry, salt, cayenne pepper, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon dry mustard, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cream or evaporated milk, 3 egg-yolks, pinch nutmeg, pinch grated lemon rind.

Melt butter, add lobster and saute 3 minutes. Stir in sherry, cook 1 minute longer. Add salt, pepper, mustard, cream or evaporated milk, and beaten egg-yolks. Heat carefully until slightly thickened, but do not allow to boil, or to remain over heat too long, because mixture curdles easily. Add lemon rind and nutmeg, serve at once on toast or in pastry cases.

DEBBIE'S CHOCOLATE PUDDING

Two ounces butter or substitute, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, 1 egg, 1 cup self-raising flour, 2 dessertspoons cocoa, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk, vanilla, extra $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar and 2 dessertspoons cocoa, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups hot water.

Cream the butter or substitute with sugar and vanilla until light and fluffy, add unbeaten egg, and mix well. Fold in sifted flour and cocoa alternately with milk. Place mixture into greased ovenproof dish, sprinkle over the extra sugar and cocoa mixed together. Finally pour the hot water over very gently. Bake in a moderate oven 35 to 40 minutes.

GINGER BEER

Ginger Beer Plant: Mix together 1 cup sugar, 1 tablespoon ground ginger, juice 2 lemons, and 1 quart of water. Keep covered, allow to stand 3 days. Then pour off nearly all the liquid and feed the plant daily for 7 days with 1 large teaspoon sugar and 1 level teaspoon ground ginger. It can be used after 4 days.

To make Ginger Beer: Put 5 cups sugar and 5 cups boiling water into vessel large enough to hold all ingredients (china or earthenware is best). Stir with wooden spoon until sugar has dissolved. Add 1 large cup of strained lemon juice and scant pint of ginger plant. After thoroughly stirring, add 1 dessertspoon ginger and 10 quarts cold water. Stir well, cover, stir well again in about 2 hours, cover, stand 24 hours without moving. Strain all clear liquid through muslin, bottle, cork, use in 3 days. Put sediment back into jug or jar, cover. Feed daily as directed with 1 level teaspoon each of ginger and sugar. Keep covered.

Makes 10 to 18 quart bottles filled below neck.

Ginger beer can be made from this plant many times.

FRIED RICE MEDLEY

One pound rice, 6 to 7 cups stock (made from strained vegetable noodle soup or concentrated meat or chicken extract or bouillon cubes and water), 3 tablespoons oil or good shortening, 1lb. prawns (shelled), $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. bacon, 1 cup diced shallots, 3 eggs, salt, pepper.

Heat oil in heavy pan, add rice. Cook over quick fire, stirring all the time until all rice grains are coated with oil and turn golden brown in color. Turn the rice into a baking-dish or shallow casserole and pour over the stock. Place in moderate oven and cook, stirring occasionally until all liquid has been absorbed (it should take about 30 minutes). Prepare flavoring ingredients. Cut shallots into small pieces and fry lightly until soft, cook bacon and cut into dice. Lightly beat eggs and fry until set, turn out and chop roughly. Add prawns to the cooked rice with bacon, eggs, etc. Stir until well mixed, season, return to a moderate oven to reheat. If prepared in advance, replace in heated oven $\frac{1}{2}$ hour before required. Serve with prawn-flavored crisps.

RUM BALLS

Eight ounces stale sponge or plain cake-crumbs, 3oz. ground almonds, 3oz. chopped walnuts, 6oz. castor sugar, 1 tablespoon rum, 3 tablespoons strained apricot jelly (made by heating 2 tablespoons apricot jam with 2 tablespoons water and 1 tablespoon lemon juice until well mixed together), chocolate icing, 1 packet chocolate nonpareils, 1 cup toasted coconut.

Mix crumbs, nuts, and sugar together, add rum, apricot jelly; mix well. Shape into small balls with the hands; chill 3 hours. Coat with thin chocolate icing and roll in chocolate nonpareils or toasted coconut.

STEAK DIANE

One and a half pounds best quality fillet steak cut very thin, 1 to 2 tablespoons butter, 1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 clove garlic peeled and cut into 4, parsley.

Pound the fillet with steak mallet or rolling-pin until thin and flat. Melt the butter in heavy pan; when bubbling, add Worcestershire sauce, then reduce heat and cook 1 minute. Now add the steak and cook quickly about 1 minute on each side. Throw garlic into pan, toss round lightly half a minute, then remove garlic and serve steak at once on a heated platter topped with the sauce mixture, and chopped parsley.



SOME OF THE RECIPES which have been requested many times by our readers are illustrated above. They are Italian-style spaghetti bolognese, festive chocolate cake flavored with fruit and rum, luscious lemon chiffon pie, and a special-occasion favorite, chicken and almonds. See recipes in this section.

A special apple pie

● The prizewinning recipe this week is a new variation of the old favorite — apple pie.

IN this recipe the ground almonds and sugar are combined and sprinkled over the base and on top of the apple before baking. This provides an unusual flavor that should appeal to all.

A consolation prize of £1 is awarded to a lunchbox special — Honey Meal Cake. All spoon measurements are level.

HUNGARIAN APPLE PIE. One pound apples, or 2 to 3 cups apple pulp, 9oz. flour, salt, 6oz. butter or substitute, 1 egg-yolk, 3 to 4 tablespoons sour cream or milk, 2oz.

ground almonds, 2oz. sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup strawberry jam, 1 egg-white, water and sugar for glazing, whipped cream.

Stew apples in usual way. Sieve flour and salt into basin, rub in butter or substitute until mixture resembles fine breadcrumbs. Mix to a dough with egg-yolk and sour cream or milk. Knead on lightly floured board and put aside in cool place 30 minutes. Mix ground almonds with sugar. Line a 9in. pie-plate with half the pastry, prick base of pastry with a fork, bake 10 minutes in a hot oven. Remove and spread pastry with strawberry jam and sprinkle with half almond and sugar mixture. Fold stiffly beaten egg-white into stewed apples, spoon into pie, sprinkle with the remainder of almond and sugar mixture, cover with remaining pastry, and glaze with water, sprinkle with sugar, make a few slits on top of pie, bake in a hot oven until lightly brown (approx. 30 minutes), cool, and top with whipped cream.

First prize of £5 to Mrs. A. Campbell, 61 Vicki St., Forest Hill, Vic.

HONEY MEAL CAKE

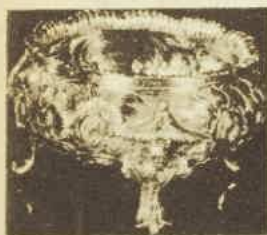
Four ounces butter or substitute, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup brown sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup candied honey, 1 table-



LUSCIOUS Hungarian Apple Pie glazed with cold water and sprinkled generously with sugar before baking will provide a hearty winter dessert served with whipped cream. See recipe this page.

Collectors' Corner

MANY readers ask us for information about antiques or old objects in their possession, so we asked Mr. Stanley Lipscombe, Sydney authority on antiques, to answer these questions.



"Could you please tell me when this salt cellar was made? It has a charming Chinese design and three claw feet and measures about 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. wide."—Mrs. R. Mortimer, Bankstown, N.S.W.

It is sterling silver made in London in 1836.

If you would like information about antiques, please send a photograph of the object with a description, a drawing of any markings, and a stamped, self-addressed envelope for return of unused pictures to: "Collectors' Corner," G.P.O. Box 4088, Sydney, N.S.W. Articles will not be evaluated.

FAMILY DISH

● Banana flavor is always popular, and baked banana pudding, served hot with custard, will be a favorite. The sweet costs approximately 3/3 and serves 4 or 5.

BAKED BANANA PUDDING

Two ounces good shortening, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 large egg or 2 small ones, 4oz. self-raising flour, 2 medium-sized bananas, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon bicarbonate soda, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk, lemon butter.

Cream shortening thoroughly with sugar and lemon rind. Add unbeaten egg, or eggs, mix thoroughly. Fold in mashed bananas, then soda, dissolved in milk. Then fold in flour, which has been sifted twice. Turn into greased tin or ovenware dish, bake in moderate oven 30 to 40 minutes. Cut into wedges or squares for serving, topping each portion with a spoonful of lemon butter. Serve hot with custard or cream.

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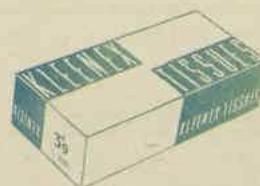
says Bunty Turner...
star of "My Fair Lady"



Heavy, theatrical make-up to be removed after six evening performances and two matinees each week. When this goes on for month after month during a long run, the skin must feel the strain. That is why every actress (and actor) blesses Kleenex. It is so gentle and strong that it makes the removal of make-up easier and faster.

Even kiss-proof lipstick—eye shadow . . . a heavy night-time make-up that has been "on" for hours in a hot ballroom . . . all are quickly wiped off by Kleenex. Softest Kleenex is so absorbent, so gentle . . . it makes that "last thing at night" face cleaning less of a task. Oh! The joy of waking up with a thoroughly cleaned skin after a late, late evening!

Saves unpleasant hankie wash . . . especially with sneezes! Lint-free and soothing for hay fever, asthma and sinus sufferers. There's 1001 uses for Softest Kleenex tissues!



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Miss Bunty Turner's "My Fair Lady" dressing table is of warm brown mahogany. The small, jewel-studded French perfume flacons were a "find" in Chelsea. Always there is a box of extra-soft Kleenex tissues in pink, to care for this exquisite English complexion.



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A fresh Kleenex for
every blast—makes the
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Page 35

What will you
crochet
next?



The exciting new Paragon book of Pineapple designs is printed in full colour and gives easy-to-follow instructions for eleven designs. Crochet in colour is high-fashion for the home... you'll love the light, pure colours suggested, all available in COATS range of fast-dyed Mercer Crochet. Coats Mercer Crochet is the strong, smooth-working cotton that really does give best results; try it for knitting and tatting, too! If you're a beginner, the "Learn to Crochet" booklet will show you how, step by step.



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Dr. Scholl's ZINO-PADS

Pregnancy Calendar

● This month-by-month calendar is designed to help women understand the course of pregnancy. Ignorance can cause needless worry. The calendar should not be taken too literally, but rather as a guide to what can be expected; for there is no such thing as an "average" pregnancy, an "average" baby, or "average" woman.

You may be like some women, who claim to "know" they're pregnant even before they miss a period. More likely, the missed period will be the first sign; by then, the fertilised ovum has been growing for about two weeks, is about pin-head size. You're sleepy, may be dizzy, urinate frequently. Your breasts are enlarged, may be sore, and the nipples are darker in color. A few women have nausea; a few have more saliva than usual. At implantation, there may be slight bleeding which can fool you into thinking you've had a period. A missed period means it's time to decide which doctor you'll call next month at this time.

1

Baby was once an egg (ovum) the size of a grain of sand. At conception, the father's sperm decided its sex. Inherited characteristics, like hair and eye color, were settled then, too. Baby's housing until birth is called the amniotic sac. This oval sac, double-membraned, is filled with fluid to protect baby from temperature changes and bumps. It takes about 2 weeks for the egg to "implant" itself in the uterus. The uterus wall thickens and a meshlike placenta forms between it and the baby. This "network" is baby's nourishment. After 28 days, the fertilised egg (embryo) could be seen without microscope, is about 1/4 inch.

You see your doctor right after second missed period. After 2 missed periods, diagnosis is easier than after 1. Doctor examines you internally, gives you Wasserman and Rh tests and blood count, takes pelvic measurements, weighs you, takes urine specimen. He may suggest diet, prescribe diet supplements. When he confirms pregnancy, immediately call dentist for tooth check-up. Your breasts are larger; you're sleepier. If nauseous in morning, sip juice or munch dry cracker before getting up; if nausea is bad, tell doctor. If discharge is heavy, get advice from doctor.

2

Baby after 8 weeks is a sac of cells. His eyes, ears, and tiny "buds" for arms and legs are developing; the heart is beating (though undetectable, even with stethoscope); the blood is circulating; the backbone and muscles are forming. He's about an inch long; his head is very large for his body. The growing placenta transfers nourishment from your blood stream to his, and waste from his to yours through the umbilical cord, which is lengthening. Sex can't be determined by naked eye, although organs are there. He begins to move, but you can't feel movements yet.



You may have a "tummy," but it's visible only to you. The doctor detects pregnancy with accuracy at 10 weeks; your uterus is swollen, tissues in the vagina have turned from pink to blue, the mouth of the uterus (cervix) is softer than before pregnancy. This month you may feel temporarily depressed, weepy, out of sorts, due to glandular changes. If legs swell, your doctor may suggest cutting down on salt; don't unless he suggests it. You may have weird food cravings at this time. They're rare, but possible, and don't affect baby.



3 Baby

at 12 weeks is about 3 inches, weighs 1 ounce; your uterus stretches as he grows. He has a big head, pot belly, but has lost tail. Eyes, nose, mouth, fingers, and toes have formed, and sex is defined. During first 3 months of pregnancy, miscarriages are more likely than later (doctors call them "spontaneous abortions" when they happen this early). That's why doctor cautions against strenuous lifting, straining. A miscarriage now probably means there was some sort of defect in the original cell; look on it as a mercy, discuss next pregnancy with doctor.

You aren't as tired, depression is vanishing, and you have energy and a glow again. You'll gain weight now; follow doctor's diet. Pregnancy will soon be obvious. If you work, ask doctor how long may you continue. Doctor may prescribe exercises; he'll continue regular urinalyses (kidneys and liver have double burden); if Rh-negative, you'll have extra blood tests. In city, it is time to make hospital reservation. Shop now for maternity clothes to have when you need them. Ask doctor about girdle; he may recommend one now. And you may need a maternity bra to give your heavier breasts support from shoulders.

4



Baby has teeth forming in his gums; nails are beginning to grow, and his nose has a bridge. He's about 8 inches long, and $\frac{1}{2}$ pound, completely filling pelvic cavity. His rapid growth means your diet is important; he needs plenty of nourishment (not more food for you, just good food). Eyebrows and lashes start growing now, and the skin is covered with a fine down, lost later. Recent developments, not in general use, make possible the recording of heartbeats at 16 weeks as help in diagnosing twins. X-rays show bone structure, also confirm diagnosis of twins, but doctors caution about unnecessary X-rays during pregnancy.

You see the doctor every 2 weeks now. About this time, he'll suggest switching from tub to shower baths, may ask you to stop driving alone or at night. Your breasts may start to secrete a yellowish fluid (colostrum) now. You may have "hot flushes." If the baby has long periods of inactivity at this point, there is not necessarily cause for alarm. If your feet and legs swell, elevate them. Numbness and leg cramps are common now but are not significant.



7



Baby is 14 inches, weighs 2 pounds. If it were born at this point, it might live, although it needs to gain weight, and is very wrinkled. In the last 3 months it adds layers of fat, so takes more nourishment from you. At this point the baby will usually take one position, head up or down, and remain that way until birth. As the baby gets bigger and bigger, the uterus pushes against your diaphragm, and you get breathy. Taking little short breaths instead of big gulps helps. Or, lie down, hold hands over your head to make room for deeper breathing.

You are really in stride now. You're wearing maternity clothes, and sensible shoes. Little pink lines (striae) may appear on your abdomen as skin stretches. Creaming with lotion doesn't remove them, but softens skin, gives it greater elasticity to prevent deep marks. You may have a vertical "dividing" line from umbilicus to vagina, where skin stretches. If constipation is a problem, consult doctor; don't take medication without his advice. Sleeping with pillow under knees or with feet elevated helps relieve strain on stretching muscles, skin.



5



Baby

moves vigorously now; you feel flutters, twitches and strange little movements that get progressively stronger. This exercising helps prepare baby for ordeal of birth. A protective, buttery layer (vernix caseosa) is forming on its skin. When born, baby will still have this. Because it nourishes skin, some doctors let it wear off naturally. Baby's nails are still growing, teeth are hardening, and hair is developing. Doctor can hear a faint heartbeat through stethoscope. Pelvis isn't roomy enough now; uterus is pushing into abdomen, at umbilicus.

You sleep more comfortably on your side now, sit better in a straight chair. Leg and foot cramps are common, not serious. Knead your leg where muscle is cramped. Striae on breasts and abdomen are more prominent; they will fade after baby's birth. You start getting the nursery-ready now, shop for baby equipment. Older children (over 5) may be ready to hear about the new baby now. If this is your first baby, you may want to visit the hospital to familiarise yourself with the layout, atmosphere.

6



Baby

is 12 inches long, weighs about $1\frac{1}{2}$ pounds and now is pushing farther into your abdomen. The buds for permanent teeth begin to show. More marvellous, by now it has fingerprints, the unique identification belonging just to this baby, and no other. About this time you'll begin creating a real personality for your baby, based mainly on the timing and strength of its movements, which can be startlingly strong. Baby turns often, from side to side, head up or down. He also has quiet periods — but not always when you need yours.



You suddenly have lots to do. Pack 2 bags. One, you take to the hospital (sanitary belt, toilet articles, robe, slippers, nightgowns, bedjacket, clock); the other, your husband brings when it's time to take the baby home (diapers, pins, shirt, kimono, two blankets, bunting in cold weather, sterile jar for formula). Most doctors caution against travelling more than 50 miles from home. If you will nurse your baby, doctor may advise preparing breasts by creaming them, gently pulling out nipples that, in some cases, may be retracted.

8



Baby is getting stronger every day, adding fat, and would have a good chance to live if born at this point, being about 18 inches long, and weighing 5 pounds. Sometime soon you will feel "lightening" or "quickening" — you'll be less breathy because the baby won't be pushing against your diaphragm. The baby has turned in the womb in preparation for birth. The process makes the last days easier for you. If your baby is a boy, the eighth month marks the time when testes descend into the scrotum. Kicking lessens after baby turns; pressure causes you to urinate more often.



9



Baby has a birthday some time this month, and if you think you're excited, imagine what the impact of birth must be like for your tiny youngster. The "lightening" process has turned the baby to birth position, engaged its head for passage out of your body. The "average" (to use an inexact term) baby is about 20 inches long, has dark slate-color eyes, is pink and chubby (or red and wrinkled, in some cases). It started from one egg, one sperm, which made one cell. Now, 9 months later, it is a complex, complicated, individual being — and the baby you've waited for eagerly all this time.



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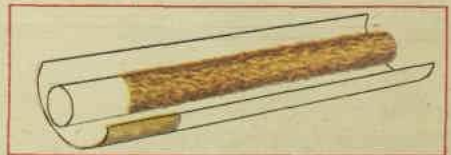
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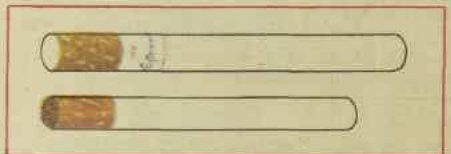
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ROTHMANS KING SIZE REALLY SATISFIES

Page 38

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — July 13, 1960

THE GIFTED ADOLESCENT

● Teenagers resent being lumped together under such catchphrases as "crazy mixed-up kids" and "potential juvenile delinquents." They feel insulted.

PARENTS who use these fashionable — but unfair — tags can therefore expect rifts with their intelligent teenage children.

The truth is that gifted adolescents like to attain individuality.

One said, "We are quite different from each other, and why not accept it?" Another "I do not want to be one of the bunch . . . I just want to be different."

Sometimes adults are too ready to criticise the immaturity of adolescents.

They forget that a large number of teenagers are more intelligent, more capable of making and carrying out plans, and more emotionally mature than some of their parents and teachers.

A teenage girl explained why some teenagers don't confide in their parents.

"A teenager may feel that his parents and teachers do not understand his problems, and that their advice would be completely useless . . .

"If parents and teachers really made an increased effort to understand the youth of today they would build up an atmosphere where a boy or girl felt he would really receive good advice.

"There would be less tension between adult and child."

It is not easy for psychiatrists and teachers to lay down hard and fast rules as to how parents should treat gifted, growing teenagers.

Supervision is necessary, of

course, but it should be used in moderation.

Adolescents are at a period when they want to be on their own, to get ahead under their own steam, and yet be able to fall back on the comforting atmosphere of home life and high behaviour standards set by their parents.

They need parents who will stand by them through thick and thin — and yet let them have enough rope to grow up as well.

Home, school, community, national and world conditions all contribute to the development of young people.

Without the right controls gifted adolescents may become caught in a whirlpool of irresponsible behaviour.

Accidents happen. Tragedies occur. All the beauty, vivacity, and brilliance of a young life may be snuffed out as a result of a single wild party.

Tragedy of this kind often has a sobering effect. A code of behaviour may be worked out, including bans on parties lasting beyond an agreed hour, on alcoholic drinks, fast driving, and so on.

"Puppy" vanity

Intelligent teenagers are likely to live up to such a code, especially if they have had a hand in drafting it, thrashing out each point with parents and teachers.

It is characteristic of teenagers to be interested in themselves.

Apart from academic learn-

ing, they want to know such things as how to make themselves attractive; how to handle boy-girl relations; what to think about love and marriage; what to choose for a career.

Though the gifted children mature earlier than the average, they are not free from worry about physical appearance. Quite the reverse.

Some think they are too short or too tall, too fat or too thin. Some are worried about acne and oily hair.

Even a dishevelled appear-

The last of four articles on gifted children by DR. RUTH STRANG

ance, when such an appearance is in vogue, requires attention if one is to get just the right effect.

The way an adolescent views himself is more important than the way he looks to adults.

His self-image is not necessarily the one he sees in the mirror, but is a complex entity built from the responses and expectations of people who are important to him.

Parents sometimes overdo their efforts to prevent a teenager from becoming vain or over-conscious of his physical appearance. They forget he is going through a phase.

Friends are very important to teenagers. They become alarmed at the prospect of losing friends or of not making friends in the first place.

When an adolescent has a problem, a real chum is often more helpful to him than his parents.

A teenage girl said: "When I have a real problem I cannot talk it over with my mother or father. But I can talk it over with my girl-friend or her mother."

Gifted adolescents "grow up" mentally earlier than the average teenager.

Friendships formed in late adolescence, and careers decided upon, often last a lifetime. Boy-girl relationships established in the teens often lead to marriage.

A study over thirty years showed that most children recognised as being gifted proved successful in their adult careers.

In school gifted teenagers need opportunities to carry on independent work in the classroom, library, or laboratory. They also need stimulating small-group work and interesting projects.

Above all, they need the right teachers.

One teenager wrote: "Give us bright, interested teachers for bright, interested students — teachers who know their subject, allow time for discussion, use diversified methods of teaching, and have a flexible plan with occasional surprises."

Because so many capable teenagers waste their time, it may be asked, "When bright students can learn so fast, why don't they?"

The reasons are many and complex, and include rebel-

lion against a parent's unreasonable insistence on excellence or, at the other extreme, parental indifference.

It is remarkable that so many gifted adolescents are interested in scholarship and do want to use their imagination and intelligence to the full, despite distractions.

According to an expert, bright, high-achieving adolescents, as a group, come from homes that are culturally more stimulating than the homes of bright "low-achievers."

"Wise guys"

The homes of the "high achievers" have more sharing of ideas, more family group activity, and more definite planning for development of members of the family.

The "under-achiever" among teenagers usually does not realise his own gifts. He needs a vision of what he could become, if he wanted to. He needs prodding along.

But some adolescents are "over-achievers" — they achieve more than their talents warrant.

These are usually the ones driven on and on by mother and father.

They are expected to spend all their time studying.

And they usually show a great deal of tension and nervousness.

They also have an exalted idea of themselves — and some develop a "wise guy" attitude, while others are very intolerant and disparaging of fellow students.

(C. 1960 by Ruth Strang. From the new book, "Helping Your Gifted Child," by Ruth Strang, Ph.D., published by E. P. Dutton and Co., Inc., New York.)



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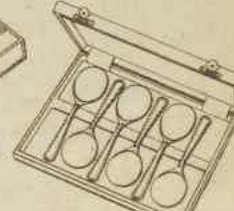
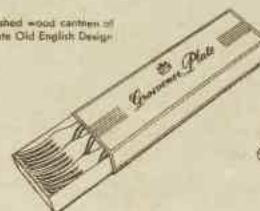
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"BANKSIA," the home of Mr. and Mrs. L. Le Guay at Double Bay, N.S.W., photographed at night. The house is more than 100 years old, and is near the sea at Double Bay. The large area of land which once surrounded the old house has been whittled away by taxes.

AUSTRALIAN

HOMES

"BANKSIA," the home of Mr. and Mrs. Laurence Le Guay and their small daughters, Melanie and Candy, at Double Bay, N.S.W., is more than 100 years old. It was built in the early 1850s by Joseph Trickett, Master of the Royal Mint.

"Banksia" was sold to the Hon. Philip Gidley King, son of Captain Phillip Parker King and grandson of Governor King, in the mid-'sixties.

The Kings used it as a town house and spent most of their time at "Goonoo Goonoo," Tamworth, N.S.W., where Philip Gidley King was general superintendent of the English Peel River Land and Mineral Company.

The last member of the family to live at "Banksia" was Mrs. George Bartholomew Gidley King, widow of the Hon. Philip's son.

In the 1930s Mrs. Le Guay's grandmother, Mrs. Charles Young, moved there from Bowral, N.S.W. Mr. Le Guay, a well-known Sydney photographer, bought it after her death.

BELOW: A photographic mural of an old Venetian etching dominates one wall of the gracious panelled dining-room at "Banksia." When many of the old houses in Phillip Street, Sydney, were pulled down the Le Guays bought stairways and doors, restoring much of "Banksia" to its original Georgian elegance.



TWO BATHROOMS — A LUXURY FEATURE

● This week's Home Plan has two bathrooms. One contains shower, basin, and toilet, and the other a bath and second basin.

BOTH these bathrooms are lit and ventilated by highlights.

Another feature of this spacious plan is an area which doubles as a study and dining-room.

This plan, No. 860 in our series, has been designed under the direction of architects Kevin Borland and Geoff Treweek. Plans can be bought for £10/10/- a complete set from any of our Home Planning Centres. Addresses are listed at right.

Specially convenient is the grouping of the bathroom, laundry, and kitchen facilities. There is enough room in the spacious kitchen for a large table to seat a family of six.

A dining recess off the living-room has been incorporated

ated in the design for more formal entertaining. This dining nook can be used as a study or sewing-room.

There is a large entrance hall, and in this design a feature screen has been included to obscure the kitchen from the front door.

Ample cupboard space is included throughout the house. Floor plan at right shows a large linen cupboard, storage space for brooms, and a closet for hanging coats and umbrellas.

The position of the wardrobes has been shown in bedrooms 2 and 3, but bedroom 1 has been left to the individual's requirements.

The exterior of this design is most attractive. Wide eaves give year-round protection from the weather, while the glass walls capture the sun and add to the feeling of spaciousness.

The plan, as illustrated, is 13 squares, in timber, and requires a site with a frontage of 50 or 60 feet. It would cost from £4200-£4900.

Costs are approximate and do not include the price of the land.

For accurate costs on your own site please consult your local Home Planning Centre. These Centres are directed by qualified architects who will give you free advice about your building problems.

Other specialists in home planning will assist you with any queries concerning the choice of decoration or furnishing for your home.

If you have any trouble with finance, tenders, or your local council, return your plans or specifications to the Centre and they will deal with your problem and return the plans to you quickly.

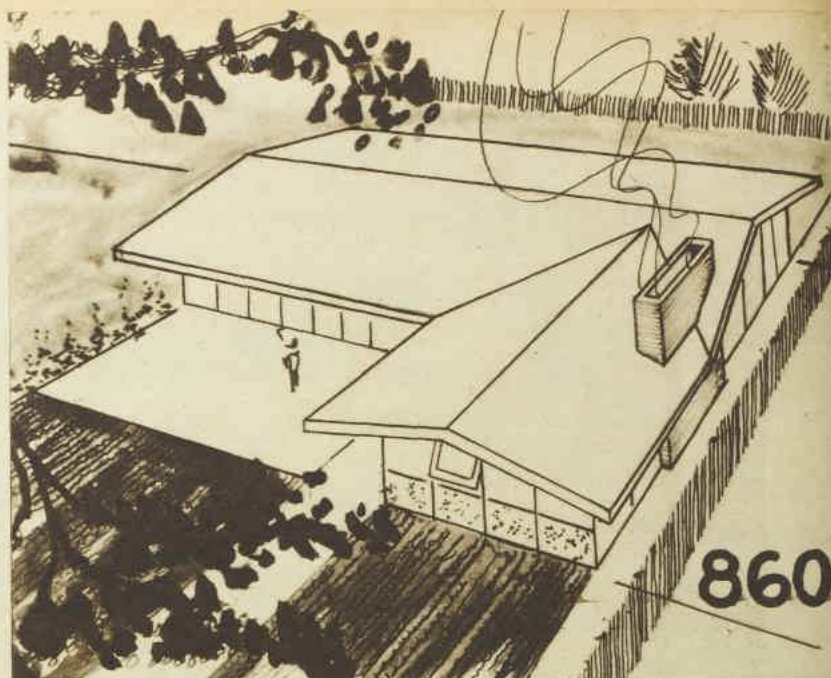
The advisory service given by the Centres is free, but if you require any modification to your plan which involves drafting or printing, a small charge is made.

Our plans are all available in mirror reverse position and can be placed at any angle on your site. They can be built on stilts on a difficult site. Windows, or window positions, or areas can be altered to suit your requirements.

Sometimes garages or carports are indicated on the plan. If not, they can be included in the design. Approximate costs are £175 to £250 for a carport, and £235 to £400 for a single brick garage.

Centres' addresses are:
SYDNEY: Anthony Hordern and Sons Ltd., Brickfield Hill. (Please address all mail to this Centre to Home Plans, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney).

CANBERRA: Anthony Hordern and Sons Ltd., Civic Centre. (Please telephone J2311 to consult architect at this centre).



860

PERSPECTIVE SKETCH for plan 860 shows attractive glass walls and wide overhanging eaves.

BRISBANE: McWhirter's Ltd., The Valley. (Telephone 50121).

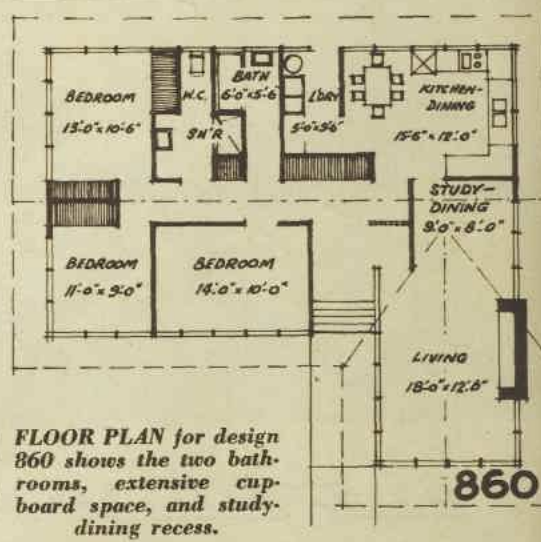
MELBOURNE: The Myer Emporium, Lonsdale Street. (Telephone 32044).

GEELONG: The Myer Emporium, Malop Street. (Please telephone X6111 to consult architect).

ADELAIDE: John Martin and Co. Ltd., Rundle Street, P.O. Box No. 79. (Telephone W0200).

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SIGNS OF THE ZODIAC are depicted in these arrangements by the Flower Club of N.S.W. They will be included in a camellia exhibition in a city department store in Sydney on July 12. Above, left: Aries (the Ram) is an arrangement of Great Eastern Camellias and Atlantic cedar with a pottery ram. At right (above) two silver pewter urns, with white doves and white camellias, depict Gemini (the Twins).



VIRGO (the Virgin) is an arrangement of white camellias, oats painted grey and blue, with a figurine of the Madonna.

CAMELLIA SEASON

● Camellias, reaching the peak of their beauty this month, are featured prominently in flower shows throughout the country. The following notes will help you grow camellias.

ASK your local nurseryman to help you choose correct bushes for the position and soil in your garden.

Camellias can be planted between March and October. It is not safe to transplant evergreens in the hot summer months.

Camellias need a rich, light loam, well supplied with humus. Friable but spent garden soil should be enriched by mixing in a quantity of well-rotted leafmould, old cow manure, or compost, free from wood ash, equal to one-third of its bulk.

If soil is heavy clay or sandy, it is best to resoil entirely in the area in which you intend to plant camellias.

WINTER CARE: Water the ground well when the buds are swelling and the blooms opening. Overhead watering makes the flowers sodden and damages the opening buds.

Smaller plants bearing few or no buds require comparatively little water in the cold months. If kept sodden they may die of root rot.

Prune older trees back to stronger wood immediately after winter blooming. Remove short stubby growths to encourage

stronger spring growth. But never prune a very young tree too hard.

SPRING: Mulch to a depth of about three inches over the ground to keep the soil cool and moist through the hotter months.

SUMMER: Watering can hardly be overdone in well-drained soil. One or two good weekly soakings are better than a daily sprinkle. Scales of various types — found under the leaves or on stems — can ruin a tree.

One annual spraying with white oil solution on a dull December day when spring growth is sufficiently hardened will usually be enough for scale control.

AUTUMN: Mulching again before winter is advisable if your district suffers heavy frosts. Fertilise with fresh cow manure provided the soil is of good quality. Fresh poultry manure can burn surface camellia roots. Poultry humus is weaker and satisfactory. Older camellias and poor soils will benefit from blood and bone.

GARDENING



CANCER (the Crab), left, is an attractive arrangement fashioned with native Banksia and bark.



LEO (the Lion) is an arrangement of Protea, dried leaves, bleached driftwood with brass lion.

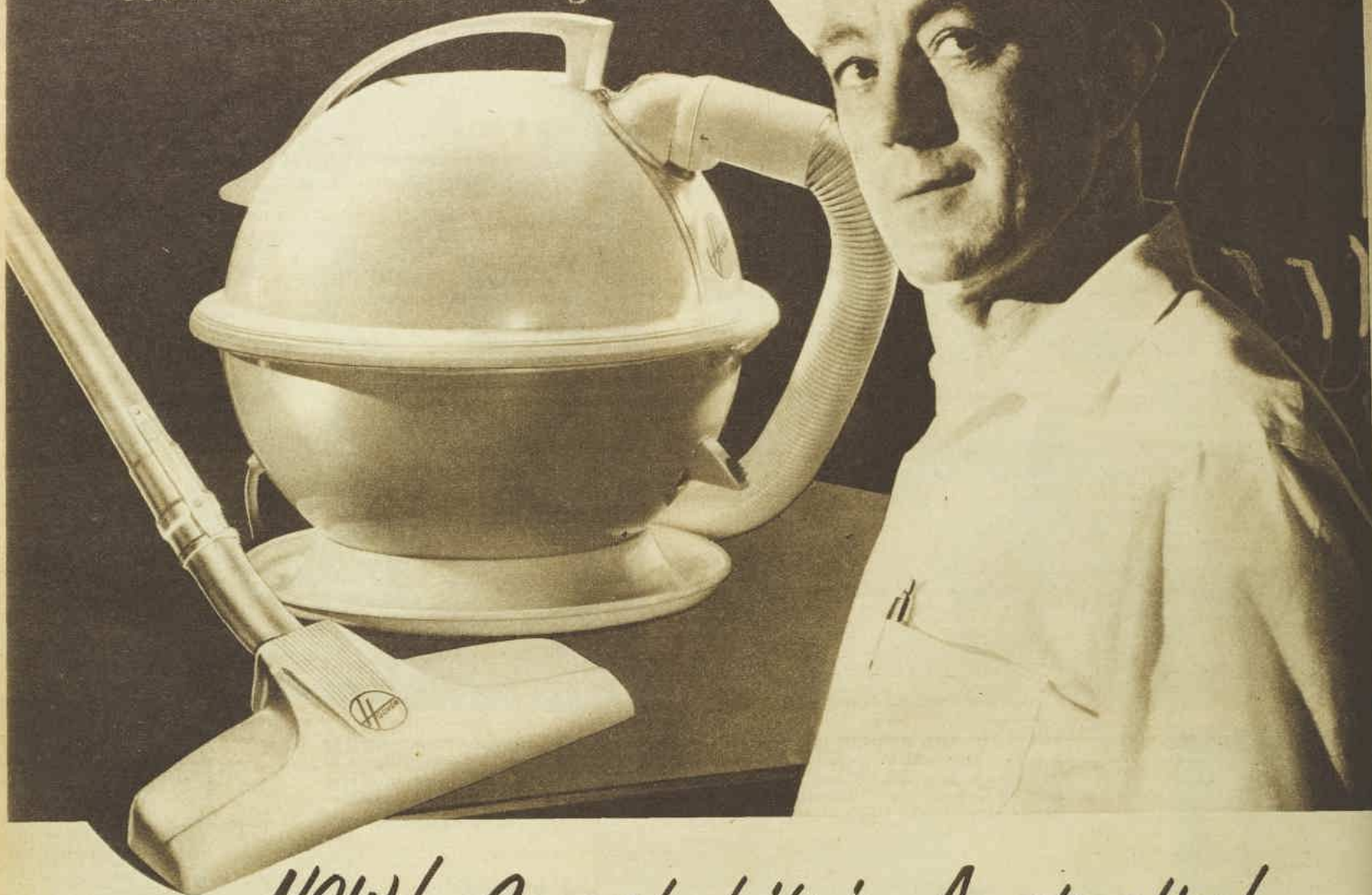


SCORPIO (the Scorpion) has dried bamboo roots, dried birds' nests, ferns, rocks, succulents.



PISCES (the Fish) is an unusual design of a child on a fish surrounded by tropical sea-shells and interesting succulents.

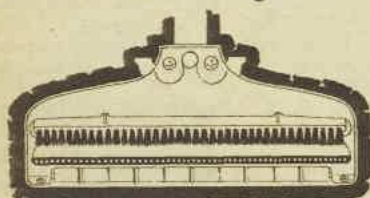
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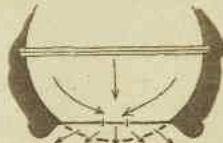
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HCH 24/5/54

refrained from chaffing him for quite some time, although she was provoked a great deal by Archie just sitting and staring out of the window.

He was very quiet after that. He didn't speak very much, and he didn't seem to want to join in any games. A few weeks afterwards I discovered that he spent a lot of his time down at the beach collecting sea-shells.

He washed and sorted them all carefully before arranging them on cotton-wool in cardboard boxes. As the boxes were filled, they were displayed on the sideboard in the sitting-room. He spent a lot of time with his shells, and I believe Mrs. Beech was even prouder of their display than he was.

"It's better than 'im lovin' cats and things," she confided to me once. "Animals only die and break yer lart. And when my Archie loves a thing, 'e loves it too much for 'is own good."

But the shells never replaced the void left by the sick kitten.

It was not very long afterwards when one of the neighbors, feeling sorry for Archie and not having anything else to give, presented him with a bantam rooster and two hens. He soon became as devoted to them as he had been with the kitten, though it was plain that he preferred the rooster a great deal more to the hens.

"He's such a brave little mite," Archie once said with proud admiration, "and him only half the size of other chooks. I'll bet he could fight even that big black rooster you've got."

Archie called him Rupert. Strangely enough, it became acquainted with its name and would always come to Archie when he called it, except sometimes when it was feeding; but Archie was the only one it would go to. I've always thought of fowls as being the most stupid of creatures; but Archie's bantam, I must admit, showed unusual intelligence.

WITHIN quite a short time he had trained it to perform several tricks, such as jumping over a stick as cats and dogs are taught to do; eating wheat a grain at a time, first from one hand and then from the other; and, best of all, hopping in a circle on one leg and then lying down on one side in feigned death.

"Gee, have you seen Archie's Rupert hoppin' to death?" was a frequent breathless inquiry. "Cor, it ain't 'all somethin'!"

The rooster's abilities, however, were not shared by either of the hens, so that Archie never became as attached to them as with Rupert, even though we discovered later on that one hen could quite easily be hypnotised when lain on its side and a line drawn slowly in the sand from its head. He did not even bother to give them names. Besides, they laid such tiny eggs that made Mrs. Beech shriek with laughter.

I used to like to watch her lean helplessly to one side while she held her hip; tears would alight down her fat cheeks and her huge bosom would shake under her tight dress fit to burst. "Lord!" she'd say, "do ye call that an egg, boy? A pinch of salt on it and ye'd never see it!"

And Archie and I would laugh, too; but as far as I was concerned it was more at the way Mrs. Beech shook all over rather than at the egg.

News of Rupert's feats spread through the district almost with the speed and facility of scandal. Hardly an afternoon went by when there wasn't at least two or three, and sometimes up to a dozen, visiting admirers hanging over the Beech's fence.

Most of them were eagerly curious, some even sceptical. But when Archie brought Rupert, perched on his shoulder, around from the pen at the back and put him through one of his performances, the barracking and cheers could be heard from one end of the street to the other.

I have often wondered since how Mrs. Beech put up with it, and can only now appreciate how tolerant a woman she was. Archie, of course, shared all this admiration for Rupert's prowess, and it was easy to see he was enormously proud of the bird.

As the kids clamored around him, he would smile shyly, as though still incredulous of being an object of popularity instead of ridicule. I don't think I had known him to be happier than during those few weeks. Very likely, it was the happiest time of his life.

And then, one Saturday morning, I answered a knock at our back door and found Archie standing there.

Rupert was tucked underneath one arm, his neck feathers decoratively extended and his comb hanging in a drool attitude over one eye. Immediately I surmised that Archie had taught the bird another trick, and was both excited and flattered that he had come to show it to me.

Then I was profoundly shocked to see instead that Archie had been, and indeed still was, crying. When Archie cried it was a terrible thing to see, for the distortion of his face was made all the more grotesque by the one eye that seemed to be quite detached from the rest of his features; it seemed to suggest, somehow, a dreadful inner torment with which it refused to become involved.

"What's the matter, Arch? Is he sick?" I asked, deeply concerned.

For a few moments he just stared at me, his face striving to conceal his terrible anguish. But his sorrow proved too great and suddenly he was squatting on our back verandah, his head plunged between his arms and the startled bird, great sobs exploding through his body.

"Arch, what's the matter?"

But he still couldn't speak for the anguish that gripped him. I felt ashamed of him, a big kid of twelve blubbering the way he was. My mother, having heard the noise, came from the kitchen and, seeing Archie crying helplessly on the verandah, knelt beside him to put comforting arms around his shoulders. At the same time she looked up at me for an explanation, but all I could do was shrug from my ignorance.

Then, as though my mother's touch had shamed him into controlling himself, Archie stood up again and, pursing his mouth in a tight-lipped fold of determination, brushed clumsily at his eyes.

The effort made him hiccup, and I was suddenly beset with an irresistible urge either to laugh or cry. I didn't know which. For, still quivering with tremors of grief and gulping down hiccups, Archie was holding the bird out to my mother in a comic attitude, while she, having always hated even to touch birds of any description, shrank back against the wall, only to have Archie step towards her again with the bird extended in his hands.

"Will you please take Rupert, Mrs. Preston?" Archie implored her, his face still convulsed with his grief.

My mother was nonplussed.

"But why, Archie? Why?"

His good eye darted backwards and forwards between us, while the goofy one made almost identical examinations of the rafters in the ceiling. His face became distraught again, and I thought he was going to burst into another fit of sobbing. But somehow he managed to restrain himself and, after a tremendous effort, blurted out a torrent of words and started weeping.

Continuing . . . ARCHIE

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"My Dad's got work in the bush and — and we're leavin' tomorrow — and they said I can't take Rupert with me as we don't know yet where we're gonna live — we've already ate the hens, but not my Rupert — and you've got some other chooks and — and I wanted you to have him."

The bird was then pushed clumsily into my mother's reluctant hands and, without waiting to hear her reply, Archie fled.

Afterwards I was sent down to tell Archie that my mother would look after the bird for him and, if he found he could keep it wherever they were going to live in the bush, he had only to write to us and she would have a coop made

come to me when I called it (unless I was bringing food, and then all the fowls would come) and it would not perform any tricks for me. It merely lived on for several years until it died of indifferently old age.

I often thought of how much love Archie had lavished on it, and I was infuriated by seeing that not an ounce of it was returned. For the rest of its life I despised that bird, and only refrained from killing it because Archie had loved it so much, and also because it would have shocked my parents had I done so.

Years passed without my hearing of Archie again. The

ation and dismay, that Archie was now alone in the world — unless, of course, he had married. This seemed unlikely, however, for he was still very young, and the war made it improbable. I wanted to write to him, but I hadn't the faintest idea where he was.

Some time after the war I was at a cocktail party; I had just extricated myself from one particularly noisy friend to join some friends I was anxious to speak to when I felt a tap on my shoulder. Turning around, I was at first perplexed to place the tall and heavily built man beaming at me with a broad smile.

Then again, there was something familiar about him, and when I saw one eye staring blankly towards the ceiling, instead of focusing on me as was the other, my memory was suddenly jolted into recognition.

"Don't you remember me?" he had asked.

"Good heavens! Archie Beech! Well, this is a pleasant surprise!"

As so it was. We moved over to one side, stepping out of the present, with its noisy talk and affected gaiety, and into the past, with its quiet pleasure of years nostalgically remembered. Strangely enough, it was I who had to bring up Rupert.

"That bird of yours," I told him, "lived on to a considerable old age."

"Did it? You know, I'd almost forgotten it. You must have thought me a great oaf that day. Funny the things that mean so much to you when you're a kid. I thought I'd die when I had to leave Rupert" (here I almost remarked that the sentiment had also been mine at the time), "but like most things, I got over it."

"If I remember rightly, I had a dog after that — or maybe it was the kangaroo — then a pet sheep, and finally a horse. You wouldn't believe it, but I broke my heart over every one of them." (I quite believed it.) "Either they died or, with the sheep and the horse, I had to leave them to go into the Army."

"Then when my folks both died, I thought there was nothing to live for. I was in the Middle East at the time, but, try as I would, I couldn't get myself done in."

I looked at him quickly, thinking he must be joking, even if in rather poor taste; but he was not only genuinely serious over the recollection, but seemingly quite indifferent.

He told me that, after leaving school, he had been apprenticed in the plumbing trade and had taken it up again after the war. With his deferred pay he had bought a shop and started a small hardware business to supplement his earnings by plumbing. The shop had been a success, and now he had a lucrative little business requiring two assistants.

He was watching for another shop in a suitable position to open up a branch. He had a car and a launch and was making three or four thousand a year. It was a familiar story: the dunce of the class having made good.

"Are you married, Archie?" "No, not yet. But it won't be long now." As he said this he seemed to radiate an air of proud and happy possession.

I congratulated him. "Do I know the lucky girl?" I asked.

"I don't think so. But that can soon be fixed. She's just over there. Come over and meet her." The look he gave me reminded me of the radiant happiness that had possessed him in the days of Rupert.

"She came to work in my shop and — well — He looked sheepishly down at the floor with his shy smile. "You know how things happen. Her name's Deirdre." He spoke the name as though it was sacred.

She was, I suppose, quite a pretty little thing, in what seemed to me rather an artificial way, for she used a great deal of make-up not exactly with prudence. She had a certain chocolate-box prettiness, dark with blue eyes, but again there was something about her beauty that appeared shallow to me. I assessed her immediately as being very self-contained.

There was something about her pert mouth that made me feel it would always be either enfolded around a cigarette or chewing gum; at the time it was preoccupied with both.

She talked quite pleasantly, and was certainly very popular among the men at the party. But what little she had to say was with an air of disinterest, as though she had appraised all of the company around her for exciting opportunities, but found none of particular attraction.

SHE even seemed detached from Archie, who obviously adored her. Whenever he looked at her it was with that kind of callow and dog-like devotion so embarrassing for other people to watch. I wondered what he saw in her. "Now I've really got something to live for," he said to me, placing an arm clumsily around her waist. "Oh, Archie!" she protested, squirming away from him with a grimace of affected coyness. "For heaven's sake behave yourself!"

I wondered, then, if he really did have something to live for. It seemed quite apparent to me that Archie meant little if anything to her, but I could quite understand that his business and the comfort it could bring would mean a great deal.

I was quite conscious at the time that this assessment on merely a first impression was not very charitable, and decided that there was probably much more to her than I could see, but which was quite apparent to Archie. All the same, I felt convinced that Archie's devotion was completely one-sided, and that any affection she had for him would last only so long as nothing better was offering.

It must have been very comforting and convenient for her to have the devotion of a man like Archie; without it, I had no doubt that she would never amount to anything more than just a shop-girl. Apart from his eye, Archie was quite a pleasant-looking person. As I talked with them both I was suddenly reminded of La Rochefoucauld's cynicism: "Entre deux amants il y a toujours un qui aime et un qui se laisse aimer."

Poor Archie, loving with all his heart one who merely permitted herself to be loved. Before the party broke up I promised to go to see Archie at his shop as soon as I could.

Somewhat I never did. Instead, some months later, it was Archie who came to see me. I was quite surprised when, answering the knock on my door, I found him standing on the doorstep. Then I was shocked to see that he was distraught with some deep anguish, and I was reminded instantly of the day, so many years ago, when he had come with Rupert. It had been raining heavily for nearly an hour, and he was wearing neither hat nor coat.

"Good heavens, man! What are you doing running around like that in this weather? You're asking for pneumonia."

He looked at me without speaking, one eye piercing me with an intense fixity, the other gazing with aloof imbecility at the ceiling.

As I waited for him to say something I was suddenly apprehensive of being embarrassed by his breaking into tears.

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Fashion

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for it and send it up to him. But Archie never wrote.

Rupert was put in the pen with our seven Black Orpingtons, which seemed to regard him with incredulous dismay; but the bantam rooster immediately asserted its authority and virility by strutting around the pen as though it was indeed the cock of the walk.

My romantic imagination had convinced me that of course the bird would fret for Archie, and within a few days die of a broken heart. But I was quite disappointed, and indeed angered, by the bird's not showing the slightest sign of fretting. True, it would not

war came and I was soon old enough to enlist in the Navy. I went to the eastern States for training and was later drafted to an armed merchant cruiser that saw a good deal of service in the Pacific. Life was strange and hectic, so full of new faces both on board ship and ashore that most of my old life and friends were soon forgotten.

It was just by chance that I heard Archie's father had been killed in an accident on the farm where he worked, though I did not learn the details. Shortly afterwards, his mother died of a heart attack, and I realised, with commis-

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MARMITE

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Continuing . . . ARCHIE

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He looked stunned, distraught, out of his wits. "Come in! Come in!" I said, but it was not until I grasped his arm and led him inside that he moved. "I'll get you a towel to dry yourself, then fetch you a drink."

When I came back into the room, he was sitting with his head in his hands. His shoulders were shaking under his wet shirt, and, with a shock of humiliation, I realised that he was, just as I had feared a few moments before, weeping silently.

I think there is nothing more demoralising than to see a grown man cry like a child. He ignored the towel, so I wrapped it around his shoulders. He took the drink without looking up. After a while he sipped at it, still without speaking, sipped again, then drank the glass empty.

"Now, what is it?" I asked him, not a little impatiently.

He leaned back, his eyes closed. I could see the tears running down his face, still wet from the rain.

"It's Deirdre," he said simply, without looking at me.

"Deirdre? What about Deirdre?"

"She's left me."

He shook his head from side to side, as though unable to believe the import of his own words. "I thought she loved me," he continued quietly, still with his eyes closed; then, leaning forward suddenly, he dropped his head into his hands again and began to weep once more. "She said she loved me," he said, "but all the time she didn't. And now she's left me."

I could not restrain myself from saying I thought it a very good thing, that I considered she wasn't worthy of him, and that he would have no difficulty in finding someone very much better. I assured him I was not at all surprised by his news, and even offered the trite platitude of time the healer before realising it was all of no avail. When he opened his eyes at last, it was merely to stare at me as though it was I who had been the fool.

"You don't know her," he said. "I've never loved anyone like I love Deirdre. Why it was only because of her that I—that I worked so hard. She helped me build that shop up. And what's the good of it now?"

"Now, Archie, don't let yourself go. I know it's rather a shock to you at the moment, but I'm quite sure you'll be over it before you know it, and realise it's a good job she did leave you. I never thought for one moment that she had a single grain of affection in her, not for you or anyone."

But it was quite useless. He wasn't even listening to me. I decided it was better just to let him go and work it out of his system by himself.

"In a few more weeks we were to be married," he continued. "The house is nearly finished. It's got everything in it a woman could want; all the things my mother never had. We were going to have a good trip for our honeymoon, around the world. And she doesn't want any of it. She said she's sick of me, she hates me. She won't even let me touch her."

I thought to myself that probably the someone better, the more exciting opportunity, must have turned up at last for Deirdre, and she hadn't been able to fly off from Archie quick enough. However, I restrained myself from saying so.

"I did everything for her," he was saying again. "I was beginning to wonder how much

hysteria from past disappointments was in this tenacious devotion of his. "And now it's all gone," he said. "There's nothing left in life for me."

"Oh, come now, man," I protested. "Let me get you another drink." But he just shook his head. "Things are never as bad as they seem," I tried again, but I could see it was quite useless saying anything to him. He had loved her to the extent of not being able to believe it possible for her not to love him in return.

His was the same kind of unreasoning and intense devotion he had once had for the stray kitten, then the bantam rooster, then all the other things he had loved. Deirdre had been the last and most sacred object of this blind devotion of his. It was a pity, I thought, that he hadn't found someone more worthy of it—a great pity.

"I'll be all right soon," he said presently. "I just wanted to tell somebody. You see, I haven't got anyone else. I'm all alone in the world. I haven't got anybody except Deirdre. And now that she's gone, I've got nothing left to live for. Nothing."

"Archie, don't talk like a fool. You've got friends. You know a lot of people. And there's a great deal to live for. You'll meet someone else and wonder what you ever saw in Deirdre."

HE shook his head again, refusing to listen.

"There'll never be anyone else like Deirdre." And he began going over the same ground again, in the same sequence, so that I wondered if perhaps he wasn't drunk, and just exaggerating a mere lovers' tiff. I also wondered if he was a little simple after all.

"And do you know what she said?" he continued bitterly. "She said she couldn't stand me always hanging around her, like a—like a dog. She said she hated me. And she said if she had to look at this—this goofy eye of mine any more, she'd go mad."

He looked up at me again, and I couldn't bear to face those eyes of his, the one so penetrating, the other wavering blankly. I could not help admitting to myself that there was, unfortunately, quite an amount of truth in what the girl had said. I could just picture the venom and hate with which that chocolate-box, pert little mouth must have spat the words at him, and the agony they must have caused.

I tried to tell him how sorry I was, but he was still rambling through the same despairing reproaches, over and over again. "I did everything for her. I've never loved anyone like I love her. And now she's left me. There's nothing left in life for me, nothing at all."

Then he was silent. He sat staring into the fire for some time, and I guessed that he was seeing in the flames all the things he had done to build up his business, to provide the home for her, the plans he had made, the hopes he had cherished. And now, beyond the flames, there was nothing but ashes.

After a while, however, he seemed to recover himself. He even became quite cheerful over another drink so that, when the hour was quite late, I thought it perfectly safe to let him go home when he decided to do so. I even laughed with him when he turned at the door and said, quite jocularly: "Well, there's one thing—I can always get over my misery by sticking my head in the gas oven!"

But that, poor devil, is just exactly what he did.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — July 13, 1960

"And you shall go. I'll do your tie and make you look beautiful."

"My dear," Octavius said, "it is you who would have looked beautiful. It would have been a great pleasure to take you. I should have been proud."

"Oh, hell!" said Anelida. She rushed at him and gave him an exasperated hug. He was much puzzled and hit her gently several times on the shoulder-blades.

The shop door opened.

"Here," Octavius said over the top of Anelida's head, "is Dakers."

Coming from the sunshine into the dark shop, Richard had been given a confused impression of Anelida collaring Octavius in a high tackle. He waited for her to emerge, which she did after some fumbling with her uncle's handkerchief.

Octavius said, "If you'll excuse me, Nell. Really, one must get on with one's job." He nodded to Richard and limped away into his back room.

Richard was careful not to look at Anelida. "I came," he said, "first to apologise."

"Not at all. I expect I behaved badly."

"And to say how very glad I am. Mary told me you had decided for the party."

"It was terribly kind of her to come. Unk was bewitched." "We are being polite to each other, aren't we?"

"Better than flying into rages."

"May I call for you?"

"There's no need. Really. You'll be busy with the party. Unk will be proud to escort me. He said so."

"So he well might." Richard now looked directly at Anelida. "You've been crying," he said, "and your face is dirty. Like a little girl's. Smudged."

"All right. All right. I'm going to tidy it up."

"Shall I?"

"No."

"How old are you, Anelida?"

"Nineteen. Why?"

"I'm twenty-eight."

"You've done very well," Anelida said politely, "for your age. Famous dramatist."

"Playwright."

"I think with the new one you may allow yourself to be a dramatist."

"Really, you've got a cheek," he said thoughtfully. After a moment he said, "Mary's reading it. Now."

"Was she pleased about it?"

"For the wrong reason. She thinks I wrote it for her."

"But — how could she? Still, she'll soon find out."

"As I mentioned before, you don't really know much as yet about theatre people."

Anelida said, to her own astonishment, "But I do know I can act."

"Yes," he agreed. "Of course you do. You're a good actress."

"You haven't seen me."

"That's what you think."

"Richard!"

"At least I've surprised you into calling me by my name."

"But when did you see me?"

"It slipped out. It's part of a deep-laid plan. You'll find out."

"When?"

"At the party. I'm off, now. Au revoir, dear Anelida."

When he had gone, Anelida sat perfectly still for quite a long time. She was bewildered.

Continuing . . . FALSE SCENT

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undecided, and piercingly happy.

Richard, however, returned to the house with his mind made up. He went straight to Charles Templeton's study. He found Charles and Maurice Warrender there, rather solemn over a decanter of sherry. When he came in they both looked self-conscious.

"We were just talking about you," Charles said. "Have whatever it is you do have at this hour, Dicky. Lager?"

"Please. I'll get it. Should I make myself scarce so you can go on talking about me?"

"No, no."

"We'd finished," Warrender said, "I imagine. Hadn't we, Charles?"

"I suppose we had."

RICHARD poured out his lager. "As a matter of fact," he said, "I sidled in with the idea of boring you with a few observations under that very heading."

Warrender muttered something about taking himself off. "Not unless you have to, Maurice," Richard said. "It arises, in a way, out of what you said this morning." He sat down and stared at his beer mug. "This is going to be difficult," he said.

They waited, Warrender looking owlish, Charles, as always, politely attentive.

"I suppose it's a question of divided allegiances," Richard said at last. "Partly that, anyway." He went on, trying to put what he wanted to say as objectively as might be. He knew that he was floundering and almost at once began to regret his first impulse.

Charles kept turning his elderly freckled hand and looking at it. Warrender sipped his sherry and shot an occasional, almost furtive, glance at Richard.

Presently Charles said, "Couldn't we come to the point?"

"I wish I could," Richard rejoined. "I'm making a mess of this, I know."

"May I have a go at it? Is this what you're trying to tell us? You think you can write a different kind of play from the sort of thing that suits Mary. You have, in fact, written one. You think it's the best thing you've done, but you're afraid Mary won't take kindly to the idea of your making a break. You've shown it to her and she's reading it now. You're afraid that she'll take it for granted that you see her in the lead. Right, so far?"

"Yes. That's it."

"But," Warrender demanded unexpectedly, "she won't like this play, what?"

"I don't think she'll like it."

"Isn't that your answer?" Charles said. "If she doesn't like it you can offer it elsewhere?"

"It isn't," Richard said, "as simple as that." And looking at these two men, each old enough to be his father, each with thirty years' experience of Mary Bellamy, he saw that he was understood.

"There's been one row already this morning," he said. "A snorter."

Warrender shot a look at Charles. "I don't know if I'm imagining it," he said. "But I've fancied the rows come a bit oftener these days, isn't it?"

Charles and Richard were silent.

Warrender said, "Fellow's got to live his own life. My opinion. Worst thing that can happen to a man's getting himself bogged down in a mistaken loyalty. Seen it happen. Man in my regiment. Sorry business."

Charles said, "We all have our mistaken loyalties."

There was a further silence.

Richard said violently, "But I owe everything to her. The ghastly things I began to write at school. The first shamefully hopeless plays. Then the one that rang the bell. She made the Management take it. We talked everything over. Everything. And now — suddenly — I don't want to. I — don't — want — to. Why? Why?"

"Very well," Charles said. Richard looked at him in surprise, but he went on very quietly. "Writing plays is your business. You understand it. You're an expert. You should make your own decisions."

"Yes. But Mary . . ."

"Mary holds a number of shares in companies that I direct, but I don't consult her about their policy or confine my interests to those companies only."

"Surely it's not the same thing."

"Isn't it?" Charles said placidly. "I think it is. Sentiment," he added, "can be a disastrous guide in such matters. Mary doesn't understand your change of policy — the worst reason in the world for mistrusting it. She is guided almost entirely by emotion."

Warrender said, "Think she's changed? Sorry, Charles, I've no kind of business to ask."

"She has changed," her husband said. "One does."

"You can see," Richard said, "what happened with Pinky and Bertie. How much more will she mind with me! Was there anything so terrible about what they did? The truth is, of course, that they didn't confide in her because they didn't know how she'd take it. Well — you saw how she took it."

"I suppose," Warrender began dimly, "as a woman gets older . . ." He faded out in a bass rumble.

"Charles," Richard said, "you may consider this a monstrous suggestion, but have you thought, lately, that there might be anything — anything . . ."

"Pathological?" Charles said.

"It's so unlike her to be vindictive. Isn't it?" He appealed to both of them. "Well, isn't it?"

To his astonishment they didn't answer immediately. Presently Charles said with a suggestion of pain in his voice: "The same thing has occurred to me. I — I asked Frank Harkness about it. He's looked after us both for years, as you know. He thinks she's been a bit nervy for some time, I gather, like many women of her — well, of her age. He thinks the high-pressure atmosphere of the theatre may have increased the tension. I got the impression he was understating his case. I don't mind telling you," Charles added unhappily, "it's been worrying me for some time. These — these ugly scenes."

Warrender muttered, "Vindictive," and looked as if he regretted it.

Richard cried out, "Her kindness! I've always thought she had the kindest eyes I'd ever seen in a woman."

Warrender, who seemed this morning to be bent on speaking out of character, did so now. "People," he said, "talk about eyes and mouths as if they had something to do with the way other people think and behave. Only bits of the body, aren't they? Like knees and toenails. Arrangements."

Charles glanced at him with amusement. "My dear Maurice, you terrify me. So you discount our old friends the generous mouth, the frank glance, the

open forehead. I wonder if you're right."

"Right or wrong," Richard burst out, "it doesn't get me any nearer a decision."

Charles put down his sherry and put up his eyeglass. "If I were you, Dicky," he said, "I should go ahead."

"Hear, hear!"

"Thank you, Maurice. Yes. I should go ahead. Offer your play in what you believe to be the best market. If Mary's upset it won't be for long, you know. You must keep a sense of perspective, my dear boy."

Colonel Warrender listened to this with his mouth slightly open and a glaze over his eyes. When Charles had finished Warrender looked at his watch, rose, and said he had a telephone call to make before luncheon. "I'll do it from the drawing-room if I may," he said. He glared at Richard. "Stick to your guns, isn't it?" he said. "Best policy." And went out.

Richard said, "I've always wondered: just how simple is Maurice?"

"It would be the greatest mistake," Charles said, "to underrate him."

In their houses and flats, all within a ten-mile radius of Pardoner's Place, the guests for Mary Bellamy's birthday party made ready to present themselves. Timon (Timmy) Gantry, the famous director, made few preparations for such festivities. He stooped from his inordinate height to the cracked glass on his bathroom wall in order to brush his hair, which he kept so short that the gesture was redundant.

He had changed into a suit which he was in the habit of calling his "decent blue," and as a concession to Miss Bellamy, wore a waistcoat instead of a plum-colored pullover. He looked rather like a retired policeman whose enthusiasm had never dwindled. He sang a snatch from "Rigoletto," an opera he had recently directed, and remembered how much he disliked cocktail parties.

"Bell-a-me-a, you're a hell of a bore," he sang, improvising to the tune of "Bella Figlia." And it was true, he reflected. Mary was becoming more and more of a tiresome girl. It would probably be necessary to quarrel with her before her new play went on.

She was beginning to jib at the physical demands made upon her by his production methods. He liked to keep his cast moving rather briskly through complicated, almost fugal, patterns, and Mary was not as sound in the wind as she used to be. Nor in the temper, he reflected. He rather thought that this play would be his last production for her.

"For she's not my, not my cuppa tea at all," he sang.

THIS led him to think of her influence on other people, particularly on Richard Dakers. "She's an o-gress. She devours young men alive. Nasty Mary," he chanted. He was delighted that Richard showed signs of breaking loose with his venture into serious dramatic writing. He had read "Husbandry in Heaven" to Gantry while it was still in manuscript. Gantry always made up his mind at once about a play and he did so about this one.

"If you go on writing slipshod for Mary when you've got this sort of stuff under your thatch," he had said, "you deserve to drown in it. Parts of this thing are really awful and must come out. Other parts need a rewrite. Fix them and

I'm ready to produce the piece."

Richard had fixed them.

Gantry showed his birthday present for Miss Bellamy into his pocket. It was a bit of junk jewellery he'd picked up for five bob on a street stall. He bought his presents in an inverse ratio to the monetary situation of the recipients and Miss Bellamy was rich.

As he strode along in the direction of Knightsbridge, he thought with increasing enthusiasm about "Husbandry in Heaven" and of what he would do with it if he could persuade the Management to take it.

At Hyde Park Corner he began to sing again. At the corner of Wilton Place a chauffeur-driven car pulled up alongside him. The Management in the person of Mr. Montague Marchant, exquisitely dressed, with a gardenia in his coat, leaned from the window. His face and his hair were smooth, fair, and pale, and his eyes wary.

"Timmy!" Mr. Marchant shouted. "Look at you! So purposeful! Such devouring strides! Come in, do, and let us support each other on our approach to the shrine."

Gantry said, "I wanted to see you." He doubled himself up like a camel and got into the car. It was his custom to plunge directly into whatever matter concerned him at the moment. He presented his ideas with the same ruthless precipitancy that he brought to his work in the theatre. It was a deceptive characteristic, because in Gantry impulse was subordinate to design.

He drew in his breath with an authoritative gasp. "Listen!" he said. "I have a proposition."

All the way along Sloane Street and into the King's Road he thrust Richard's play at Marchant. He was still talking, very eloquently, as they turned up Pardoner's Row. Marchant listened with the undivided though guarded attention that the Management brought to bear only on the utterances of the elect.

"You will do this," Gantry said as the car turned into Pardoner's Place, "not for me and not for Dicky. You will do it because it's going to be a Thing for the Management. Mark my words."

"Here we are. Oh, misery, how I abominate grand parties!"

"I'd have you remember," Marchant said as they went in, "that I commit myself to nothing, Timmy."

"Naturally, my dear man. But naturally. You will commit yourself, however. I promise you. You will."

"Mary, darling!" they both exclaimed, and were swallowed up by the party.

Pinky and Bertie had arranged to go together. They came to this decision after a long gloomy post-luncheon talk in which they weighed the dictates of proper pride against those of professional expediency.

"Face it, sweetie-pie," Bertie had said, "if we don't show up she'll turn plug-ugly again and go straight to the Management. You know what a fuss Monty makes about personal relationships. 'A happy theatre is a successful theatre.' Nobody — but nobody can afford to cut up rough. He loathes internal strife."

Pinky, who was feeling the effects of her morning excesses, sombrely agreed. "Heaven knows," she said, "that at this juncture I can ill-afford to get myself the reputation of being difficult. After all my contract isn't signed, Bertie."

"It's as clear as daylight; magnanimity must be our watchword."

"I'll be blown if I crawl."

"We shan't have to, dear. A pressure of the hand and a

long, long gaze into the eyeballs will carry us through."

"I resent having to."

"Never mind. Rise above. Watch me. I'm a past master at it. Gird up the loins, dear, such as they are, and remember you're an actress." He giggled. "Looked at in the right way it'll be rather fun."

"What shall I wear?"

"Black, and no jewellery. She'll be clanking."

"I hate being at enmity, Bertie. What a beastly profession ours is. In some ways."

"It's a jungle, darling. Face it — it's a jungle."

"You," Pinky said, rather enviously, "don't seem to be unduly perturbed, I must say."

"My poorest girl, little do you know, I'm quaking."

"Really? But could she actually do you any damage?"

"Can the boa constrictor," Bertie said, "consume the rabbit?"

Pinky had thought it better not to press this matter any further. They had separated and gone to their several flats, where in due course they made ready for the party.

Anelida and Octavius also made ready. Octavius, having settled for a black coat, striped trousers, and the complementary details that he considered appropriate to these garments, had taken up a good deal of his niece's attention. She had managed to have a bath and was about to dress when, for the fourth time, he tapped at her door and presented himself before her, looking anxious and unnaturally tidy.

"My hair," he said. "Having no unguent, I used a little olive oil. Do I smell like a salad?"

ANELIDA reassured him, gave his coat a brush, and begged him to wait for her in the shop. He had old-fashioned ideas about punctuality and had begun to fret. "It's five-and-twenty minutes to seven. We were asked for half-past six, Nelly."

"That means seven at the earliest, darling. Just take a furtive leer through the window and you'll see when people begin to come. And please, Unk, we can't go while I'm still in my dressing-gown, can we, now?"

"No, no, of course not. Half-past six for a quarter-to-seven? Or seven? I see. I see. In that case . . ."

He pattered downstairs.

Anelida thought, "It's a good thing I've had some practice in quick changes." She did her face and hair, and she put on a white dress that had been her one extravagance of the year, a large white hat and new gloves. She looked in the glass, forcing herself to adopt the examining attitude she used in the theatre. "And it might as well be a first night," she thought, "the way I'm feeling." Did Richard like white? she wondered.

Heartened by the certainty of her dress being satisfactory and her hat becoming, Anelida began to daydream along time-honored lines: She and Octavius arrived at the party. There was a sudden hush. Monty Marchant, the Management in person, would ejaculate to Timon Gantry, the great producer, "Who are they?" and Timon Gantry, with the abrupt grasp which all actors, whether they had heard it or not, liked to imitate, would reply, "I don't know, but by heaven, I'm going to find out!"

The ranks would part as she and Octavius, escorted by Miss Bellamy, moved down the room to the accompaniment of a discreet murmur. They would be the cynosure of all eyes. What was a cynosure and why was it never mentioned except in reference to eyes? All eyes on

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Notice to Contributors

PLEASE type your manuscript or write clearly in ink, using only one side of the paper.

Short stories should be from 2500 to 4000 words; articles up to 1500 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection.

Every care is taken of manuscripts, but we accept no responsibility for them. Please keep a duplicate.

Address manuscript to the Editor, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4688W, G.P.O., Sydney.

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Continuing ...

FALSE SCENT

from page 47

Anelida Lee. And there, wrapt in admiration, would be Richard ...

At this point Anelida stopped short, was stricken with shame, had a good laugh at herself, and became the prey of her own nerves.

She went to her window and looked down into Pardoner's Place. Cars were now beginning to draw up at Miss Bellamy's house. Here came a large black one with a very smart chauffeur. Two men got out. Anelida's inside somersaulted. The one with the gardenia was Monty Marchant and that incredibly tall, that unmistakably shabby figure was the greatest of all directors, Timon Gantry.

"Whoops!" Anelida said. "None of your nonsense, Cinderella." She counted sixty and then went downstairs.

Octavius was seated at his desk, reading, and Hodge was on his knee. They both looked extraordinarily smug.

"Have you come over calm?" Anelida asked.

"What? Calm? Yes." Octavius said. "Perfectly, thank you. I have been reading."

"Have you been up to something, Unk?"

He rolled his eyes round at her. "Up to something? I? What can you mean?"

"You look as if butter wouldn't melt on your whiskers."

"Really? I wonder why. Should we go?"

He displaced Hodge, who was moulting. Anelida was obliged to fetch the clothes-brush again.

"I wouldn't change you," she said, "for the Grand Cham of Tartary. Come on, darling, let's go."

MISS BELLAMY'S

preparation for the party occupied the best part of ninety minutes and had something of the character of a Restoration salon, with Florence, truculently unaware of this distinction, in the role of abigail.

It followed the after-luncheon rest and, in its early stages, was conducted in the strictest privacy. She lay on her bed. Florence, unspeaking and tight-mouthed, darkened the room and produced from the bathroom sundry bottles and pots. She removed the make-up from her mistress's face, put wet pads over her eyes, and began to apply a layer of greenish astringent paste.

Miss Bellamy attempted to make conversation and was unsuccessful. At last she demanded impatiently, "What's the matter with you? Gone upstairs?" Florence was silent. "Oh, for heaven's sake!" Miss Bellamy ejaculated. "You're not holding out on me because of this morning, are you?"

Florence slapped a layer across Miss Bellamy's upper lip. "That stuff's stinging me." Miss Bellamy mumbled with difficulty. "You haven't mixed it properly."

Florence completed the mask. From behind it Miss Bellamy attempted to say, "All right, you can go to hell and sulk there," but remembering she was not supposed to speak, lay fuming. She heard Florence go out of the room. Ten minutes later she returned, stood for some time looking down on the greenish, blinded face, and then set about removing the mask.

The toilet continued in icy silence, proceeding through its manifold and exacting routines. The face was scrutinised like a microscope slide. The hair was drilled. The person was subjected to masterful but tactful discipline. And throughout these intimate manipulations, Florence and Miss Bellamy maintained an absolute and inimical silence. Only when they had been effected did Miss Bellamy open her door to her court.

In the past, Pinky and Bertie had attended; the former vaguely in the role of confidante, the latter to advise about the final stages of the ritual. Today they had not presented themselves and Miss Bellamy was illogically resentful. Though her initial fury had subsided, it lay like a sediment at the bottom of her thoughts, and it wouldn't take much, she realised, to stir it up.

Charles was the first to arrive and found her already dressed. She wore crimson chiffon, intricately folded and draped with loose panels that floated tactfully past her waist and hips. The décolletage plunged and at its lowest point contained orchids and diamonds. Diamonds appeared again at intervals in the form of brooches and clips, flashed in stalactites from her ears and encircled her neck and wrist in a stutter of brilliance. She was indeed magnificent.

"Well?" she said, and faced her husband.

"My dear!" said Charles gently. "I'm overwhelmed."

Something in his voice irritated her. "You don't like it," she said. "What's the matter with it?"

"It's quite superb. Dazzling."

Florence had opened the new bottle of scent and was pouring it into the Venetian glass atomiser. The air was thickened with effluvium so strong that it almost gave the impression of being visible. Charles made the slightest of grimaces.

"Do you think I'm overdressed, Charles?" Miss Bellamy demanded.

"I have implicit faith in your judgment," he said. "And you look glorious."

"Why did you make a face?"

"It's that scent. I find it a bit too much. It's—well ..."

"Well! What is it?"

"I fancy indecent is the word I'm groping for."

"It happens to be the most exclusive perfume on the market."

"I don't much like the word 'perfume,' but in this case it seems to be entirely appropriate."

"I'm sorry," she said in a high voice, "that you find my choice of words non-U."

"My dear Mary ...!" Florence screwed the top on the atomiser and placed it, with the three-quarters emptied bottle, on the dressing-table. She then retired to the bathroom.

Charles Templeton took his wife's hands in his and kissed them. "Ah!" he said. "That's your usual scent."

"The last dress."

"I'll give you some more." She made as if to pull her hands away, but he folded them between his own.

"Do something for me," he said. "Will you? I never again ask anything of you."

"My dear Charles!" she exclaimed impatiently. "What?"

"Don't use that stuff. It's vulgar. Mary. The room stinks of it already."

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A L L characters in the serials and short stories which appear in *The Australian Women's Weekly* are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

THE SPANISH DANCERS

● A 45-year-old artist puts a fresh stroke of gold to Jose Gomez' cloak, shakes his head, and says, "Bullfighting is only for the young people."

AND that is why Ressti Jefede, the artist, is in Australia with the Gran Ballet Espanol.

He was, he admits modestly, quite a famous bullfighter in his day . . .

Now Ressti paints and repaints thousands of feet of scenery while heels tap and castanets click as Alfredo Gil drags his troupe mercilessly to give Australian audiences the best of Spanish dancing.

The Spanish Ballet company is on a world tour by courtesy of the Spanish Government.

Husband and wife dynamic Alfredo Gil and lovely Pilar de Oro lead its team of 32 singers and dancers and two guitarists.

With their own composer, Jesus Romo, and orchestra leader Alberto Arias they put on a dramatic and brilliantly colored programme of music and dance woven round the folklore of Spanish provinces.

The Spanish Ballet opened in Sydney on June 21. It opens in Brisbane on August 15, Melbourne on September 12, Adelaide on October 24, Perth on November 23. Then it begins a tour of New Zealand.

SOLOISTS Mari-Carmen Ramirez and Diana Marquez (above) appear with the corps de ballet in a bullfighting scene and in a tableau of the orange season. **BELOW** are folk-dancers Carmela Montero, Rosa Mari Cervantes, Julita Grajal, folk-singer Luis Rueda, and the two guitarists, Samuel Martin and Anastasio Duque.



Entertainment ★



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DENTURES NEED **STERADENT** REGD.

FRONTIER

Adventure, with Kenneth More, Lauren Bacall, Herbert Lom. State, Sydney. In color.

PACKED with action, this spectacular British "Eastern" is as thrilling as any first-class Western. Its excitement is intense.

Based on the bitter warfare on India's north-west frontier at the turn of the century, the plot is strong enough to support one spine-tingling climax after another.

Resourceful Army captain Kenneth More is charged with the seemingly impossible task of escorting a Hindu prince through rebel-infested territory to safety at Kalapur. Failure could mean civil war.

A battered old railway engine named Victoria, coaxed and goaded into action by her enthusiastic Indian driver, I. S. Johar, is the sole means of transport.

The motley group of travellers, cooped in a single creaking carriage, include Lauren Bacall, the boy's forthright governess; Wilfred Hyde White, the patriotic governor's secretary; Eugene Deckers, a cynical gun-runner; Herbert Lom, a sullen, half-breed newsman; and Ursula Jeans, the governor's composed wife.

Rebel ambushes, blown-up bridges and lines make every mile of the journey a dangerous adventure. Between crises the fear and clash of temperaments in the carriage sustain suspense.

More is excellent as the captain. In true British fashion he's unmoved by the cut-throat hordes and rises to any emergency. Bacall is in top form, combining dry sarcasm with sympathy.

New Films

Reviewed by Miriam Fowler

★★★ Excellent
★ Average

★★ Above Average
No star—Poor

The ingenious direction of J. Lee Thompson, the superb color and camera work, the magnificently managed crowd scenes, and the substantial acting of the entire cast combine to make a winner. Atmosphere is so brilliantly created, searing Indian heat seeps into the theatre.

Tremendous entertainment, the film whizzes by at a speed poor old Victoria could never hope to reach.

In a word . . . **POWERFUL.**

★★ AL CAPONE

Drama, with Rod Steiger, Fay Spain. Regent, Sydney.

THis graphic account of the career of the crime king of prohibition America is given practically straight documentary treatment.

The plot systematically ticks off each escapade in the notorious Capone's ascent to power — his reign — and his downfall. But it's not without humor; the gangster's crass audacity draws laughs.

As an opera-loving "hood," Capone first hit the Chicago scene in 1920, as bodyguard to big-time Johnny Torrio (Nehemiah Persoff). Prohibition is about to turn crime into big business.

Step by step, Capone moves into the racketeering brass bracket. His rivals are eliminated in the classic blood baths, culminating in the infamous St. Valentine's Day massacre,

when a bunch of unfriendly "guns" are calmly mown down.

Rod Steiger is a vital Al Capone. He not only looks like him, he brings a slobbering, gusty joy to the hell-business of mayhem, intimidation, and terror. But, sadly, he retains audience sympathy.

The film has a colorful line-up of bizarre crooks played by a crowd of well-selected bit actors.

The film loses perspective when it flaunts the romance of Capone and his moll (Fay Spain), widow of a man he has murdered.

In a word . . . **GRAPHIC.**

★ THE YOUNG PHILADELPHIANS

Drama, with Paul Newman, Barbara Rush, Alexis Smith, Brian Keith, Diane Brewster. Century, Sydney.

THis long film of a young man's fight to make good on the "right" side of the tracks is so crammed with detail it loses impact.

Determined to cover the lot, the plot digresses to confusion. The action even uses the corny trick of a brief battle-front affray to show our hero DID go to a war.

Struggling law student Paul Newman, son of social-climbing Diane Brewster, and Barbara Rush, daughter of prominent lawyer John Williams, have their romance

Movie gossip

BILL WILDER, Hollywood's fair-haired director since the successes of his "Some Like It Hot" and "The Apartment," is going in for an entirely new type of movie for him — a musical comedy. Wilder has bought the movie rights to the Paris-London smash hit stage show, "Imma la Douce."

AS if starring in and producing films isn't enough, Kirk Douglas is currently spending two hours a week with a French tutor. Mrs. Douglas' relatives from Paris and Brussels are about to visit Hollywood and Kirk wants to surprise them with his new-found linguistic ability.

shattered by the class-conscious Williams. Embittered Newman determines to break the social barrier.

With intelligence and cunning he beats off the attentions of Alexis Smith, wife of lawyer Otto Kruger, and wins a job in a respected legal firm and entree to society.

Once "in," the young lawyer wages a battle of principles against "acceptance." His final test presents itself in the form of a murder case involving his good friend Robert Vaughan. But what was meant as a courtroom highlight lacked lustre.

As the young man winning through, Newman's lead performance carries weight, but the film is so weighed down with star parts it nearly sinks.

Liveliest acting comes from the "evergreen" Billie Burke.

In a word . . . **TOP-HEAVY.**

NEW Fortagen



STUDENTS



FAMILIES



CONVALESCENTS



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Here at last is the ideal tonic food drink to bring glowing health to people of all ages. It's the new broad-spectrum vitamin Tonic Food — Fortagen. New Fortagen is bound to be the favourite of young and old alike because it has a delicious chocolate flavour; because it provides the full daily requirements of eight essential vitamins and because it is made from Malt, Milk and Eggs.

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Mix one cup of SUNSHINE Full Cream Powdered Milk with one cup of water. Chill thoroughly and beat until mixture begins to thicken. Add three teaspoons of lemon juice and whip until stiff. Add icing sugar to your taste and serve straight away.

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SOCIAL

By MARY COLES

ROUNDABOUT

THE marriage of popular young Sydney wool-buyer Peter King to Diana Alexander at St. John's Cathedral on July 23, followed by a reception given by the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Alexander, of "Annabranche," Toogoolawah, at the Queensland Club, will be one of Brisbane's most fashionable events of the year.

Peter, who is the son of Colonel R. G. M. King, of Wales, and Mrs. John Davenport, of Sydney, will be supported by David Parker, of Sydney, Geoffrey Benson, and Ian Hayne, of Brisbane.

Mr. and Mrs. Ion Macarthur-Onslow, Sandra Macarthur-Onslow, and her brother James, and Mr. and Mrs. Colin Dight, of Yetman, are among New South Wales guests invited to the wedding.

I hear the groom's sister, Mrs. James Russell, who is flying up from Melbourne with her husband for the wedding, will return to Sydney with her mother and Mr. Davenport to holiday with them at Chatswood on her way home to Victoria.

SUCH an exciting switch in destinations for Captain and Mrs. Alex Orr, who left at the weekend for New York. In the midst of packing for Western Australia, where Captain Orr is taking up a new Army appointment, news came through that he had three months' leave—first! He immediately shopped for a string of round-the-world air tickets to give his wife (formerly Diana Rose Snider) a delayed honeymoon. They are making New York their first halt to have a reunion with Mrs. Orr's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Sam Snider, who are there this week on their way home from England and Europe.

AN elegant lime-green satin beaded gown suited Lady Berryman when she and her husband, Lieut.-General Sir Frank Berryman, received the bevy of pretty debutantes at the Highland Society Ball at the Town Hall. With an eye to the future, the Berrymans recently bought such an attractive home unit—with a garden—in Wentworth Avenue, Point Piper. They'll go into residence there when they leave their Showground home on Sir Frank's retirement as Director of the Royal Agricultural Society next year.

I LIKE the gallantry shown by the new American Consul-General, Laurence Vass, to his wife and their pretty daughters Patricia and Linda. When 400lb. of family luggage was air-freighted to Australia ahead of the foursome, the only space in it claimed by Mr. Vass was enough room for his fishing rod and sporting gun. He said Mrs. Vass and the girls could have all the rest for their dresses and treasures. The Vass' pronounce their name "varz," as in vase!

MATTHEW is the name chosen by Mr. and Mrs. Christopher Cullen for their infant son. His recent arrival cancelled out the opportunity for farewell parties for the Cullens, who are on the eve of leaving "Broadwaters," Darling Point, to make their home in Auckland, New Zealand.

WITH friends to see all along the route, Mrs. G. S. Stogdale and her daughter Annette—Mrs. Kenneth Bieri, of Melbourne—are looking forward to a lovely trip to the East. Mrs. Bieri will spend a few days with her mother at Edgely before they fly to Singapore on July 16, with Hongkong and Japan to follow. They will come home in the Arcadia, sailing from Kobe on August 10. They are fitting in the holiday while Mr. Bieri is in Honolulu for six weeks attending a school for scientific management.

BECAUSE her French fiancé, Roland Cottin—the son of M. and Madame Lucien Cottin, of Paris—is living in the New Hebrides, Marcia Dady-Rowe shopped alone for the diamond engagement ring she bought with cheque sent by Roland. The romance began when Roland holidayed in Sydney about six months ago. They will wed in November.

MRS. JOHN LEPLASTRIER is coming back to town at the end of the week after a brief stay with her brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Purser, of "Valdemar," Millthorpe. She went up for the party at "Valdemar" to celebrate the birthdays of Mr. Purser and his son-in-law, Roger Barrett, of "Palomar," Blayney.

HOSTESSES at the 6 p.m. party at the English Speaking Union's Rooms on July 15 will be Mrs. Ruth Cumming and Mrs. Norman Chaffer. It is being arranged by the E.S.U. Scholarship Fund Committee to build up capital to increase the grant made to scholarship winners. Dr. Ian Ross, last year's scholarship winner, will contribute to the evening's entertainment, recalling highlights of his travels abroad.



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BEACH BELLES. From left: Sandra Walker, Gillian Garland, Mrs. Donald Ross, Virginia Hyne, Mrs. Sam Walder, Mrs. Jack Minett, Mrs. Max Sturzen, and Mrs. Bob Boekmann in hilarious "I Do Like to Be Beside the Sea" chorus at the Black and White Committee's revue "Let's Walk Down the Strand" at the Phillip Street Theatre.

HERE AND ABROAD



FEMME FATALE. "They Call Me Naughty Lola," sung by Mrs. Marcel Dekyere, brought down the house at the Black and White Committee's revue "Let's Walk Down the Strand," for the Royal Blind Society at the Phillip Street Theatre. She wore a purple velvet Edwardian gown and a "Marlene Dietrich" feathered headdress.



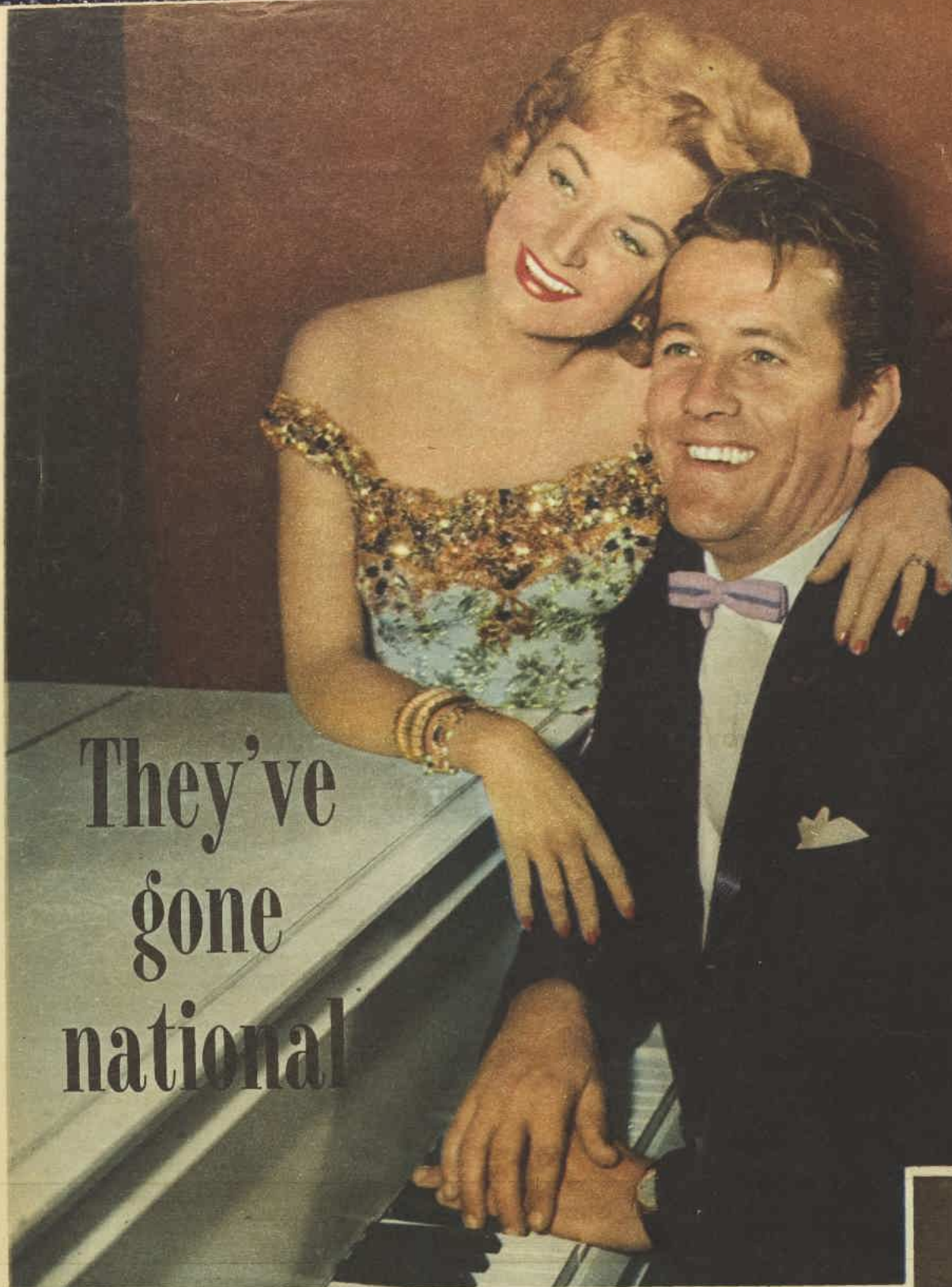
TO WED. Wool-buyer Peter King and his fiancée, Diana Alexander, of Toogoolawah, Queensland, will make their home in Sydney after their wedding at St. John's Cathedral, Brisbane.



IN SCOTLAND. Beris Yule and her fiancé, Dr. Gordon Biggam, the son of Major-General Sir Alexander and Lady Biggam, of Edinburgh, snapped beside Loch Lomond. Dr. Biggam and Beris, who is the daughter of Mrs. Edmund Yule, of Roseville, and the late Mr. Yule, will honeymoon in Majorca after their wedding in October at the Church of St. John, Edinburgh. Beris has been abroad for two years.



NEW YORK WEDDING. John Field and his bride, formerly Jane Wilmot, of New Orleans, pictured with the bride's mother, Mrs. W. C. Wilmot, Prince Christian of Hesse, and the Princess of Hesse (on right), who is the groom's mother, after the wedding of the couple at St. James' Episcopal Church. John is the son of the late Mr. S. J. Field, of Sydney.



They've gone national

TELEVISION

● **THE BOBBY LIMB SHOW** has gone national and is now seen all over Australia. The show is an hour of non-stop variety with Bobby Limb and Dawn Lake as co-stars.

THE other day, Dawn Lake got a fan-letter that floored her. It asked for an autographed picture, all about her life and times, and finished with a postscript: "What is your ambition?"

"I can't get over it," Dawn said. "What is your ambition? Here I am living and working in the middle of it."

"Doesn't it show?"

It certainly does show — in the zest and ardor both Dawn and Bobby (happily married in real life) put into their TV appearances and the infectious fun and spontaneity of the programme.

All the cast, as well as the viewers, enjoy it.

The cast is a bunch of highly talented performers and acts headed by Dawn and Bobby.

Dawn sings, dances, and is a wonderful comedienne. Bobby, too, is a wonderful comedian; he sings, dances, plays the saxophone, conducts the orchestra, and comperes the non-stop hour.

In between shows Dawn and Bobby live at Killara, N.S.W., in a big rambling ranch-type house. They have a daughter, Deborah, 4½, who can't sing in tune, doesn't dance or pick out tunes on the piano.

This the Limbs love. They want Debbie to be an ordinary girl of 4½, not Miss Show Business of 1975 in the making.

Dawn does her own housework and cooking, takes Debbie to school, organises everything.

Her favorite pursuit is working at the Limbs' ambition, particularly doing her "Over the Fence" comedy turn.

It is amazing to see Dawn off-camera, tiny and astonishingly pretty, whip into her multi-colored "cardi" and head scarf and change into Mrs. Next Door, the character seen in the picture at right. She's a riot.

To get the right expression she had to get into character. Bobby said: "Go on, Dawn, say your line."

"I'll have you know," Dawn said, fixing the cameraman with a glittering eye, "I'm a woman that has SUFFERED."



"OVER THE FENCE," with Dawn Lake disguised as Mrs. Next Door, popular segment of the Bobby Limb Show. Above: As she is, with husband Bobby Limb.

B.B.C. films will show Australia on TV

TELEVISION PARADE

By NAN MUSGROVE

● Australian TV had developed no characteristic quality of its own yet because of the comparatively small quantity of original TV presented, said B.B.C. producer Therese Denny.

"It is very easy to carp and criticise," Miss Denny said, "but to be fair, I think Australian TV has not yet had time to develop."

Miss Denny, to whom I talked on the wing between her morning coffee and a hair appointment, has planned for 1962 a series of six B.B.C. documentaries about Australia. They sound like good TV.

Her present trip, on which she will visit Adelaide, Perth, and the Kimberleys, as well as Sydney and Melbourne, is what she described as "part reconnaissance" for the shows.

Australians will have seen Miss Denny's name in the credit titles of the splendid series featuring General Sir Brian Horrocks' "Famous Battles" and "Men of Action," and on some of the outstanding "Portraits of Power" programmes.

"I saw a very good documentary on ABC-TV called 'Inquiry Into Migration,' and

I thought it was very good," she said. "It had quality and was the sort of thing that will eventually develop a characteristic Australian TV."

"Things are so different in TV abroad. There they have learned that original TV needs a lot of two things—time and money."

"Australian TV has developed so fast—you already have more channels than there are in England—that the kind of time and money necessary is not yet available."

Being rather sold on General Horrocks as a TV personality, I found that she believes him to be one of the big TV finds.

"He is a great TV personality," she said. "An average small audience in England for one of his programmes would be 7,000,000."

Talking of the "Famous Battles" series, she said that General Horrocks had the great gift of simplifying and making the most complex action easy to understand.

"He is the complete perfectionist about his TV work. He takes endless time rehear-

sing. I often have to stop him, or he'd go stale."

She said she and the General had set a special standard of simplicity for his series. They called it the "Mum in Acton" standard.

She explained that they went over every sentence of the script until they were certain that every British housewife could understand it.

"When we feel Mum in Acton would understand, we get in one of the B.B.C. secretaries who doesn't know a thing about military matters and read the script to her."

"Every criticism she makes is treated as a pearl, and the script is altered until she understands every word."

Miss Denny says Horrocks' "special compelling quality" makes you watch him.

"If he were here with us now he would sound and talk exactly the way he does on TV," she said.

"He talks to the camera as if it were an old friend."

Miss Denny once asked General Horrocks how he had

developed this technique. "He told her a friend who had been on TV had talked to him about the TV camera before he ever appeared before it. The friend said there were three ways you could treat it:

- As someone you were frightened of;
- As a stranger with whom you were shy;
- As an old friend to whom you could talk.

You have only to watch one Horrocks show to see how completely he treats the camera as a friend. I am sure all telecasters, past, present, and future, will recognise his camera tip as TV horse-sense.

Miss Denny, who was born in Adelaide and has combined her professional trip with a visit to her family, is excited about the Australian documentaries she is planning.

I asked her what was her concept of the series. She outlined five that sound wonderful, although she said she was doing what was known in the TV trade as "talking off the top of her head."



VISITING TV producer Therese Denny.

Her ideas now are to do a series something like this:

- Sydney through the eyes of a teenager and through the eyes of an old-age pensioner.
- Adelaide through the eyes of a young married couple and their family, to show the contrast in family life with that of England.
- The outback, probably the Kimberleys, because "The Northern Territory and the Centre have been done to death."
- Australia through the eyes of a migrant or group of migrants.
- One about the life of a rising businessman of about 35 or 40 to show "the go-aheadness of Australia."

"No one knows much about

Australia in England," she said; "about its extraordinary quality, about the sheer physical look of the country."

"People ask me what Australia is like, and goggle at me when I say, 'What part?' They don't realise we stretch from the tropical regions down to the Antarctic—that I could be swimming in Queensland right now or doing a freeze in Melbourne or Adelaide."

Talking to Miss Denny is very stimulating—if she were here permanently she'd really hasten the arrival of that characteristic Australian TV.

She'd like to come home to work, but that old bugbear—TV time and money—doesn't yet exist here in the quantities she is used to.

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She stared at him with a kind of blank anger. His skin was mottled. The veins showed on his nose and his eyes were watery. It was an elderly face, and not very handsome.

"Don't be ridiculous," she said, and withdrew her hands.

Warrender tapped on the door and came in. When he saw Miss Bellamy he ejaculated "What!" several times and was so clearly bowled over that her ill-humor modulated into a sort of petulant gratification. She made much of him and pointedly ignored her husband.

"You are the most fabulous, heavenly sweetie-pie," she said, and kissed his ear.

He turned purple and said, "By George!"

Charles had walked over to the window. The tin of Slaypest was still there. At the same moment Florence re-entered the room. Charles indicated the tin. Florence cast up her eyes.

He said, "Mary, you do leave the windows open, don't you, when you use this stuff on your plants?"

"Oh, for heaven's sake!" she exclaimed. "Have you got a secret thing about sprays? You'd better get yourself psychoed, my poor Charles."

"It's dangerous. I took the trouble to buy a textbook on these things and what it has to say is damn disquieting. I showed it to Maurice. Read it yourself, my dear, if you don't believe me. Ask Maurice. You don't think she ought to monkey about with it, do you, Maurice?"

Warrender picked up the tin and stared at the label with its red skull and crossbones and intimidating warning. "Shouldn't put this sort of stuff on the market," he said. "My opinion."

"Exactly. Let Florence throw it out, Mary."

"Put it down!" she shouted.

"Really, Charles, what a bore you can be when you set your mind to it."

Suddenly she thrust the scent atomiser into Warrender's hands. "Stand there, darling," she said. "Far enough away for it not to make rivers or stain my dress. Just a delicious mist. Now! Spray madly."

Warrender did as he was told. She stood in the redolent cloud with her chin raised and her arms extended.

"Go on, Maurice," she said, shutting her eyes in a kind of ecstasy. "Go on."

Charles drew in his breath. Warrender stared at him, blushed scarlet, put down the scent-spray, and walked out of the room.

Mary and Charles looked at each other in silence.

The whole room reeked of Formidabile.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Templeton stood just inside their drawing-room door. The guests, on their entry, encountered a bevy of Press photographers, while a movie outfit was established at the foot of the stairs, completely blocking the first flight. New arrivals smiled or looked thoughtful as the flash lamps discovered them. Then, forwarded by the parlourmaid in the hall to Gracefield on the threshold, they were announced and, as it were, passed on to be neatly fielded by their hosts.

It was not an enormous party—perhaps fifty, all told. It embraced the elite of the theatre world and it differed in this respect from other functions of its size. It was a little as if the guests gave rattling good performances of

themselves arriving at a cocktail party. They did this to music, for Miss Bellamy, in an alcove of her great saloon, had stationed a blameless instrumental trio.

Although, in the natural course of events, they met each other very often, there was a

There's little doubt that lots of girls would make better wives if they weren't trying to make better husbands.

—From *The Bedside Bachelor* Lion Books, Inc.

tendency among the guests to express astonishment, even rapture, at this particular encounter.

Each congratulated Miss Bellamy on her birthday and her superb appearance. Some held her at arm's length the better to admire. Some expressed bewilderment and others a sort of matry reverence. Then in turn they shook hands with Charles, and by the particular pains the nice ones took with him they somehow established the fact that he was not quite of their own world.

When Pinky and Bertie arrived, Miss Bellamy greeted them with magnanimity.

"So glad," she said to both of them, "that you decided to come." The kiss that accompanied this greeting was tinged with forbearance and what passed with Miss Bellamy for charity. It also, in some

ineffable manner, seemed to convey a threat. They were meant to receive it like a sacrament and (however reluctantly) they did so, progressing on the conveyor belt of hospitality to Charles, who was markedly cordial to both of them.

They passed on down the long drawing-room and were followed by two Dames, a Knight, three distinguished commoners, another Knight and his Lady, Montague Marchant, and Timon Gantry.

Richard, filling his established role of a sort of unofficial son of the house, took over the guests as they came his way. He was expected to pilot them through the bottleneck of the intake and encourage them to move to the dining-room and conservatory. He also helped the hired barman and the housemaid with the drinks until Gracefield and the parlourmaid were able to carry on. He was profoundly uneasy.

He had been out to lunch and late returning, and had had no chance to speak to Mary before the first guests appeared. But he knew that all was not well. There were certainly only too unmistakable signs, of which a slight twitch in Mary's triangular smile was the most ominous.

There's been another temperment," Richard thought, and he fancied he saw confirmation of this in Charles, whose hands were not quite steady and whose face was unevenly patched.

The rooms filled up. He kept looking towards the door and thinking he saw Anelida.

Timon Gantry came up to him. "I've been talking to Monty," he said. "Have you got a typescript for him?"

"Timmy, how kind of you! Yes, of course."

"Here?"

"Yes, Mary's got one. She said she'd leave it in my old room upstairs."

"Mary! Why?"

"I always show her my things."

Gantry looked at him for a moment, gave his little gasp, and then said, "I see I must speak frankly. Will Mary think you wrote the part for her?"

Richard said, "I—that was not my intention . . ."

"Because you'd better understand at once, Dicky, that I wouldn't dream of producing this play with Mary in the lead. Nor would I dream of advising the Management to back it with Mary in the lead. Nor could it be anything but a disastrous flop with Mary in the lead. Is that clear?"

"Abundantly," Richard said.

"Moreover," Gantry said, "I should be lacking in honesty and friendship if I didn't tell you it was high time you cut loose from those particular apron strings. Thank you. I would prefer whisky and water."

Richard, shaken, turned aside to get it. As he made his way back to Gantry he was aware of one of those unaccountable lulls that sometimes fall across the insistent din of a cocktail party. Gantry, inches taller than anyone else in the room, was looking across the other guests towards the door. Several of them also had turned in the same direction, so that it was past the backs of heads and through a gap between shoulders that Richard first saw Anelida and Octavius come in.

It was not until a long time afterwards that he realised his first reaction had been one of simple gratitude to Anelida for being, in addition to everything else, so very beautiful.

He heard Timon Gantry say, "Monty, look!" Montague Marchant had come up to them.

"I am looking," he said. "Hard."

And indeed they all three looked so hard at Anelida that none of them saw the smile dry out on Mary Bellamy's face and then reappear as if it had been forcibly stamped there.

Anelida shook hands with her hostess, expected, perhaps, some brief return of the morning's excessive cordiality, heard a voice say, "So kind of you to come," and witnessed the phenomenon of the triangular smile. Followed by Octavius, she moved on to Charles. And then she was face to face with Richard, who, as quickly as he could, had made his way down the room to meet them.

"Well?" Timon Gantry said.

"Well," Marchant repeated. "What is it?"

"It's an actress."

"Any good?"

"I'll answer that one," Gantry said, "a little later."

"Are you up to something?"

"Yes."

"What, for heaven's sake?"

"Patience, patience."

"I sometimes wonder, Timmy, why we put up with you."

"You needn't. You put up with me, dear boy, because I give the Management its particular brand of prestige."

"So you say."

"True?"

"I won't afford you the ignoble satisfaction of saying so."

"All the same, to oblige me, stay where you are."

He moved towards the group of three that was slowly making its way down the drawing-room.

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All cheeses taste better with



Arnott's

CRISP

Sao Biscuits

There is no Substitute for Quality

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Marchant continued to look at Anelida.

When Richard met Anelida and took her hand he found, to his astonishment, he was unable to say to her any of the things that for the past ten years he had so readily said to lovely ladies at parties. The usual procedure would have been to kiss her neatly on the cheek, tell her she looked marvellous and then pilot her by the elbow about the room. If she was his lady of the moment he would contrive to spend a good deal of time in her company and they would probably dine somewhere after the party.

How the evening then proceeded would depend upon a number of circumstances, none of which seemed to be entirely appropriate to Anelida. Richard felt, unexpectedly, that his nine years seniority were more like nineteen.

Octavius had found a friend. This was Miss Bellamy's physician, Dr. Harkness, a contemporary of Octavius' Oxford days and up at the House with him. They could be left together, happily reminiscent, and Anelida could be given her dry Martini and introduced to Pinky and Bertie, who were tending to hunt together through the party.

Bertie said rapidly, "I do congratulate you. Do swear to me on your sacred word of honor never to wear anything but white and always, but always with your clever hat. Ever!"

"You mustn't take against Bertie," Pinky said kindly. "It's really a smashing compliment coming from him."

"I'll bear it in mind," Anelida said. It struck her that they were both behaving rather oddly. They kept looking over her shoulder as if somebody or something behind her exerted a strange attraction over them. They did this so often that she felt impelled to follow their gaze and did so.

It was Mary Bellamy at whom they had been darting their glances. She had moved further into the room and stood quite close, surrounded by a noisy group of friends. She herself was talking. But to Anelida's embarrassment she found Miss Bellamy's eyes looked straight into her own, coldly and searchingly. It was not, she was sure, a casual or accidental affair. Miss Bellamy had been watching her and the effect was disconcerting.

Anelida turned away only to meet another pair of eyes, Timon Gantry's. And beside him yet another pair, Montague Marchant's, speculative, observant. It was like an inversion of her ridiculous day-dream and she found it disturbing. "The cynosure of all eyes indeed! With a difference," thought Anelida.

But Richard was beside her, not looking at her, his arm scarcely touching hers, but there, to her great content. Pinky and Bertie talked with peculiar energy, making a friendly fuss over Anelida but conveying, nevertheless, a singular effect of nervous tension.

Presently Richard said, "Here's somebody else who would like to meet you, Anelida." She looked up at a brick-colored Guardee face and a pair of surprised blue eyes. "Colonel Warrender," Richard said.

After his bumpy fashion, Warrender made conversation. "Everybody always shouts at these things, isn't it? Haven't got up to pitch yet, but will, of course. You're on the stage, isn't it?"

"Just."

"Jolly good! What d'you think of Dicky's plays?"

Anelida wasn't yet accus-

tomed to hearing Richard called Dicky or to being asked that sort of question in that sort of way.

She said, "Well—immensely successful, of course."

"Oh!" he said. "Successful! Awfully successful! 'Course. And I like 'em, you know. I'm his typical audience—want something gay and 'musing, with a good part for Mary. Not up to intellectual drama."

FROM THE BIBLE

• "And ye shall seek me, and find me, when ye shall search for me with all your heart."

—Jeremiah 29:13.

It had been the work of the prophet Jeremiah to warn the people of Israel of God's displeasure at their disobedience. He foretells the terrible things that will befall them if they do not repent and turn back to God. But even in His wrath God, with love and mercy, reminds them that when they search for Him with all their hearts they will find Him.

Point is, though, is he satisfied? What d'you think? Wasting himself or not? What?"

Anelida was greatly taken aback and much exercised in her mind. Did this elderly soldier know Richard very intimately, or did all Richard's friends plunge on first acquaintance into analyses of each other's inward lives for the benefit of perfect strangers? And did Warrender know about "Husbandry in Heaven?"

Again she had the feeling of being closely watched.

EVENTUALLY

she said, "I hope he'll give us a serious play one of these days and I shouldn't have thought he'll be really satisfied until he does."

"Ah!" Warrender exclaimed, as if she'd made a dynamic observation. "There you are! Jolly good! Keep him up to it. Will you?"

"I!" Anelida cried in a hurry. She was about to protest that she was in no position to keep Richard up to anything, when it occurred to her, surprisingly, that Warrender might consider any such disclaimer an affectation.

"But does he need 'keeping up'?" she asked.

"Yes!" he said. "What with one thing and another. You must know all about that."

Anelida reminded herself she had only drunk half a dry Martini, so she couldn't possibly be under the influence of alcohol. Neither, she would have thought, was Colonel Warrender. Neither, apparently, was Miss Bellamy or Charles Templeton or Miss Kate Cavendish or Mr. Bertie Saracen. Nor, it would seem, was Mr. Timon Gantry, to whom, suddenly, she was being introduced by Richard.

"Timmy," Richard was saying. "Here is Anelida Lee."

To Anelida it was like meeting a legend.

"Good evening," the so-often mimicked voice was saying. "What is there for us to talk about? I know. You shall tell me precisely why you make

that 'throw-it-over-your-shoulder' gesture in your—fine speech and whether it is your own invention or a bit of producer's whimsy."

"Is it wrong?" Anelida demanded. She then executed the mime that is known in her profession as a double-take. Her throat went dry, her eyes started, and she crammed the knuckle of her gloved hand between her separated teeth. "You haven't seen me!" she cried.

"But I have. With Dick Dakers."

"Oh!" whispered Anelida. "Look out. You'll spill your drink. Shall we remove a little from this barnyard cacophony? The conservatory seems at the moment to be unoccupied."

Anelida disposed of her drink by distractedly swallowing it. "Come along," Gantry said. He took her by the elbow and piloted her towards the conservatory. Richard, as if by sleight-of-hand, had disappeared. Octavius was in to her.

"Good evening, Bunny. Good evening, my dear Paul. Good evening, Tony," Gantry said with the omniscience of M. Charlus. Celebrated faces responded to these greetings as drifted astern. They were the conservatory, and for the rest of her life the smell of frezias would carry Anelida back to it.

"There!" Gantry said, releasing her with a little push. "Now then."

"Richard didn't tell me. Nobody said you were front."

"Nobody knew, dear. We came in during the first act and left before the curtain preferred it."

She remembered, dimly, this kind of behaviour was part of his legend.

"Why are you fussed?" Gantry inquired. "Are you ashamed of your performance?"

"No," Anelida said truthfully, and she added in a hurry, "I know it's very bad patches."

"How old are you?"

"Nineteen."

"What else have you played?"

"Only bits at the Bonaventure."

"No dra-mat-ic ac-ad-emy!" he said, venomously spitting out the consonants. "An agonising in devoted little groups? No depicting? Very well. Now, attend to me. I am going to tell you about your performance."

He did so at some length and in considerable detail. It was waspish, didactic, devastating, and overwhelmingly right. For the most part she listened avidly and in silence, but presently she ventured to ask for elucidation. He answered and seemed to be pleased.

"Now," he said, "those are all the things that were amiss with your performance. You will have concluded that I wouldn't have told you about them if I didn't think you were an actress. Most of your mistakes were technical. You were correct them. In the meantime I have a suggestion make. Just that. No promise. It's in reference to a play that may never go into production. I believe you have already read it. You will do so again if you please, and to that extent you will come to the Unicorn at ten o'clock next Thursday morning. Hi! Monty!"

Anelida was getting used to the dreamlike situation which she found herself in. It had, in its own right, a kind of authenticity. When the Management, that bourne which all unknown actresses aspired, appeared before her

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in the person of Montague Marchant, she was able to make a reasonable response. How pale was Mr. Marchant, how matt his surface, how immense his aplomb! He talked of the spring weather, of the flowers in the conservatory and, through some imperceptible gradation, of the theatre. She was, he understood, an actress.

"She's playing Eliza Doolittle," Gantry remarked. "Of course. Nice notices," Marchant murmured and tidily smiled at her. She supposed he must have seen them. "I've been bullying her about the performance," Gantry continued.

"What a bad man!" Marchant said lightly. "Isn't he?" "I suggest you take a look at

it." "Now, you see, Miss Lee, he's trying to bully me." "You mustn't let him," Anelida said.

"Oh, I'm well up to his tricks. Are you liking Eliza?" "Very much indeed. It's a great stroke of luck for me to try my hand at her."

"How long is your season?" "Till Sunday. We change every three weeks."

"Oh, yes. Club policy." "That's it."

"I see no good reason," Gantry said, "for fiddling about with this conversation. You know the part I told you about in Dicky's new play? She's going to read it for me. In the meantime, Monty, my dear, you're going to look at the piece and then pay a call on the Bonaventure." He suddenly displayed the cockeyed charm for which he was famous. "No promises made, no bones broken. Just a certain amount of very kind trouble taken, because you know I wouldn't ask it idly. Come, Monty, do say you will."

"I seem," Marchant said, "to be cornered," and it was impossible to tell whether he really minded.

Anelida said, "It's asking altogether too much — please don't be cornered."

"I shall tell you quite brutally if I think you've wasted my time."

"Yes, of course."

"Ah, Dicky!" Marchant said. "May I inquire if you're a party to this conspiracy?"

Richard was there again, beside her. "Conspiracy?" he said. "I'm up to my neck in it. Why?"

Gantry said, "The cloak-and-dagger business is all mine, however. Dicky's a puppet."

"Aren't we all!" Marchant said. "I need another drink. So, I should suppose, do you."

Richard had brought them. "Anelida," he asked, "what have they been cooking?"

For the third time Anelida

listened to her own incredible and immediate future.

"I've turned bossy, Richard," Gantry said. "I've gone ahead on my own. This child's going to take a running jump at reading your wench in 'Heaven.' Monty's going to have a look at the play and see her Eliza. I tell him he'll be pleased. Too bad if you think she can't make it." He looked at Anelida and a very pleasant smile broke over his face. He flipped the brim of her hat with a thumb and forefinger. "Nice hat," he said.

Richard's hand closed pain-

fully about her arm. "Timmy!" he shouted. "You're a splendid fellow! Timmy!"

"The author, at least," Marchant said dryly, "would appear to be pleased."

"In that case," Gantry proposed, "let's drink to the unknown quantity. To your bright eyes, Miss Potential."

"I may as well go down gracefully," Marchant said. "To your Conspiracy, Timmy. In the person of Anelida Lee."

They had raised their glasses to Anelida when a voice behind them said, "I don't enjoy conspiracies in my own house, Monty, and I'm afraid I'm not mad about what I've heard of this one. Do let me in on it, won't you?"

It was Miss Bellamy.

Miss Bellamy had not arrived in the conservatory unaccompanied. She had Colonel Warrender in attendance upon her. They had been followed by Charles Templeton, Pinky Cavendish, and Bertie Saracen. These three had paused by Gracefield to replenish their glasses, and then moved from the dining-room into the conservatory, leaving the door open. Gracefield, continuing

his round, was about to follow them.

The conglomerate of voices in the rooms behind had mounted to its extremity, but above it, high-pitched, edged with emotion, a single voice rang out: Mary Bellamy's.

There, in the conservatory she was, for all to see. She faced Anelida and leant slightly towards her.

"No, no, no, my dear. That really is not quite good enough."



"The next trip we go on we're NOT taking so much luggage, and I mean it!"

fully about her arm. "Timmy!" he shouted. "You're a splendid fellow! Timmy!"

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A sudden lull, comparable to that which follows the lowering of houselights in a crowded theatre, was broken by the more distant babble in the further room and by the inconsequent, hitherto inaudible, excursions of the musicians. Heads were turned towards the conservatory. Warrender came to the door. Gracefield found himself moved to one side; Octavius was there, face to face with Warrender. Gantry's voice said:

"Mary. This won't do."

"I think," Octavius said, "if I may, I would like to go to my niece."

"Not yet," Warrender said. "Do you mind?" He shut the door and cut off the voices in the conservatory.

For a moment the picture beyond the glass walls was held. Mary Bellamy's lips worked. Richard faced her and was speaking. So were Charles and Gantry. It was like a scene from a silent film. Then, with a concerted movement, the figures of Gantry, Charles, Richard, and Warrender, their backs to their audience, hid Miss Bellamy and Anelida.

"Ah, there you are, Occy!"

a jovial, not quite sober voice exclaimed. "I was going to ask you, old boy. D'you remember"

It was Octavius' old acquaintance, Dr. Harkness, now rather tight. As if he had given a signal, everybody began to talk again very loudly indeed. Charles broke from the group and came through the glass door, shutting it quickly behind him. He put his hand on Octavius' arm.

"It's all right, Browne, I assure you," he said. "It's nothing. Dicky is taking care of her. Believe me, it's all right." He turned to Gracefield. "Tell them to get on with it," he said. "At once."

Gracefield gave his butler's inclination and moved away.

Octavius said, "But all the same I would prefer to join Anelida."

Charles looked at him. "How would you have liked," he said, "to have spent the greater part of your life among aliens?"

Octavius blinked. "My dear Templeton," he said. "I don't know. But if you'll forgive me I find myself in precisely that situation at the moment and I should still like to go to my niece."

"Here she is now."

The door had opened again and Anelida had come through with Richard. They were both very white. Again a single voice was heard. Miss Bellamy's. "Do you suppose for one moment that I'm taken in . . ." and again Warrender shut the door.

"Well, Nelly darling," Octavius said. "I promised to remind you that we must leave early. Are you ready?"

"Quite ready," Anelida said. She turned to Charles Templeton and offered him her hand. "I'm so sorry," she said. "We'll slip out under our own steam."

"I'm coming," Richard announced grimly.

"So there's nothing," Charles said. "to be done?"

"I'm afraid we must go," Octavius said.

"We're running late as it is," Anelida agreed. Her voice, to her own astonishment, was steady. "Goodbye," she said, and to Richard, "No, don't come."

"I am coming."

OCTAVIUS put his hand on her shoulder and turned her towards the end of the room.

As he did so a cascade of notes sounded from a tubular gong. The roar of voices again died down, the musicians stood up and began to play that inevitable, that supremely silly air:

Happy birthday to you, Happy birthday to you . . .

The crowd in the far room surged discreetly through into the dining-room, completely blocking the exit. Richard muttered, "This way. Quick," and propelled them towards a door into the hall. Before they could reach it, it opened to admit a procession: the maids, Gracefield with magnums of champagne, Florence, Cooky, in a white hat and carrying an enormously ornate birthday cake, and Old Ninn. They walked to the central table and moved ceremoniously to their appointed places. The cake was set down. Led by Dr. Harkness the assembly broke into applause.

"Now," Richard said. And at last they were out of the room and in the hall. Anelida was conscious for the first time of her own heartbeat. It thudded in her throat and ears. Her mouth was dry and she trembled.

Octavius, puzzled and disturbed, touched her arm.

"Nelly, my love," he said, "shall we go?"

"Yes," Anelida said, and turned to Richard. "Don't come any further. Goodbye."

"I'm coming with you. I've got to."

"Please not."

He held her by the wrist. "I don't insult you with apologies, Anelida, but I do beg you to be generous and let me talk to you."

"Not now. Please, Richard, not now."

"Now. You're cold and you're trembling. Anelida!" He looked into her face and his own darkened. "Never again shall she speak to you like that. Do you hear me, Anelida? Never again." She drew away from him.

The door opened. Pinky and Bertie came through. Pinky

made a dramatic pounce at Anelida and laid her hand on her arm. "Darling!" she cried incoherently. "Forget it! Nothing! Heavens, what a scene!" She turned distractedly to the stairs, found herself cut off by the cinema unit, and doubled back into the drawing-room. The cameramen began to move their equipment across the hall.

"Too much!" Bertie said. "No! Too much." He disappeared in the direction of the men's cloakroom.

Timon Gantry came out. "Dicky," he said, "push off. I want a word with this girl. You won't do any good while you're in this frame of mind. Off!"

He took Anelida by the

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — July 13, 1960

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LA26

Continuing... FALSE SCENT

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shoulders. "Listen to me," he said. "You will rise above. You will not let this make the smallest difference. Go home, now, and sort yourself out. I shall judge you by this and I shall see you on Thursday. Understood?" He gave her a firm little shake and stood back.

Warrender appeared, shutting the door behind him. He glared wretchedly at Anelida and barked, "Anything I can do—realise how distressed... Isn't it?"

Octavius said, "Very kind. I don't think, however..."

Richard announced loudly, "I'll never forgive her for this. Never."

Anelida thought, "If I don't go now I'll break down." She heard her own voice. "Don't give it another thought. Come along, Unk."

She turned and walked out of the house into the familiar square, and Octavius followed her.

"Richard," Warrender said, "I must have a word with you. boy. Come in here."

"No," Richard said, and he, too, went out into the square. Gantry stood for a moment looking after him.

"I find myself," he observed, "unable, any longer, to tolerate Mary Bellamy."

A ripple of applause broke out in the dining-room. Miss Bellamy was about to cut her birthday cake.

Miss Bellamy was a conscientious, able, and experienced actress. Her public appearances were the result of hard work, as well as considerable talent, and if one principle above all others could be said to govern them, it was that which is roughly indicated in the familiar slogan, "The show must go on." It was axiomatic with Miss Bellamy that whatever disrupting influences might attend her, even up to the moment when her hand was on the offstage door-knob, they would have no effect whatsoever upon her performance.

They had none on the evening of her fiftieth birthday. She remained true to type.

When the procession with the cake appeared in the dining-room beyond the glass wall of the conservatory, she turned upon the persons with whom she had been doing battle and uttered the single and strictly professional order: "Clear!"

They had done so. Pinky, Bertie, Warrender, and Gantry had all left her. Charles had already gone. Only Marchant remained, according, as it were, to the script. It had been arranged that he escort Miss Bellamy and make the birthday speech.

They stood together in the conservatory, watching. Gracefield opened the champagne. There was a great deal of laughter and discreet skirmishing among the guests. Glasses were distributed and filled. Gracefield and the maids returned to their appointed places. Everybody looked towards the conservatory.

"This," Marchant said, "is it. You'd better bury the temperament, sweetie, for the time being." He opened the door.

Miss Bellamy shot one malevolent glance at him, stepped back, collected herself, parted her lips in their triangular smile, and made her entrance.

The audience, naturally, applauded.

Marchant, who had his own line in smiles, fingered his bow-tie and then raised a deprecating hand.

"Mary, darling," he said, pitching his voice, "and everybody! Please!"

A Press photographer's lamp flashed.

Marchant's speech was short, graceful, bland, and for the most part, highly appreciated. He made the point, an acceptable one to his audience, that nobody really understood the people of their wonderful old profession but they themselves. The ancient classification of "rogues and vagabonds" was ironically recapitulated. The warmth, the dedication, the loyalties were reviewed,



'How am I to tell how the table looks? You haven't any food on it.'

and a brief but moving reference was made to "our wonderful Mary's happy association with, he would not say Marchant and Company, but would use a more familiar and, he hoped, affectionate phrase—the "Management."

He ended by asking them all to raise their glasses and drink "to Mary."

Miss Bellamy's behaviour throughout was perfect. She kept absolutely still, and even the most unsympathetic observer would scarcely have noticed that she was anything but oblivious of her audience. She was, in point of fact, attentive to it and was very well aware of the absence of Richard, Pinky, Bertie, Warrender, and Gantry—to say nothing of Anelida and Octavius.

ALSO she noticed that Charles, a late arrival in his supporting role of consort, looked pale and troubled. This irritated her. She saw that Old Ninn, well to the fore, was scarlet in the face, a sure sign of intemperance. No doubt there had been port-drinking parties with Florence and Gracefield, and further noggins on her own account. Infuriating of Old Ninn! Outrageous of Richard, Pinky, Bertie, Maurice, and Timon to absent themselves from the speech!

Intolerable that on her birthday she should be subjected to slight after slight and deception after deception: culminating in their combined treachery over that bony girl from the bookshop! It was time to give Monty a look of misty gratitude. They were drinking her health.

She replied, as usual, very briefly. The suggestion was of thoughts too deep for words and the tone whimsical. She ended by making a special reference to the cake, and said that on this occasion Cooky, if that were possible, had excelled herself and she called attention to the decorations.

There was a round of applause, during which Gantry, Pinky, Bertie, and Warrender

edged in through the far doorway. Miss Bellamy was about to utter her peroration, but before she could do so, Old Ninn loudly intervened. "What's a cake without candles?" said Old Ninn.

A handful of guests laughed, nervously and indulgently. The servants looked scandalised and apprehensive.

"Fifty of them," Old Ninn proclaimed. "Oh, wouldn't they look lovely!" and broke into a disreputable chuckle.

Miss Bellamy took the only possible action. She topped Old Ninn's lines by snatching up the ritual knife and plunging it into the heart of the cake. The gesture, which may have had something of the character of a catharsis, was loudly applauded.

The Press photographers' lamps flashed.

The ceremony followed its appointed course. The cake was cut up and distributed. Glasses were refilled and the guests began to talk again at the tops of their voices. It was time for her to open the presents, which had already been deposited on a conveniently placed table in the drawing-room. When that had been done they would go and the party would be over. But it would take a considerable time and all her resources.

In the meantime, there was Old Ninn, purple-faced, not entirely steady on her pins and prepared to continue her unspeakable act for the benefit of anyone who would listen to her.

Miss Bellamy made a quick decision. She crossed to Old Ninn, put her arm about her shoulders and gaily laughing, led her towards the door into the hall. In doing so she named Warrender, Pinky, Bertie, and Timon Gantry. She ignored them, but shouted to Monty Marchant that she was going to powder her nose. Charles was in the doorway. She was obliged to stop for a moment.

He said under his breath, "You've done a terrible thing." She looked at him with contempt.

"You're in my way. I want to go out."

"I can't allow you to go on like this."

"Get out!" she whispered, and thrust towards him. In that overheated room her scent engulfed him like a fog.

He said loudly, "At least don't use any more of that stuff. At least don't do that. Mary, listen to me!"

"I think you must be mad."

They stared at each other. He stood aside and she went out, taking Old Ninn with her. In the hall she said, "Ninn, go to your room and lie down. Do you hear me!"

Old Ninn looked her fully in the face, drew down the corners of her mouth, and keeping a firm hold on the banister plodded upstairs.

Neither she nor Charles had noticed Florence, listening avidly, a pace or two behind them. She moved away down the hall, and a moment later Richard came in by the front door. When he saw Miss Bellamy he stopped short.

"Where have you been?" she demanded.

"I've been trying, not very successfully, to apologise to my friends."

"They've taken themselves off, it appears."

"Would you have expected them to stay?"

"I should have thought them capable of anything."

He looked at her with a sort of astonishment and said nothing.

"I've got to speak to you," she said between her teeth.

"Have you? I wonder what you can find to say."

"Now."

"The sooner the better. But shouldn't you—" he jerked his head at the sounds beyond the doors, "be in there?"

"Now."

"Very well."

"Not here."

"Wherever you like, Mary."

"In my room."

She had turned to the stairs when a Press photographer, all smiles, emerged from the dining-room.

"Miss Bellamy, could I have a shot? By the door? With Mr. Dakers, perhaps? It's an opportunity. Would you mind?"

For perhaps five seconds she hesitated. Richard said something under his breath.

"It's a bit crowded in there. We'd like to run a full-page spread," said the photographer, and named his paper.

"But, of course," said Miss Bellamy.

Richard watched her touch her hair and re-do her mouth. Accustomed though he was to her professional technique he was filled with amazement. She put away her compact and turned brilliantly to the photographer. "Where?" she asked him.

"In the entrance, I thought. Meeting Mr. Dakers."

She moved down the hall to the front door. The photographer dodged round her. "No in the full glare," she said, and placed herself.

"Mr. Dakers?" said the photographer.

"Isn't it better as it is?" Richard muttered.

"Don't pay any attention to him," she said with ferocious gaiety. "Come along, Dicky."

"There's a new play on the skids, isn't there? If Mr. Dakers could be showing it to you, perhaps? I've brought something in case."

He produced a paperbound quarto of typescript, opened it and put it in her hands.

"Just as if you'd come to one of those sure-fire laugh lines," the photographer said. "Pointing it out to him, you know? Right, Mr. Dakers?"

Richard, nauseated, said, "I'm photocatastrophic. Leave me out."

"No!" said Miss Bellamy. Richard shook his head.

"You're too modest," said the photographer. "Just a little this way. Grand."

She pointed to the open script. "And the great big smile," he said. The bulb flashed. "Wonderful. Thank you," and he moved away.

"And now," she said through her teeth, "I'll talk to you."

Richard followed her upstairs. On the landing they passed Old Ninn, who watched them go into Miss Bellamy's room. After the door had shut she stood outside and waited.

She was joined there by Florence, who had come up by the back stairway. They communicated in a series of restrained gestures and brief whispers.

"You all right, Mrs. Plumtree?"

"Why not?" Ninn countered austere.

"You look flushed," Florence observed dryly.

"The heat in those rooms is disgraceful."

"Has She come up?"

"In there."

"Trouble?" Florence asked listening. Ninn said nothing.

"It's him, isn't it? Mr. Richard? What's he been up to?"

"Nothing," Ninn said, "he wouldn't be a credit to him. Floy, and I'll thank you to remember it."

"Oh, dear," Florence said rather acidly. "He's a man like the rest of them."

"He's better than most."

In the bedroom Miss Bellamy's voice murmured, "To page 60"

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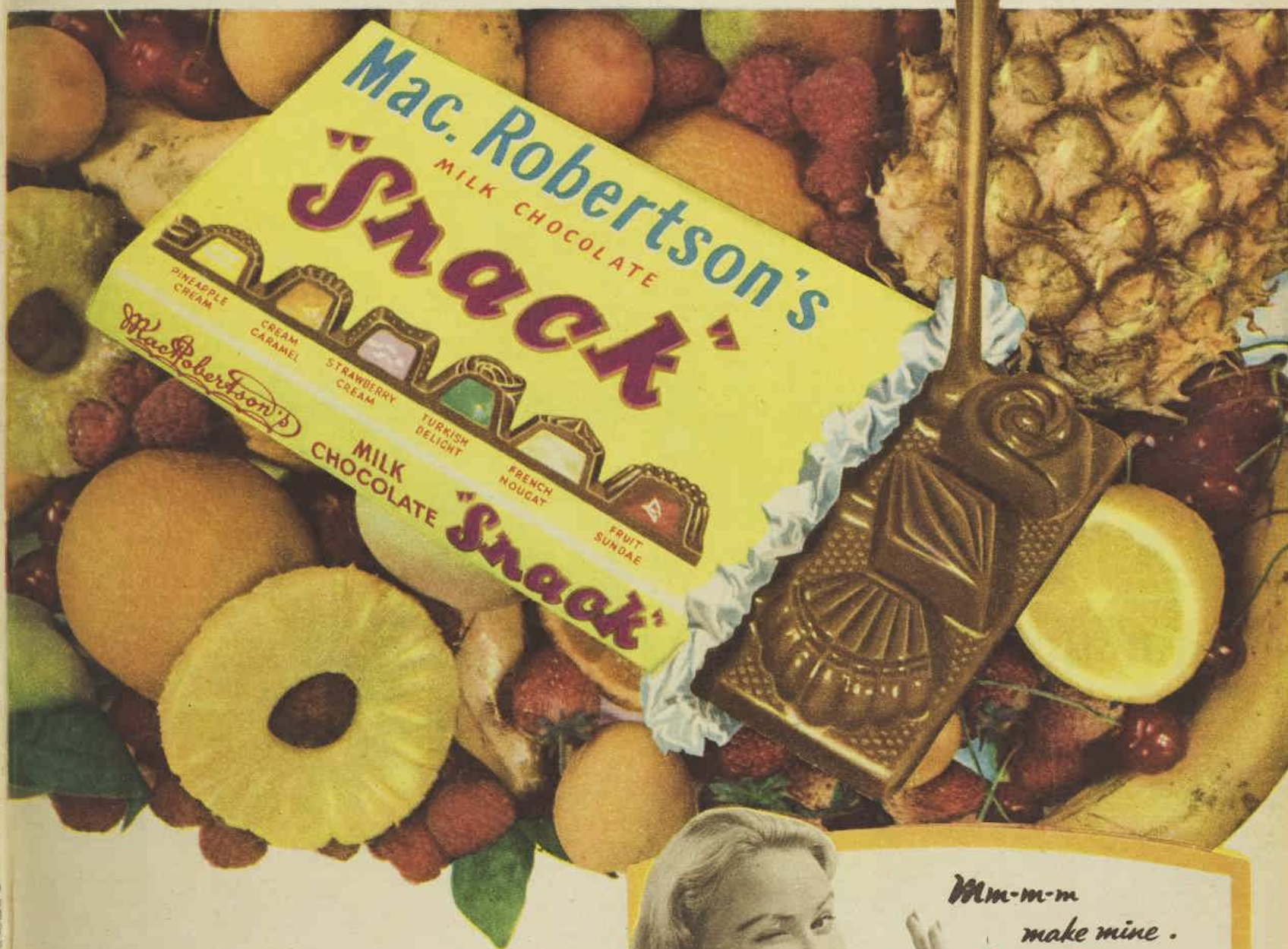
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sharply and died, Richard's, scarcely audible, sounded at intervals. Then both together, urgent and expository, mounted to some climax and broke off. There followed a long silence, during which the two women stared at each other, and then a brief unexpected sound.

"What was that?" Florence whispered.

"Was she laughing?"

"It's left off now."

Ninn said nothing. "Oh, well," Florence said, and had moved away when the door opened.

Richard came out, white to the lips. He walked past without seeing them, paused at the stairhead, and pressed the palms of his hands against his eyes. They heard him fetch his breath with a harsh sound that might have been a sob. He stood there for some moments like a man who had lost his bearings, and then struck his closed hand twice on the newel post and went quickly downstairs.

"What did I tell you," Florence said. She stole nearer to the door. It was not quite shut. "Trouble," she said.

"None of his making."

"How do you know?"

"The same way," Ninn said, "that I know how to mind my own business."

Inside the room, perhaps beyond it, something crashed.

They stood there, irresolute, listening.

At first Miss Bellamy had not been missed. Her party had reverted to its former style, a little more confused by the circulation of champagne. It spread through the two rooms and into the conservatory, and became noisier and noisier. Everybody forgot about the ceremony of opening the birthday presents. Nobody noticed that Richard, too, was absent.

Gantry edged his way towards Charles, who was in the drawing-room, and stooped to make himself heard.

"Dick," he said, "has made off."

"Where to?"

"I imagine to do the best he can with the girl and her uncle."

Charles looked at him with something like despair. "There's nothing to be done," he said. "nothing. It was shameful."

"Where is she?"

"I don't know. Isn't she in the next room?"

"I don't know," Gantry said.

"I wish to heaven this show was over."

"She ought to get on with the present - opening. They won't go till she does."

Pinky had come up. "Where's Mary?" she said.

Continuing . . . FALSE SCENT

from page 58

"We don't know," Charles said. "She ought to be opening her presents."

"She won't miss her cue, my dear, you may depend upon it. Don't you feel it's time?"

"I'll find her," Charles said. "Get them mustered if you can, Gantry, will you?"

Bertie Saracen joined them, flushed and carefree. "What goes on?" he inquired.

"We're waiting for Mary."

Marchant edged towards them. "Monty, ducky," Bertie cried, "your speech was too poignantly right. Live forever!"

Marchant said, "Mary's powdering her nose, Charles. Should we do a little shepherding?"

"I thought so."

GANTRY mounted a stool and used his director's voice. "Attention, the cast!" It was a familiar summons and was followed by an obedient hush. "To the table, please, everybody, and clear an entrance. Last act, ladies and gentlemen. Last act, please!"

They did so at once. The table with its heaped array of parcels had already been moved forward by Gracefield and the maids. The guests ranged themselves at both sides like a chorus in grand opera, leaving a passage to the principal door.

Charles said, "I'll just see . . ." and went into the hall. He called up the stairs, "Oh, Florence! Tell Miss Bellamy we're ready, will you?"

There was a long, expectant pause.

"I'll tell her," Charles said, and started off for the door again.

Before he could reach it they all heard a door slam and running steps on the stairway.

"First time Mary's ever missed an entrance," someone said.

A figure appeared in the entrance and paused there.

It was not Mary Bellamy but Florence.

Charles said, "Florence! Where's Miss Mary?"

Florence, breathless, mouthed at him. "Not coming."

"No!" Charles ejaculated. "Not now!"

As if to keep the scene relentlessly theatrical, Florence cried out in a shrill voice.

"A doctor. Quick. Is there a doctor in the house?"

One or two voices cried out. "What's happened?"

Bertie Saracen cried out shrilly, "Does she mean

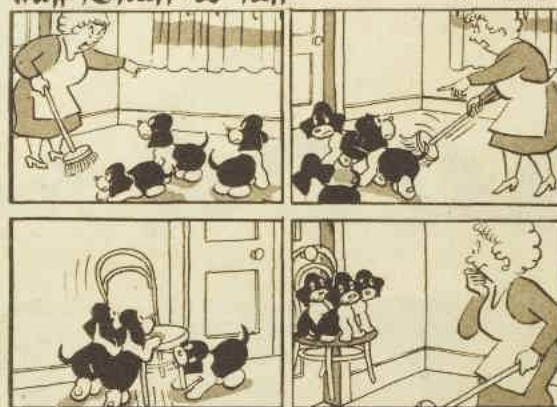
Mary?" and somebody whose identity remained a secret said in an authoritative British voice. "Quiet, everybody. No need to panic."

The only person to remain untouched was Dr. Harkness, who was telling a long, inebriated story to Monty Marchant and whose voice droned on indecently in a far corner of the dining-room.

Florence stretched out a shaking hand towards Charles

FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff



Templeton. "Oh, for pity's sake, sir!" she stammered. Charles thrust her aside, and ran from the room.

It was Marchant who succeeded in bringing Dr. Harkness into focus.

"You're wanted," he said. "Upstairs. Something's happened to Mary."

Timon Gantry said, "Pull yourself together, Harkness. You've got a patient."

"Patient?" he said. "Where? Is it Charles?"

"Upstairs. Mary."

"Good gracious!" said Dr. Harkness. "Very good, I'll come." He rocked slightly on his feet.

Maurice Warrender took a handful of ice from a wine-cooler and suddenly thrust it down the back of Dr. Harkness' collar. "Come on," he said. Harkness let out a sharp oath.

From the stairhead, Charles called in an unrecognisable voice, "Harkness! Harkness!"

"Coming," Warrender shouted. Harkness, gasping, was led out.

Florence looked wildly round the now completely silent company, wrung her hands and followed them.

Timon Gantry said, "More ice, perhaps," picked up the wine-cooler, and overtook them on the stairs.

The party was left in suspension.

In Mary Bellamy's bedroom all the windows were open. An evening breeze stirred the curtains and the ranks of tulips. Dr. Harkness knelt beside a pool of rose-colored chignon from which protruded, like

that blasted spray thing there. I said it was dangerous. Only this morning."

"What thing?"

Warrender stooped. The tin of Slaypest lay on its side close to the clenched right hand. A trickle of dark fluid stained the carpet. "This," he said.

"Better leave it," Dr. Harkness said sharply. He looked at Gantry. "It's some damned insecticide. For plants. The tin's smothered in warnings."

"We told her," Warrender said. "Look at it."

"I said don't touch it."

Warrender straightened up. The blood had run into his face. "Why not?"

"You're a bit too ready with your hands. I'm wet as hell and half frozen."

They eyed each other resentfully. Dr. Harkness looked at Charles, who sat doubled up with his hands on his chest. He went to him. "Not too good?" he said.

"I'm going to take you to your room, old boy. Next door, isn't it?" Timon said.

"Yes," Dr. Harkness said. "But not just yet. In a minute. Good idea." He turned to Florence.

"Do you know where Mr. Templeton keeps his tablets? Get them, will you? And you might bring some aspirin at the same time. Run along now." Florence went into the dressing-room.

He sat beside Charles on the bed and took his wrist. "Steady does it," he said and looked at Gantry. "Brandy."

"I know where it is," Warrender said, and went out.

Gantry said, "What about that mob downstairs?"

"They can wait." He held the wrist a little longer and then laid Charles' hand on his knee, keeping his own over it. "We'll move you in a moment. You must let other people think for you. It's been a bad thing. Ah, here's Florence. Good. Now then, one of these."

Dr. Harkness had removed his coat. His ice-wet shirt stuck to his spine. His ear was laid against the place from which he had pulled away the red chignon.

He straightened up, looked closely into the face, revealed it and got to his feet.

"I'm afraid there's nothing whatever to be done," he said. Charles said, "There must be. You don't know. There must be. Try. Try something."

Warrender, in his short-stepped, square-shouldered way, walked over to Harkness and looked down for a moment.

Charles sat on the bed and rubbed his freckled hand across his mouth. "I can't believe it's happened," he said.

Florence burst noisily into tears.

Dr. Harkness turned to her. "You," he said. "Florence, isn't it? Try to control yourself, there's a good girl. Did you find her like this?"

Florence nodded and sobbed out something indistinguishable.

"But she was . . ." Harkness glanced at Charles. "Conscious?"

Florence said, "Not to know me. Not to speak," and broke down completely.

"Were the windows open?" Florence shook her head. "Did you open them?"

She shook her head again. "I didn't think to—I got such a wicked shock—I didn't think . . ."

"I opened them," Charles said.

Gantry, who from the time of his entry had stood motionless near the door, joined the others. "But what was it?" he asked. "What happened?"

Warrender said unevenly, "Perfectly obvious. She used

"May as well shut them now," Dr. Harkness said and did so. "Can you straighten the bed at least?" he asked?

Gantry did his best with the bed.

"Right," said Dr. Harkness, putting on his coat. "Does the door lock? Yes. Will you come?"

As they went out Gantry said, "Warrender's crooked up. Charles didn't seem to want him, so he flung a sort of poker-backed, stiff-lipped, Blimp-type temperament and made his exit."

"I don't know where he's gone, but in his way," Gantry said, "he's wonderful. Terrifyingly ham, but wonderful. He's upset, though."

"Serve him right. It won't be his fault if I escape pneumonia."

"You were high."

"Not so high I couldn't come down."

Old Ninn was on the landing. Her face had bleached round its isolated patches of crimson. She confronted Dr. Harkness.

"What's she done to herself?" asked Old Ninn.

Dr. Harkness once more summoned up his professional manner. He bent over her. "You've got to be very sensible and good, Nanny," he said, and told her briefly what had happened.

She looked fixedly into his face throughout the recital, and at the end said, "Where's Mr. Templeton?"

Dr. Harkness indicated the dressing-room.

"Who's looking after him?"

"Florence was getting him a hot bottle."

"Her!" Ninn said with a brief snort, and without another word stomped to the door. She gave it a smart rap and left herself in.

"Wonderful character," Gantry murmured.

"Remarkable."

They turned towards the stairs. As they did so a figure moved out of the shadows at the end of the landing, but they did not notice her. It was Florence.

"And now, I suppose," Dr. Harkness said as they went downstairs, "for the mob."

"Get rid of them?" Gantry asked.

"Not yet. They're meant to wait. Police orders."

"But . . ."

"Matter of form."

Gantry said, "At least we can boot the Press off, can't we?"

"Great grief, I'd forgotten that gang!"

"Leave them to me."

The Press was collected about the hall. A light flashed as Gantry and Harkness came down, and a young man who had evidently just arrived advanced hopefully. "Mr. Timon Gantry? I wonder if you could . . ."

Gantry, looking down from his great height, said, "I throw you one item. And one only. Miss Mary Bellamy was taken ill this evening and died some minutes ago."

"Doctor, er . . . ? Could you?"

"The cause," Dr. Harkness said, "is at present undetermined. She collapsed and did not recover consciousness."

"Is Mr. Templeton . . . ?"

"No," they said together. Gantry added, "And that is all gentlemen. Good evening to you."

Gracefield appeared from the back of the hall, opened the front door, and said, "Thank you, gentlemen. If you will step outside."

They hung fire. A car drew up in the Place. From emerged a heavily built man wearing a bowler hat and a tid overcoat. He walked into the house.

"Inspector Fox," he said.

To be continued

YOUR BOOKSHELF

with Joyce Halstead

"Born Free"

Joy Adamson (Collins & Harvill).

Captivating from the first page is this story of Elsa, a lioness born in the wild, but taken as a cub and brought up by the author and her husband, a gamekeeper in Northern Kenya. Elsa was reared more as a comrade than a pet, taught to respect human ways, at the same time being kept in touch with the wild life to which she belonged. Though she would never sleep on the ground if there was an empty camp bed handy, Elsa could stalk and kill a quarry as ruthlessly as any wild lion. When she was three, the Adamsons, in the manner of wise parents, began to wean her from their protection to go out and fend for herself in a world where they thought she would be happier. Now she has found herself a mate and recently produced cubs.

Even after a year of independence, when the Adamsons visit the district where she runs free Elsa will come at their call to spend a night beside them in camp and

show that she still remembers and loves them. Simply and well written, with many photographs and with the advantage of expert knowledge and extraordinary understanding of animals, this is an exceptionally warm and memorable story.

"The World in My House"

Joan Harborne (Hurst and Blackett).

Letting rooms to undergraduates in an English university town (probably Oxford) provided the author with variety, unexpected adventures, and some very funny material for her book. It also added to the chaos already provided by her own five unintimidated children. There was Wong, definitely a ladies' man; the crazy Welshman who was studying medicine, though heaven help the patients; the jovial Frenchman who kissed a lady's hand; the talented Italian (cooking and love were her specialties); and the awkward Arab.

Mrs. Harborne has a wonderful sense of humor which she can express in a very clever way.

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Fashion PATTERNS

BEGINNERS' PAT- TERN

F5898. — Beginners' pattern for an easy-to-make overblouse requires 2½yds. 36in. material. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Price 3/-.

F5815. — Afternoon dress with square neck has pretty pleated skirt and bodice trim. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Short-sleeved style requires 5½yds. 36in. material and three-quarter sleeved dress will take 5½yds. 36in. material. Price 4/6.

F5812. — Casual sheath style has button detail and simple neckline. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3yds. 54in. material or 3½yds. 36in. material. Price 4/6.

F5828. — Button-through style has a full skirt and three-quarter sleeves. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 5yds. 36in. material and 2yds. 36in. contrast. Price 4/6.

F5817. — Short-sleeved frock with wide collar and full skirt requires 5½yds. 36in. material and 2yds. 36in. contrast. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Price 4/6.

F5732. — Elegant style for cocktails and dinner has slim skirt with a full overskirt. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 5½yds. 36in. material. Price 4/-.

F5815

F5828

F5898

F5732

F5817

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 295 — FROCK

Simple shirtmaker style is available out ready to make in corduroy velveteen. Colors are green, red, American Beauty, royal-blue, tan and turquoise. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 73½; 36 and 38in. bust 77½. Postage 4/- extra.

No. 296 — LUNCHEON SET

Dainty willow pattern set is available clearly traced to embroider on white and cream Irish linen. Plate mats are 2½ each, centre mats 2/9, and serviettes 1/9 each. Postage 6d. extra. Set of nine (4 plate mats, 4 serviettes, and 1 centre mat) are priced at 18/9, plus 3/- postage.

No. 297 — SET OF BIBS

The design is clearly traced to embroider on a set of bibs for baby in good quality headcloth. Colors are pink, blue, green, lemon, and white. Bias binding is not supplied. Price 1/6 each. Postage 9d. extra.

No. 298 — INFANT'S NIGHTIE, FROCK, AND COAT

This simple and useful set for baby is available out ready to make in white, pink, blue, cream, lemon, and green tulle. Nightgown is priced at 19/6, frock is 21/6, and the coat 22/6. Postage for each garment is 2/6 extra.

Needlework Notions are available for six weeks from date of publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

296

297

298

AS I READ the STARS

By EVE HILLIARD

For week beginning July 11



ARIES

The Ram

MARCH 21-APRIL 20

Lucky number this week, 3. Lucky color for love, violet. Gambling colors, violet, yellow. Lucky days, Tuesday, Friday. Luck all around you.



TAURUS

The Bull

APRIL 21-MAY 20

Lucky number this week, 4. Lucky color for love, orange. Gambling colors, orange, black. Lucky days, Friday, Saturday. Luck in experience.



GEMINI

The Twins

MAY 21-JUNE 21

Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, yellow. Gambling colors, yellow, green. Lucky days, Friday, Friday. Luck in good management.



CANCER

The Crab

JUNE 22-JULY 22

Lucky number this week, 7. Lucky color for love, any pastel. Gambling colors, tricolors. Lucky days, Monday, Saturday. Luck in your personality.



LEO

The Lion

JULY 23-AUGUST 22

Lucky number this week, 9. Lucky color for love, rose. Gambling colors, rose, grey. Lucky days, Wednesday, Sunday. Luck in giving.



VIRGO

The Virgin

AUGUST 23-SEPTEMBER 23

Lucky number this week, 2. Lucky color for love, white. Gambling colors, white, blue. Lucky days, Thursday, Saturday. Luck through friends.



LIBRA

The Balance

SEPTEMBER 24-OCTOBER 23

Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, brown. Gambling colors, brown, green. Lucky days, Monday, Friday. Luck with the public.



SCORPIO

The Scorpion

OCTOBER 24-NOVEMBER 22

Lucky number this week, 6. Lucky color for love, navy-blue. Gambling colors, navy-blue, red. Lucky days, Monday, Friday. Luck in willpower.



SAGITTARIUS

The Archer

NOVEMBER 23-DECEMBER 20

Lucky number this week, 8. Lucky color for love, black. Gambling colors, black, white. Lucky days, Tuesday, Saturday. Luck in a financial boat.



CAPRICORN

The Goat

DECEMBER 21-JANUARY 19

Lucky number this week, 3. Lucky color for love, mauve. Gambling colors, mauve, green. Lucky days, Monday, Sunday. Luck in love.



AQUARIUS

The Waterbearer

JANUARY 20-FEBRUARY 19

Lucky number this week, 5. Lucky color for love, grey. Gambling colors, grey, silver. Lucky days, Wednesday, Thursday. Luck in hard work.



PISCES

The Fish

FEBRUARY 20-MARCH 20

Lucky number this week, 3. Lucky color for love, green. Gambling colors, green, black. Lucky days, Wednesday, Saturday. Luck through young people.

★ Don't search for luck at the end of the rainbow. It may be close at hand. Family life should be harmonious at present; small causes of friction are likely to vanish. If young, a new romance is brought to the house who is romantic, attractive. You will see him frequently. If older, a new game or pastime will absorb your interest and energy.

★ Familiar tasks can be speeded because you know the ropes. Some knowledge of the value of money can save you from one or two pitfalls; you will be a far from foolish person if there is an attempt to put something over you. You'll read the fine print before signing an agreement, and gold-diggers of both sexes will not get far while you size them up.

★ If you are handling a situation involving people with conflicting ideas or interests you can, by judicious encouragement, bring them into harmonious teamwork. If you are handling money, you can produce an effective balance-sheet. If a voluntary worker connected with the raising of funds, you can increase profits for a good cause.

★ Many a Cancer subject will be reading articles on how to make the most of herself. Whether 16 or 56, there is always room for new ideas about hairdos, make-up, clothes. Criticise your mannerisms, speech, with a view to improvement. Decide on style, colors, ways of bringing out your individuality. Properly used, your mirror is your friend.

★ By giving time and thought to those who need you, there is certain to be a happy glow in your heart. Your nearest and dearest may need moral support in a difficult situation, or practical help in an emergency could earn the gratitude of one whose friendship is worth having. Fact, patience, and genuine wish to help work wonders.

★ Call up your old pal you haven't seen recently. Invite a small group, which combines old and new contacts, for afternoon tea or a record session. If quite young, perhaps you could roll the rug back for an informal dance. If older, it may be a bridge party. Chitchat among friends gives you news, suggestions for future plans and social activities.

★ Should you act in a play, preside over a meeting, or appear in public in any capacity, you will get congratulations. The less you stay home the better, for opportunities arise when you are among people. Many of you make the news through a step up in career or the social column as bride or member of the wedding party.

★ You may be urged to do something not quite above board or against your principles, loss of popularity could result if you refuse. Don't become involved with doubtful people and doubtful schemes. Walk right out of the picture; you'll be well out of it. For some of you this applies to your beloved, who may be tempted to embark on a risky venture.

★ That pay-envelope might be a little fatter, or you could come under a higher classification in connection with your job. An investment made some time ago could suddenly become more valuable. This could be a block of land or shares. In some way your balance-sheet will be better than you anticipated, or you complete the last payment on a purchase.

★ Your sign takes love seriously; you do not carry your heart on your sleeve. If young and fancy free, you may now meet your future life-mate. If dating regularly, an engagement is probable. Those already married may have an addition to the family, while older couples renew their romance through a celebration, anniversary, or holiday trip.

★ Make a list of what you wish to accomplish, then deal with the items one at a time. Hard-slogging effort now means satisfaction in achievement, playtime in a fortnight. Watch those tasks vanish; you'll have to be a worm at present if you hope to be a butterfly later. If you have promised to help in group activities, make an early start on the job.

★ If quite young, you join a youth group and find new friends among your contemporaries. If slightly older, you may shine at a ball or other important social function. If a parent, you entertain for your children or share in their happiness over a love affair. If a voluntary worker, you should be most successful in dealing with young children.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

Continuing . . . HOME IS WHERE YOU MAKE IT

from page 21

bad that the news had leaked out so soon—though it should make the house harder to sell.

When John came home she restrained her feelings because he looked so worried.

"They've made me responsible for moving our whole department," he told her. "It's going to be tricky, keeping the stuff together and allocating space. I've got to go to Braden next week to stake our claim, and while there I'll see what the housing situation is like."

"I still think we should stay here," she said mildly, "but we won't argue about it now. If you've got to go to Braden, why not ask father for the car?"

"A good idea," he said gratefully. "I'll pop round."

As soon as John had gone she went across to see her friend, Eileen Crofts, another local-born but with a very modern outlook. They had been at school together, and Eileen's husband, Paul, was a sub-manager at the factory.

"Me go to Braden? Not likely!" Eileen was very definite. "I've heard about these new towns—a mile to the shops, a mile to the station, and if you sneeze you blow the roof off."

"Then what are you going to do?" Barbara asked her.

"Divide and conquer. Paul goes, I stay."

Barbara gasped. "Does he agree?"

"I didn't ask. I told him. He can come home at weekends, and really, Barbara dear, after being married twelve years, does it matter? We'll both be better for the change. I told him he'd be a darn sight more glad to see a weekend wife than a seven-day one. You should do the same."

"I've two children," Barbara reminded her.

"All the more reason to have one less to cook and clean for."

"Eileen, it may not be so bad."

"It'll be deadly. A new town has no character—not even a bad one. Everything is public, baths, parks, golf course, library. The roads are so lethal that children have to be marshalled across in droves."

As she went back, Barbara had a vision of her two children running across terrifying roads with huge red buses hurtling down on them. She was nearly crying when John came in.

"What nonsense!" he said curtly. "Braden is town-planned, by-passed by the main roads, and a lot safer than Millminster."

"Well, that's something. You've seen father?"

He nodded. "He was kind enough to offer me a job in the transport offices, duties as yet unspecified, salary not too bad."

"John! How wonderful!" She put her arms round him, her eyes glowing. "They're buying the company's buses and they'll need men like you for reorganising."

"I turned it down," he said grimly. "I have a job, a good one, and I'm keeping it."

"Then I'm not coming with you, John," she said softly.

"Yes you are, Barbara," he said quietly. "Get that into your head and you'll feel better. I appreciate your point of view and I'm terribly sorry, but a man must be where his work is."

"A wife needn't," she thrust. "Eileen Crofts isn't going with Paul. He'll be coming home at weekends, and really, John, it isn't a bad idea."

"You can't mean that, Barbara. You're just trying to get your own way."

"Eileen said—"

"Never mind Eileen," he said sharply. "Because they have no children, no home life worth preserving, their marriage is going on the rocks. Ours isn't."

"You're doing your best," she said. "You're forcing this on me."

"The only issue is whether you love me," he said, much more gently. "If I took the job your father is willing to create for me, I'd be a weak and foolish man."

Barbara knew she was beaten. "Very well, John, you shall have your own way," she said bitterly. "Don't ever expect me to be happy away from Millminster."

"Why not drive up with me and see Braden?"

"It's the last place I wish to see," she said almost in tears.

"I'm afraid I must insist," said this new John. "You must decide for yourself which type

It is because people are like us that the world is what it is. That is the source of all the trouble.

—Archbishop Temple

of house you prefer, because you'll be living in it for a long time."

They arrived at Braden in a drizzle, and what she saw appalled her. The factory was a series of great glass coffins in a morass surrounded by hundreds of little red cubes that were houses. Through the red-brick maze roads squiggled and squirmed. She saw a school in harsh flat squares, an arcade of self-service shops, a church that looked like a factory, and a community centre.

She nearly wept. John stopped in one of the crescents. "Near the schools and shops. Suit you?"

"Don't ask me," she muttered. "You make the decisions."

It was a roomy house, three downstairs rooms, four bedrooms, a large, bare garden. It had everything—built-in cupboards, power points, central heating, refrigerator, washing-machine, and even a spin drier.

"We make them," John said. "We use them. Be fair. You know you've longed for something like this."

"Very nice," she said, "like company showrooms."

"Shall I buy?"

"Whatever you say."

They drove home, the silence between them. If she was being unreasonable she felt he was being more so, expecting her to exchange her home for that—box of tricks.

The children clamored for details. "A fridge?" Brian asked. "Can we have fruit cubes?"

"Is it near the ice-drome, Daddy? Can I have lessons?"

Traitors, Barbara thought resentfully. She turned to her own family for sympathy.

"All-electric?" Joy sounded envious.

"A brand-new house," Mrs. Burnley sighed. "Is it so bad, darling?"

"It's hideous," Barbara told them. "It's more than we can afford, so we'll have to wait for the car John keeps promising—and I was hoping to bring the children down here often."

"We'll come to you," her father offered cheerfully. "Do you good to have guests, Babs, instead of wishing them on to mother and me. I've always liked John, but I've never respected him more than when he told me, as impolitely as a nice chap could, to keep the job you'd angled for him."

So, Barbara thought, she was entirely alone. She showed people over the house and her pride wouldn't let her put them off. It sold almost at once. She packed with her usual efficiency. She dug up the peach tree and sent it, a sad little bundle in straw and sacking, to the man who was laying out the new garden for them. Every time she looked at it she would think of Millminster.

On their last night everyone came to say good-bye. She wanted a wake, but they made it a party and nearly reduced her to tears by showing how fond they were of her, John, and the children. John longed to put his arms round her, but dare not.

By ten next morning the house was stripped and desolate, with the children racing noisily over bare boards.

She refused to look back at Millminster as the children craned from the window for a last glimpse. After an attempt at conversation John picked up his paper. Soon the children wanted the picnic lunch, and after it Jill was drowsy.

"When do we get home, Mummy?" she murmured.

Home. The word shook Barbara. They had no home. They had left it for ever, and although she would do her best there would never be another home like Millminster.

They arrived at the new house an hour before the vans were due. John sent the eager children off to explore while he checked water and electricity mains and she wandered into the garden where a puckish, one-eyed little man was leaning rakishly on his spade. She saw he had planted her peach tree. It looked dead.

"T'ain't, lady," he assured her. "She's been starved an' suffocated, but she'll be all right. Soil's rich. Everything grows here—trees, houses, kids. Look at 'em, sproutin' up all over the place. Never knowed a place like it, for growin'."

Barbara could feel it—a surge of growth all round her, springing up from the sweet, clean soil. She felt a sudden sense of shame. This was the challenge, this house, this garden, this town—not John. He had accepted it, and so must she. As a woman she had a job as well, to make a new home, as good, or better.

She ran indoors.

"John, is the telephone working? For goodness' sake lend me a pencil. Food—I'll start there, as usual. Baker, milkman, grocer."

He smiled into her eyes, a smile that lighted up his whole face.

"So you have come with me, darling?" he said, very tenderly. "I knew you would, and I'm happy, so happy."

She went into his arms, gladly, almost passionately. Peace was better than war, growth more natural than stagnation. They were here together.

As John kissed her he said: "For a brave new woman in a brave new world," and his voice was deep with love and pride.

(Copyright)

JACKY'S DIARY

by JACKY Mendelsohn Age 32½

THIS week in GEOGRAPHY we're studying all about a country called ENGLAND.



MOST of the people there own shops. Tourists orphans see nothing but the inside of stores.



MOST of the POPULATION of the country is very THICK. They got about 1 mile of LAND for EVERY SQUARE ENGLISHMAN.

ALSO they got LOTS of HISTORICAL Sights there. Like for instance the CHANGING of the GUARDS in front of WestMINSTER ABBEY.



ONLY most of the Time its REAL foggy there, so you CAN'T see THEM ANYHOW.



AN other THING ABOUT ENGLAND is the Kids there DONT have to go to SCHOOL, BUT they have TOOTERS instead, which is LOTS MORE FUN!



ALSO ENGLAND owns LOTS of other COUNTRIES in the WORLD, which is WHY they got a SAYING that the SUN NEVER sets on the BRITISH Umpire.



P.S. also WHY they say it, is because the BRITISH Umpire is in the East, & the SUN sets in the West.

A nother THING they do in ENGLAND is to HAVE Tea & TRUMPETS every Day, which MUST make it real NOISY there.



Next Week I will tell you some MORE TRUE FACKS ABOUT ENGLAND.

Your Friend & MINE, JACKY

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUD



VARICOSE VEINS?

HERE'S THE SECRET OF COMFORT

Scholl "Soft-Grip"
Elastic Yarn
Stockings.

**NEW NYLON
SOFT-GRIP TOP**
Support without con-
striction. Gives greater com-
fort, longer wear.

SEAMLESS
Invisible when worn
under usual stockings.

COOL, LIGHT
So light on your legs yet
provide 100% correct
surgical tension.

SMOOTH FIT
Fits like your own skin.
Gives your tired aching
legs perfect support.

REINFORCED HEEL
Nylon reinforcement
makes Scholl Soft-Grip
last longer.

SOFT-GRIP AT FOOT
Soft-Grip water-thin fin-
ish at foot where stock-
ing ends; snug fit in shoe.

ALL FITTINGS FROM CHEMISTS, STORES,
SURGICAL SUPPLIES, SCHOLL DEPOTS.

Scholl Soft-Grip
ELASTIC HOSIERY



**GIVE
YOUR
BABY
LOVELY
CURLS**

A proud mother praises Curlypet.
Baby's hair used to be straight,
but after Curlypet she now has
a healthy head of pretty curls.
At Baby Shows judges always
comment on her lovely curls.

Curlypet is good for cradlecap, too.
Soothes scalp irritations and leaves
baby's tender scalp clean, healthy
and fragrant.

4 weeks treatment, 2/12

**Positive
relief from-
RHEUMATISM**

is within your grasp.
Too! People unable to
lead normal lives,
because of Rheumatic
pain, find A.R. TABS
soon have them walk-
ing and working easily.
Quickly and efficiently
A.R. TABS spread relief
to all parts of the body stricken
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and 15/- at all Chemists. WANZE

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Permanently banish unsightly hair
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and hair becomes less noticeable,
and gradually withers and roots
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Little Collins St., Melbourne; Myer
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and 278 Rundle St., Adelaide; and
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VANIX CO. (Dept. W2), Box 38A,
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Keep up-to-date . . . read
**MODERN
MOTOR**
Every Month
2/6 from your Newsagent.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—July 13, 1960

Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE, Master Magician, is in the
Himalayas to trace the Abominable Snow-
man. He chases a large furry creature into
a cave, but discovers the "creature" is a
beautiful girl disguised in a snowsuit. She
leads him to a strangely glowing city in the

heart of a mountain, where he is taken
before Zeus, the fabled ruler of Olympus.
Zeus explains to Mandrake how his people
secretly taught the primitive cavemen
many things, such as the use of fire. NOW
READ ON:



THE OLYMPIANS' TALE: "AS
EARTH'S MEN ADVANCED—
THEY BECAME MORE
CURIOUS ABOUT US. WE
KEPT THEM FROM US WITH
INVISIBLE SENTRIES
FLYING ON POWER BELTS—
"FIRING STUNRAYS—"



TO END THIS
NUISANCE WE
MADE OUR
ENTIRE CITY
INVISIBLE!"



THE ANGRY GODS
THREW THUNDERBOLTS
—THEN THE GREAT
CITY VANISHED!



"NATURALLY—OUR
STUNRAYS BECAME
THUNDERBOLTS—"

"WE WERE DISTRESSED TO SEE
THEM REVERE US AS DEITIES."



"BY INTERSTELLAR LAW,
WE WERE FORBIDDEN TO
MINGLE WITH THE LOCAL
PEOPLE—BUT OCCASIONALLY
OUR MEN FELL IN LOVE
WITH LOCAL MAIDENS—"



SO BEGAN THE
LEGENDS OF GODS
AND MEN—

STOP! DON'T TELL ME ANY MORE
FOR A MOMENT—I'M TOO
CONFUSED AS
IT IS.

AM I DREAMING
ALL THIS?

CONTINUED—

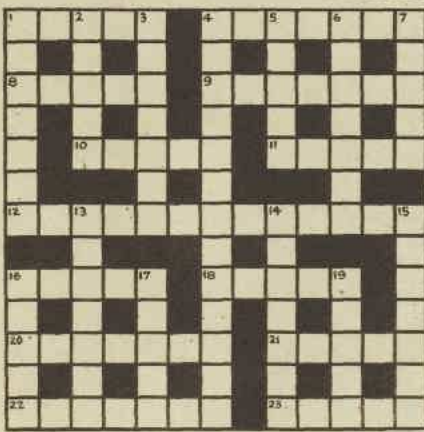
THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

1. Sop it to assume as fact (5).
4. They also serve (7).
8. They may have a master and the Swiss
one is tasty (5).
9. Its capital is Montgomery (7).
10. Soldiers and kangaroos have it (5).
11. The fabricator of the Popish plot (5).
12. They start with a flash (7, 6).
16. Openings where a frog ate several times
(5).
18. Best card for the time being contains
rum (5).
20. Famous inventor with refuse from
pressed fruit on the first person (7).
21. Small dot with no pit (5).
22. See 7 down (7).
23. Mud at admitted
fact (5).

PHRENOLOGIST
R E U A A E
E Y E D A L L I B E
E O R L L B A
M I N O S A N I M A L S
I G U I T
N O R M S Y M A H D I
E E T C
N E A R I N G S H R U B
T H I S P R I M A
L O O S E A R A B I A N
V N N I R C
I S O D Y N A M I C S

Solution of last week's
crossword.



Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

1. Survive in stripes (7).
2. Housman's lad came from
there under a longer name
(5).
3. Woven with gold and silver
thread and tied round (7).
4. They make doors or win-
dows proof against rain and
wind (7-6).
5. Final stage in the develop-
ment of an insect (5).
6. He who demands and en-
forces payment is a former
performer (7).
- 7 and 22 across are symbols
of the U.S.A. (5, 7).
15. He either talks or gives
base coins (7).
14. Edward swallowed his hump
when delivered heavy blows
(7).
15. Can and must in a private
room (7).
16. Diversions for me in acri-
form substance (5).
17. Preliminary to a conquest
(5).
19. Material for a new coat
(5).

To wake
fresh and fit . . .



It's
marvellous
what a
difference
MILO
makes!



These romping rascals are
fighting fit this morning. They
were well re-fuelled with energy
last night. With Milo—the drink
that's a tonic-while-you-sleep.
Enjoy hot chocolatey Milo
tomorrow—wake fresh and fit
tonight. That's what Milo
does for everyone. It's the
chocolatey drink brimful
of energy. See the difference
Milo makes to you!

**NESTLÉ'S
MILO
TONIC FOOD**

NTS2-53



'Decongestant Spray' BRINGS FAST RELIEF FROM

**HEAD COLDS
"STUFFY" NOSE
HAY FEVER**

Breathe Freely in 2 minutes



FOR ADULTS (and children over 12 years)

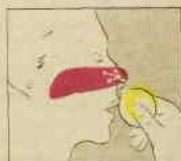
Nyal 'Decongestant' Cough Elixir is a proven effective formula to bring faster more dependable cough relief. 6 fl. oz., 6/6; 12 fl. oz., 10/9; 16 fl. oz., 13/6.

FOR CHILDREN—6 to 12 years

Nyal 'Decongestant' CHILDREN'S Cough Elixir is recommended. Cuts away phlegm, shrinks swollen bronchial tubes. 6 fl. oz., 6/6; 12 fl. oz., 10/9.

FOR INFANTS—6 months to 5 years

Nyal 'Decongestant' BABY Cough Elixir is specially formulated. Raspberry-flavoured elixir soothes away stubborn, wheezy coughs. 3 fl. oz., 4/9; 6 fl. oz., 6/6.



Firstly, spray each nostril — this "un-blocks" congested nasal passages. Wait 2-3 minutes.



Repeat spray. The medication reaches higher — opens nasal sinuses for more effective aeration and drainage.

At last, here's the relief from "stuffy" head colds you've longed for! You'll breathe freely again just 2 minutes after using the NYAL 'DECONGESTANT' NASAL SPRAY.

Simply squeeze the self-atomising plastic pack: the microspray tip produces a fine mist of relief-bringing medication. Thousands of microscopic droplets *s-p-r-e-a-d* over swollen nasal membranes, penetrate deep into hard-to-reach areas of the nose and sinuses. In just two minutes, blocked nasal passages are opened and you can breathe freely again.

NYAL 'DECONGESTANT' NASAL SPRAYS contain wonder-working Phenylephrine which shrinks and soothes swollen nasal membranes to relieve congestion fast. There is no sting, no burn. Relief is so thorough that it actually lasts for as long as four hours.

Because it is so gentle and soothing to delicate nasal tissue the NYAL 'DECONGESTANT' NASAL SPRAY can be used as often as necessary—repeated use does not reduce its effectiveness!

The unbreakable squeeze-spray pack can be carried in purse, pocket or car to give you relief anytime, anywhere, from nasal congestion, accompanying colds, influenza, catarrh, rhinitis, sinusitis and hay fever. Only **6/6**

NOW—A SPECIAL NASAL SPRAY FOR CHILDREN!

Children can get the same wonderful relief by using the NYAL PEDIATRIC (CHILDREN'S) NASAL SPRAY. This specially formulated spray opens "stopped-up" noses in a jiffy. Easy and pleasant to use. Nyal Pediatric (CHILDREN'S) Nasal Spray — only **6/6**.

Nyal

SOLD ONLY BY CHEMISTS

**'DECONGESTANT'
NASAL SPRAY**

Nyal Company • Division of Sterling Pharmaceuticals Pty. Limited • Sydney, Australia

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — July 13, 1966